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MARIE ANTOINETTE

OR

The Chevalier of the Red House

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN

1793.

By Alexander Dumas.

Rue St. Jacques.

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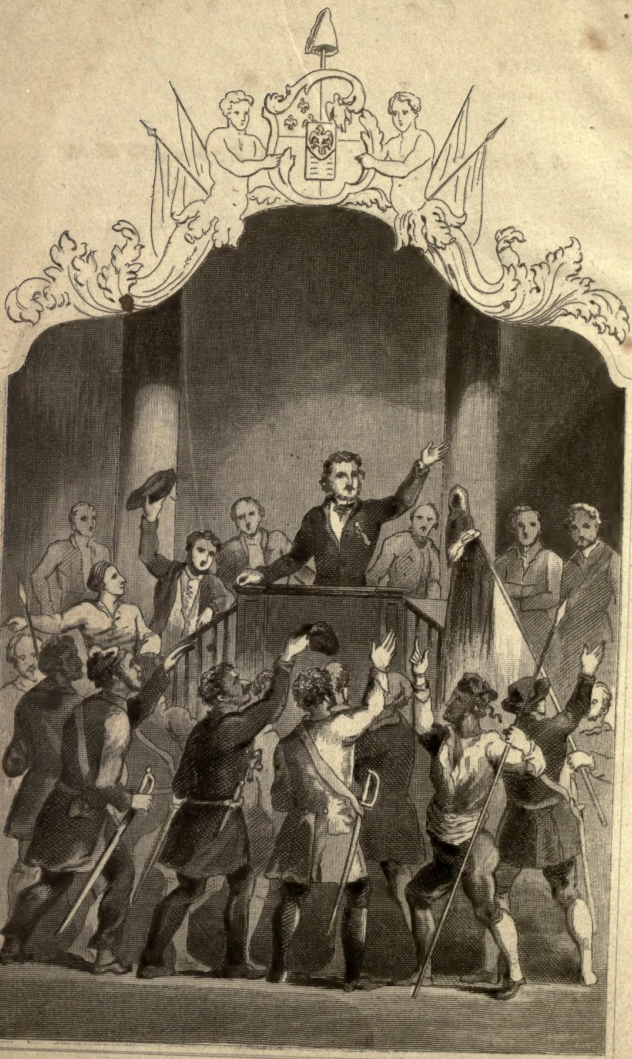

Danton addressing the volunteers of the convention.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE;

OR,

THE CHEVALIER OF THE RED HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

OUR tale opens on the evening of the 10th of March, 1793. The clock of Notre Dame struck ten, each stroke detaching itself from the old tower, the fleeting sounds resembling the passage of nocturnal birds of evil omen forsaking their bronzed nest, and flying past, sad, monotonous, and vibrating. The night closed in upon Paris cold, foggy, and gloomy. Paris was not then like the same Paris we now behold, glittering with reflected light, the streets crowded with bustling men of business, the taverns ringing with joyous laughter, and her bacchanalian faubourgs boisterous and noisy, the fit nurseries for crime and violence. Paris seemed then retiring and timid, yet fully pre-occupied. The few citizens who went abroad ran rather than walked from street to street, and dived into the alleys and gateways like wild beasts when pursued by the hunters, taking refuge in their dens. It was, in short, Paris as it was on the 10th of March, 1793. A brief explanation of the change effected in the aspect of the capital may elucidate those events which it is the object of this history to record. France, by the death of Louis XVI., had severed all connection between her and the rest of Europe. In addition to the three enemies whom she had combatted were added England, Holland, and Spain. Sweden and Denmark alone preserved a neutrality,

watching with anxiety the efforts of Catherine of Russia to dismember Poland. Her situation was frightful in the extreme. Less disdained as a physical power, France was less respected as a moral one, since the massacres of September, and the execution of the King on the 21st of January. She was literally in the position of a city besieged and blockaded by the whole of Europe. The force of England was on the shores, that of Spain in the Pyrenees, Austria on the Alps, and Holland and Prussia in the Low Countries. From one single point in the Upper Rhine 250,000 men marched against the Republic. Everywhere the generals of France were repulsed. Miaczinski was compelled to abandon Aix-la-Chapelle, and to retreat to Liege; Steingel and Neuilly were driven into the Limbourg; Miranda, who besieged Maestricht, fell back on Tongres; Valence and Dampierre were also forced to retreat, with the loss of the greater portion of their *materiel*. Upwards of 10,000 deserters had forsaken the army. Finally, the convention, having no hope in any one save in Dumouriez, had despatched courier after courier to command him to abandon the banks of the Biebbos, where he was meditating a descent upon Holland, and take upon himself the command of the army of the Meuse.

Sensitive as the heart of an animated body, Paris felt for all France every one of the reverses, revolts, or invasions, which cowardice or treachery had permitted even on the most extreme points of the frontier. On the evening of the 9th the convention held a very stormy meeting. All officers had orders to rejoin their regiments at the same hour, and Danton, that audacious proposer of impossibilities, which, nevertheless, were accomplished, mounted the tribune, and exclaimed, "You want soldiers, you say. Let us afford Paris the opportunity of saving France. Ask her for thirty thousand men; send them to Dumouriez, and not only is France saved, but Belgium is assured, and Holland conquered." The proposition was received with cries of enthusiasm. The Parisian sectional divisions were invited to meet in the evening and open registers for enrolment of names. The theatres were closed to prevent any distraction, and the black flag unfurled on the Town-hall, in sign of national distress. Before midnight thirty-five thousand men had inscribed their names. The same thing occurred at the enrolment that evening that took place in September; viz., in each section, on inscribing their names, the volunteers demanded that previous to their departure the

traitors should be punished. These traitors were in reality the counter-revolutionists, the conspirators within, who threatened the state, already assailed from without.

The Mountain party, who were the stronger, considered that the Girondins, who were the weaker, must be the traitors. Accordingly, on the morning of the 10th of March, when the mayor and council of the commune presented their report as to the devotedness of the people, the same demand was made for the punishment of the traitors. A committee was appointed, and a report made that a tribunal, composed of nine judges, would be formed, with full powers to prosecute and punish all who misled the people.

The Girondins saw in that proposition the warrant for their arrest, and, rising in a mass, they exclaimed—

"We shall prefer death to the establishment of such a Venetian inquisition."

The Mountain party demanded the vote.

"Yes," cried Feraud, "let us vote and proclaim to the world the men who seek to assassinate the innocent under the mask of the law."

The vote decided—first, that there should be juries; second, that they should be taken in equal numbers in the departments; third, that they should be named by the convention.

The moment these propositions were carried a great uproar was heard from without. This proceeded from a deputation of enrolled volunteers, who had dined at the Corn Exchange, and who wished to deploy before the convention. The doors were opened, and six hundred men, half drunk, and armed with sabres, pistols, and pikes, filed through the assembly, amidst loud cries of "Perish the traitors!"

"Yes," exclaimed Collot d'Herbois, "in spite of all their intrigues, we shall save you and our liberty."

In fact, when the convention terminated its sitting for the day, the Mountain party dispersed themselves throughout the other clubs, such as the Cordeliers and Jacobins, proposing to cut the throats of the traitors that night.

Louvet's wife, who lived in the street St. Honoré, amidst the Jacobins, heard their vociferations, and, entering the club, became acquainted with the above proposition. She hastened back to her husband, who armed himself and ran from door to door to alarm his friends. He found them all absent. He learned from the servant of one of them that they were at Pethion's house, and, proceeding there, found them quietly dis-

cussing a decree which they hoped to present and carry next day. He informed them of their danger, and besought them to adopt some energetic measure. Pethion arose, calm and impassable, as usual, went to the window, opened it, looked out, stretched out his arm, and, withdrawing it, drenched, remarked—

"It rains; there will be nothing done this night."

By this half open window penetrated the last of the vibrations of the clock of Notre Dame, when it struck ten.

Such was what passed in Paris during the day and night of the 10th of March. Long patrols of national guards, preceded by torches and bands of the armed citizens of the sections, patroled the city. A sleety rain drizzled down to increase the bad temper of these guardians of the night, whose meetings, at first, resembled hostile preparations previous to an engagement; but on recognition, and the exchange of the counter-signs, they resumed their route in silence and sullenness, turning repeatedly round as if they dreaded an attack in the rear.

This very evening, when Paris was a prey to one of those panics so often renewed, although then habitual to her, and when it was a question whether the lukewarm revolutionists should not be despatched, a woman, enveloped in a printed calico mantle, her head being concealed by the hood, stole along the houses of the street St. Honoré, concealing herself in some doorway or behind an angle of the walls, every time a patrol passed remaining immoveable as a statue, and holding her breath until the guard disappeared, when she again resumed her rapid course until arrested by the same recurring obstacle. Thanks to the precautions she had taken, she had already passed over with impunity one half of the street. When at the corner of the street Grenelle she tumbled all at once into the middle of a small troop of the volunteers, who had dined in the Corn Exchange, and whose patriotism was much exalted on account of the toasts they had drank to their future victories. The poor woman uttered a cry, and attempted to escape by the street du Coq.

"Eh! what, citizen!" cried the chief of the volunteers for so natural to man is it to be commanded, that these volunteers had already appointed their leaders. "Eh! ha! where are you going?"

The fugitive ran on.

"Fire!" said the chief; "it is a man disguised—an aristocrat escaping."

The rattling sound of arms falling into the hand announced to the poor woman the fatal movement which was about to be made, although sufficiently unsteady in itself to render their aim uncertain.

"No! no!" cried she, pausing and returning towards them. "No, citizen, I am not a man; you are deceived."

"Advance, then, at once, and give categorical replies. Where are you going, charming fair one of the night?"

"I am going nowhere; I am returning home."

"Ah! you are returning?"

"Yes."

"It is rather too late for an honest woman to be going home."

"I came from a relative, who was sick."

"Poor little pet," said the chief, making a gesture which alarmed her; "and where is your card?"

"My card! What do you mean, citizen? Why do you demand that?"

"Have you not read the decree of the commune?"

"No."

"You have heard it proclaimed, then?"

"No. My God! what says the decree?"

"In the first place, we no longer say God, but Supreme Being."

"Pardon me; I was deceived; it is an old habit."

"A very bad one—an aristocratic one."

"I shall endeavour, citizen, to correct it; but you said—"

"I said that the decree of the commune forbids any one to leave their house after ten o'clock without their card of citizenship. Have you provided yourself with yours?"

"Alas! no."

"You have left it behind you at your relative's?'

"I did not know that it was necessary to provide one."

"In that case let us enter the first military post. You can explain yourself nicely to the captain, and if he is satisfied, he will order you to be escorted home by two men; if not, he will detain you until he receives ample information about you. File off to the left—quick march."

An exclamation of terror was emitted by the prisoner, and the chief of the volunteers then understood that the poor woman much dreaded such a measure.

"Oh! ho!" said he, "I was sure we had some distinguished quarry. Come along, my little minx."

The chief seized her arm, and, placing it under his own, he pulled her along, in spite of her cries and tears, towards the post of the Palais Egalité. They had proceeded as far as the barrier des Sergents, when all at once a young man, enveloped in his mantle, turned the corner of the street Petits Champs at the very moment when the prisoner endeavoured, by repeated supplications, to procure her liberation. The chief, without listening to her, brutally dragged her on. The woman screamed, partly from pain, partly from fright. The young man observed the struggle, heard the cry, and, springing across the street, he stood in front of the little troop.

"What's the matter? What are you going to do with that woman?" demanded he, from him who seemed the leader.

"Instead of questioning me, will you mind your own business?"

"Who is this woman, citizen? And what do you want with her?" repeated the young man, in a more imperative tone.

"And who are you, yourself, that questions me thus?"

The young man threw aside his cloak, and showed his glittering epaulette.

"I am an officer, as you see."

"Officer!—in what?"

"In the Civic Guard."

"Well, what have we to do with that?" replied one of the troop. "What do we know of the officers of the Civic Guard?"

"What does he say?" asked another, in that drawling ironical manner peculiar to the Parisian populace, when they are getting angry.

"He says," replied the young man, "that if the epaulette will not cause the officer to be respected, the sabre will cause the epaulette to be so."

At the same time he stepped back, and throwing aside his cloak, a broad heavy infantry sabre shone in the light; then, with a rapid movement, showing his familiarity with hostile encounters, he seized the chief of the volunteers by the collar and turned the point of the sabre to his throat.

"Now, let us converse like a couple of good friends."

"But, citizen—" said the chief, endeavouring to get away.

"I warn you that on the least movement made by you or any of these men, I shall run you through the body."

During this, two men still held the woman.

"You asked who I was," said the young man; "you have no right to do so, for you do not command a regular patrol:

however, I will tell you. I am Maurice Lindey; I commanded a company of artillery on the 10th of August. I am a Lieutenant in the National Guard, and Secretary of the section of Friends and Brothers. Will that suffice?"

"Ah! citizen lieutenant," replied the chief, still menaced with the sword, whose point he felt pressing closer and closer upon his throat; "that is quite another affair; if you are really what you say, you must be a good patriot."

"There," said the officer, "I knew we should come to an understanding after a little conversation. Now, answer me in turn; why did this woman scream, and what were you doing with her?"

"We were conducting her to the guard-house."

"Why?"

"Because she had not her civic card with her, according to the last decree of the commune. Do you forget that the country is in danger, and that the black flag is flying over the Town-hall?"

"True, the flag is flying there, and the country is in danger, because 200,000 slaves are marching against France, but not because a woman walks through the streets of Paris. But it does not signify, citizens. There is such a decree, and you are right. Had you answered me at first, the explanation would have been less stormy. Now you are at liberty to depart."

"Oh! citizen," exclaimed the woman, who had listened to the debate with profound anxiety, seizing at the same time Maurice's arm, "do not abandon me to the mercy of these rude and drunken men."

"Be it so," said Maurice; "take my arm, and I will escort you to the guard-house."

"Why conduct me there, since I have injured no one?"

"They take you to the guard-house," replied Maurice, "not because you have done wrong, or because they fear you may do so, but simply because a communal decree forbids any one to go abroad without a civic card, which you have not in your possession."

"But I was ignorant, sir."

"Citizen, you will find at the guard-house honest fellows who will appreciate your reasons, and of whom you need not be afraid."

"Sir," said the young woman, pressing the officer's arm, "it is not insult that I fear, it is death. If I am taken to the guard-house I am lost."

The accent of her voice was so remarkable that it penetrated Maurice's heart like a shock of electricity. He turned toward the volunteers who were consulting amongst themselves, feeling humiliated that one man should have held them in check. They were eight to one; three were armed with muskets; the others with pistols and pikes; Maurice had only his sabre. The woman herself comprehended the inequality, and she bowed her head on her breast with a deep sigh. As for Maurice, with a look of disdain, the sabre still in his hand, he stood irresolute whether to perform his duty as a man and liberate the woman, or that of a citizen and deliver her up.

All at once, at the corner of the street Bons-Enfants, the glitter of musket-barrels was observed, and the measured tread of a patrol was heard approaching. Perceiving an assemblage of people, they halted at the distance of ten paces, and the corporal demanded, "Who goes there?"

"A friend!" cried Maurice; "a friend! Advance Lorin."

The person to whom this request was addressed gave the order to march, and quickly came up at the head of eight men.

"What! is it you, Maurice?" said the corporal. "What a rake! What are you doing here at such an hour?"

"You may observe that I have only just left the section of Friends and Brothers."

"Yes, to adjourn to that of the sisters and sweethearts. We understand that very well.—

'Just at the midnight hour;
The lover's faithful hand
Opes the lady's bower
And——'"

"No, no, friend, you are deceived. I was returning home when I found this woman struggling in the hands of the volunteers. I ran up and demanded the reason why they arrested her."

"Oh! it is quite like you," said Lorin: then turning to the volunteers, he asked, "Why did you arrest this woman?"

"We have already informed the lieutenant," answered the leader of the small troop; "she had no civic card."

"A very pretty crime indeed!"

"You are not acquainted then with the decree?"

"Certainly; but there is another which annuls it."

"Which?"

"On Pindar and Parnasse,
Love's sovereign decree,
At every hour will pass
Youthful grace and beauty."

"Ha! what do you say to that decree, citizen; it is very gallant, is it not?"

"Yes; but it does not seem to me to be sufficiently peremptory, nor has it figured in the *Moniteur* newspaper, nor are we either on Pindar or Parnassus; finally, the citizen may be neither young, graceful, nor fair."

"I'll bet on the contrary," said Lorin. "Let us see, citizen; support my opinion; show your face, and let us see if you come within the conditions of the decree."

"Oh, sir," said the young woman, clinging to Maurice, "after having protected me from your enemies, save me from your friends, I do implore you."

"You see that," cried the leader of the volunteers. "She conceals herself; she is, in my opinion, some spy of the aristocracy—some of their night runners."

"Oh, sir," said the young woman, stepping before Maurice, and disclosing to his view a countenance smiling with youth and beauty, "look at me and say whether I can be what they say."

Maurice stood confounded and dazzled; he had never seen her equal. The unknown concealed her face again, with as rapid a movement as that by which she had exposed it.

"Lorin," whispered Maurice, "claim the prisoner, and conduct her to your post. You have the right, as chief of the patrol."

"Good," said the corporal; "I comprehend half a word." Then turning towards the unknown, he continued—"Come along, my fair one; since you will not afford us a proof of your being within the compass of the decree, you must follow us."

"How! follow you?" said the chief of the volunteers.

"Certainly; we will take her to the Town-hall, where we mount guard, and then we shall inquire more about her."

"Not at all, not at all," said the leader; "she is ours, and we shall keep her."

"Ah! citizens, citizens, I perceive we are going to quarrel."

"Quarrel or not, we don't care about that. We are true soldiers of the republic; and whilst you patrol the streets, we are about to shed our blood on the frontier."

"Take care you do not shed it before you set out; an event that may befal you, if you are not a little more tractable."

"Madam," said Maurice, "you see what is going on, and you can guess what is about to happen. In five minutes ten or twelve men may cut their throats on your account."

"Sir," rejoined the unknown, clasping her hands, "I can only make one remark; it is, that if you allow me to be arrested, there will result from it, to myself and others, evils of such a magnitude, that, sooner than risk it, I implore you to pierce my heart with your sword, and throw my body into the Seine."

"'Tis well, madam; I will take all upon myself. Citizens," said he, to the National Guards, "as your officer, as a patriot and a Frenchman, I command you to protect this woman; and you, Lorin, if this rabble utter a word, use the bayonet."

"Make ready," cried Lorin.

"Oh, my God! my God!" exclaimed the unknown, covering her head with her hood, and resting against a post, "oh, my God, protect him!"

The volunteers endeavoured to assume the defensive; one of them fired a pistol, the ball of which passed through Maurice's hat.

"Charge!" cried Lorin.

There then ensued a struggle in the gloom of night, during which several shots were fired; then curses, imprecations, shouts, and blasphemy, but no one came; the belief being that the massacre had commenced. Two or three windows opened, and were instantly closed again. The volunteers, fewer in number and not so well armed, were instantly defeated; two of their number were severely wounded, four others pinned against the wall, each having a bayonet upon his breast.

"There, now," said Lorin, "I expect you will conduct yourselves like lambs; as for you, Maurice, I charge you with the safeguard of this woman to the Town-hall. You understand, you will be responsible."

"Yes." Then he added in an under tone, "The pass word?"

"Ah, the devil!" scratching his ear, "it is—"

"Don't fear the use I will make of it."

"Faith, you may do what you please with it—that is your business; but first let us get rid of these fellows." Returning to the guards, "Well, have you had enough of it?"

"Yes, dog of a Girondin!" answered the chief.

"You are deceived, friend; we are better *sans culotte* than you are. We belong to the club of Thermopyle."

"That does not make this woman less suspected."

"If she had been a suspicious character, would she not have escaped during the struggle?"

"That is true enough," said one of the volunteers.

"Besides, we shall soon know it. Whilst my friend conducts her to the guard-house, let us drink to the health of the nation. I am thirsty, and acquainted with a beautiful little wine shop at the corner of the street Thomas du Louvre."

"Why did you not say that before, citizen; we should not have doubted your patriotism. In the name of the nation and the law I embrace you."

The volunteers and guards then embraced each other with enthusiasm.

"Let us go!" they all exclaimed; and arm in arm the two companies marched off together.

Lorin approached Maurice.

"Come with us I advise you, rather than compromise yourself in this manner. Women who wander through the streets of Paris at midnight are—"

"Sir, do not judge me from appearances alone; leave your friend to finish the good action he has begun."

"Maurice, Maurice, think what you are doing; you compromise yourself seriously."

"I know that well; but do you want me to abandon the poor woman; she will be arrested at every step?"

"Oh, yes, yes! whilst with you I shall be saved."

"You hear, Maurice; she then is in considerable danger."

"Come, come, my dear Lorin, let us be just. She is either a good patriot or an aristocrat. If an aristocrat, we were wrong to protect her; if a patriot, it is our duty to preserve her."

"That is to say, Maurice, you reduce me to the necessity of sacrificing my duty to my friend, or my friend to my duty; but I am afraid, Maurice, that the duty will be sacrificed."

"Decide, then, for one or the other, my friend; but in the name of Heaven decide quickly."

"You promise you won't abuse it; that is not enough however—swear!"

"And on what?"

"On the altar of the country."

Lorin took off his hat and presented Maurice with the cockade; without laughing he took the oath required.

"Now," said Lorin, "the word is Gaule and Lutece."

"Citizen," said Maurice, "I am now at your command. Many thanks, Lorin."

"A good journey to you," said he, replacing on his head

the altar of the country. He went away chanting one of his songs.

When Maurice found himself alone with the woman, he felt for an instant embarrassed. The fear of being duped, the allurement of her uncommon beauty, and a vague remorse, which twinged the conscience of the pure and exalted republican, all contributed to produce a peculiar hesitation before he gave his arm to the unknown.

"In which direction are you going, citizen?"

"Alas, sir, very far, indeed."

"Where?"

"Near to the Garden of Plants."

"Good. Let us proceed."

"Ah, sir, I perceive that I am a burden to you; but, believe me, had it not been for the misfortune which has occurred, and the fear of encountering other dangers, I would not thus abuse your generosity."

"In short, madam," remarked Maurice, who forgot the language imposed upon him by the vocabulary of the republic, "it is but natural to ask why you are at this hour in the streets of Paris; you see that except ourselves no one else is abroad."

"I have already told you, sir, I paid a visit about noon in the Faubourg de Roule, and I was returning, without knowing what had passed. The whole of my time was spent in a retired habitation."

"Yes; no doubt one of the old system, a gathering place for aristocrats; admit it at once, citizen. You have publicly demanded my protection, at the same time that you have privately laughed at me for granting it."

"Me! and why so?"

"Doubtless you are aware you have a republican for your guide, and that that republican betrays his cause—that is all."

"Indeed," exclaimed she, quickly, "you are mistaken; I love the republic as much as you do."

"In that case you are a good patriot; you can have nothing to conceal. From whence came you?"

"Ah! sir, do pardon me." And the emphasis on the word sir conveyed such a profound and sweet expression of modesty that Maurice believed she was returning from a lover's interview; and, without knowing why, he felt an oppression at his heart, and remained silent.

They traversed the bridge Marie, then the bridge la Tournelle.

"We are now, I think, in your quarter," said Maurice, stepping upon the Quai St. Bernard.

"Yes, citizen; and it is the very place where I have most need of your assistance."

"Indeed, madam, you forbid me to be indiscreet at the same moment that you excite my curiosity. That is not generous. Show a little more confidence: I am sure I have merited it. Will you not do me the honour to say to whom I now address myself?"

"You speak, sir, to a woman whom you have rescued from the greatest danger she ever encountered, and who will be grateful to you to the end of her existence."

"I do not require so much, madam. Condescend to be less grateful, and tell me your name."

"Impossible!"

"You must, however, have given it, had you been taken to the guard-house."

"Never!"

"In that case you would have been sent to prison."

"I was resolved to brave all."

"The prison now is—"

"The scaffold; I know it."

"And you would have preferred the scaffold?"

"To treason. To give my name was to betray."

"I must certainly say that for a republican you make me play a singular part."

"You play the part of a generous man. You found a poor woman being insulted; you did not despise her although she was of the commonalty; and to save her from total destruction you conduct her home to the miserable quarter which she inhabits."

"You are right. So much for appearances; and I should have believed them had I not seen and spoken to you. Your beauty, your language, belong to a higher class; and it is the contrast between these and your present costume and wretched neighbourhood which proves to me that your being abroad at this hour conceals some mystery. You are silent. Well, let us talk no more about it. Are we far from your house, madam?"

At this moment they entered the street of the Fosses St. Victor.

"You see that little black building?" said the unknown, stretching out her hand towards a house situated near to the

walls of the Garden of Plants; "when we arrive there you will leave me."

"Very good, madam, you have only to command me."

"You are vexed."

"Me—not the least in the world; besides, what would that signify?"

"It would signify much, for I have another favour to ask you."

"What is it?"

"It is a frank and affectionate adieu; an adieu of friendship."

"You honour me much, madam. He must be a singular friend who does not know the name of that friend who conceals her place of abode, no doubt from a dread of the ennui of meeting him again." The young woman held down her head and said nothing. "Besides, madam, if I have trenched on some secret, I do not wish to know it."

"We are arrived, sir."

They were then in front of the old street St. Jacques, bordered with lofty, black houses, pierced by obscuré alleys and lanes, inhabited principally by tanners, for at a short distance ran the small river Bievre.

"Here!" said Maurice. "What! do you live here?"

"Yes."

"Impossible!"

"It is so, however. Adieu! adieu, then, my brave chevalier! adieu, my generous protector!"

"Adieu, madam," replied Maurice, with slight irony; "but for my satisfaction say, is there a chance of your encountering any other danger?"

"None."

"In that case, I retire;" and Maurice, receding two paces, made a cold but profound salutation. The unknown remained an instant motionless where she stood.

"I do not, however, wish to take leave of you thus—your hand, Maurice."

Maurice approached the unknown and extended his hand. He then felt that the young woman placed a ring on his finger.

"Oh, oh, citizen! what are you doing?"

"I implore you, sir, not to leave me thus. What is it you expect from me?"

"As payment? Is it not so?" said the young man, bitterly.

"No; but for pardoning me for not revealing that secret which I am compelled to preserve from you."

"All I ask is to be permitted to see you again."

"Impossible!"

"How? Are you serious in intimating thus to me that I shall never see you again?"

"Never," said the unknown, in a doleful tone.

"Oh, madam, you are surely sporting with me," and as he spoke he raised his nobly-formed head, grasping his long hair in the manner of one who wishes to escape from an attraction that binds him.

The unknown regarded him with an undefinable look, one might have perceived that she had not entirely escaped the sentiment which she had inspired.

"Hear me," said she, after a silence broken only by a sigh from Maurice; "will you swear on your honour to keep your eyes closed from the moment I tell you until you have counted sixty—there now, on your honour?"

"And if I swear, what may happen to me?"

"Something will occur to prove my gratitude."

"But may not I know?"

"No; trust in me and you will see."

"In truth, madam, I do not know whether you are an angel or a demon."

"Will you swear?"

"Yes, I swear."

"Whatever occurs you will not open your eyes even if you felt yourself struck by a poniard."

"You confound me, madam, with this exigence."

"Well, swear, sir. It seems to me you will not risk much."

"I do swear, no matter what may happen," said Maurice, closing his eyes.

He stopped.

"Permit me, I pray you, to see you only once more."

The young woman threw back her hood with a smile that was not exempt from coquetry. The moon at that moment burst from the clouds, and he could see a second time the long curling ebony hair, the dark arched eyebrows, and the deep, thoughtful languishing eyes, the nose most perfectly formed, and the smiling lips blooming like coral.

'You are beautiful, indeed! beautiful—too beautiful!" exclaimed Maurice.

"Close your eyes," said the unknown.

Maurice obeyed.

The young woman took his hands in hers, and turned him as she wished. Suddenly a perfumed heat seemed to approach his face, and a gentle kiss was imprinted on his lips, leaving the ring behind which he had formerly refused. The sensation was electric, painful, and profound, penetrating to the heart and vibrating its most secret cords. He made a rapid movement, and stretched his arms before him.

"Your oath," cried a voice, already at some distance.

Maurice pressed his folded hands on his eyes to resist the temptation. He counted not, he thought not, but remained mute, motionless, and overcome. In a short time he heard a door closing at about fifty or sixty paces from him, then all was buried in silence. He removed his hands, opened his eyes, looked around him like a man aroused from sleep; and perhaps he thought he had just awoke, everything that occurred seeming more like the fleeting passages of a dream, had it not been for the ring, which converted such an incredible adventure into a reality.

When Maurice Lindey recovered himself and looked around he only perceived stretching to the right and left sombre alleys and gloomy lanes. He endeavoured to compose himself, but his mind was troubled; and after a moment of cruel incertitude, the night being dark and the moon cloudy, he set out towards his own home in the street du Roule. On reaching the street Sainte Avoie, Maurice was surprised at the number of patrols marching throughout the whole quarter of the temple.

"What is the matter, serjeant?" asked he, from a leader of one of the patrols, who seemed exceedingly busy examining the street des Fontaines.

"Matter enough. There has been an attempt made this very night to carry off the woman Capet and all her brood."

"How was that?"

"A patrol of the old system having procured—I don't know how—the password, introduced themselves into the Temple under the uniform of the chasseurs of the National Guard, and would have carried them off. Fortunately, the person who represented the corporal, when speaking to the officer on guard, addressed him as monsieur (sir): the aristocrat thus sold himself."

"The devil! Have they arrested the conspirators?"

"No; the patrol regained the street and dispersed."

"Is there any hope of catching these gallants?"

"There is only one of them that it is important to secure—a

tall thin man, who was introduced to the guard by one of the municipal officers. The wretch! what a race he gave us! But he must have found a back entrance, and thus escaped from our pursuit."

Under any other circumstances Maurice would have remained the whole of the night with the patriots who were watching over the safety of the republic, but within the space of an hour love of country had ceased to be a single idea. He pursued his way, therefore; the news he had heard dying away gradually from his mind, and giving place to the adventure he had met with. Besides, these attempts had become so frequent, and had been used so often as a political stimulus, that the affair did not cause much uneasiness to the young republican.

The next morning Maurice found on his table when he awoke, a letter, whose writing was small, elegant, but unknown. He read the device on the seal, which was the English word "Nothing." He opened it, and discovered these words—"Thanks. Eternal gratitude in exchange for eternal forgetfulness."

CHAPTER II.

THE CHEVALIER OF THE RED HOUSE.

MAURICE called his domestic. The true patriots never rang, because attending the bell was considered a sign of ancient servility; besides, such an arrangement was generally made a condition of service.

Maurice's domestic was baptised, about thirty years previous, in the name of John; but in '92, by his own authority, entertaining principles repudiating the aristocracy, he had himself named Scævola.

"Scævola," asked Maurice, "do you know anything of this letter?"

"No, citizen."

"Who gave it to you?"

"The porter."

"Who gave it to him?"

"Some errand-boy, no doubt."

"Go down and request the porter to come up."

The porter came only because Maurice desired it, he being much beloved by those about him. At the same time he declared that he would not have done so for any other lodger. The porter was named Aristide.

Maurice interrogated him. He did not know the bearer of the letter. It was brought about eight o'clock in the morning. The young man redoubled his questions, and put them in every shape, but the porter knew nothing more. Maurice begged him to accept ten francs, and directed him, in the event of the

same person returning, to follow him, as if accidentally, and discover where he went.

We hasten to state that to the great satisfaction of Aristide, who felt a little humiliated at the proposition, the man never returned.

Maurice, when alone, crumpled up the letter in spite; pulled the ring from his finger, and, placing both on the night-table, turned his face to the wall with the vain intention of going to sleep again. In about an hour Maurice recovered his good humour, re-read the letter, and kissed the ring, which was a beautiful sapphire. Whilst Maurice was thus engaged, the door opened. The ring was restored to the finger, and the letter concealed under the bolster, either from modesty or incipient love, or from patriotic shame, which would teach him to conceal his relations with parties who could write and seal a letter that bore so many marks of an aristocratic origin.

The person who entered was young, and dressed in the extreme elegance of the patriotic style—fine cloth, cashmere, and silk. He carried two pistols in his belt of the ex-royal manufacture of Versailles, and a short straight sword.

"What!" said the stranger, "is Brutus asleep and the country in danger?—for shame!"

"No, Lorin," replied Maurice, laughing; "I am not asleep, I am dreaming."

"Ah! I understand."

"Well, I don't."

"Bah!"

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Why of that woman."

"What woman?"

"The woman of the street St. Honoré—the woman of the patrol—the unknown for whom both of us risked our heads last night."

"Ah! yes," said Maurice, who knew perfectly well what his friend was driving at, but pretended he did not understand him. "Yes; the unknown!"

"Well, who was she?"

"I don't know."

"Was she pretty?"

"Phew!" motioned Maurice, with pretended disdain.

"Some poor woman neglected by her lover at the rendezvous."

"It is possible," murmured Maurice, to whom such an idea

was very repugnant then, and who preferred considering her a conspirator rather than an amorous person.

"Where does she live?"

"I don't know."

"Come, come, you don't know?—impossible!"

"Why so?"

"You accompanied her home."

"But she escaped from me at the bridge Marie."

"Escape from you!" cried Lorin, bursting into a loud laugh: "a woman escape you? That will not do—

> 'Can the pigeon e'er escape
> From the vulture's tyrant grasp,
> Or the gazelle————'"

"Lorin, Lorin," interrupted Maurice, "do not accustom yourself to talk like the rest of the world. You set one's nerves on edge with your atrocious poetry."

"What! speak like the rest of the world? I think I speak more properly than any of them. I speak like the citizen Demoustier, whether in prose or verse. As for my poesy, I know a certain Emilie who does not think it so bad. Let us return to your own."

"My poesy?"

"No! your Emilie."

"Have I one?"

"Come, come; she has been a perfect tiger, and you are amorous but angry."

"I amorous?" said Maurice, dropping his head.

"Yes! certainly.

> 'Make no longer any mystery
> Of the love for your cythery.'"

"Lorin," said Maurice, seizing a whistle which lay on his table; "positively, every time you are guilty of perpetrating a verse, I shall sound this call."

"Well, then, let us talk of politics; besides I came here for that purpose. Have you heard the news?"

"I know that Widow Capet wished to escape."

"Bah! is that all?" said Lorin.

"What else has happened?"

"The celebrated Chevalier of the Red House is in Paris."

"Truly?" exclaimed Maurice, starting up.

"Himself in person."

"When did he arrive?"

"Last night."

"How so?"

"Disguised as a *chasseur* of the National Guard. A woman, who was supposed to be an aristocrat although shabbily dressed, carried him the disguise to the barrier. A moment afterwards they returned arm in arm. It was only after they were admitted through the gate that the sentinel entertained any suspicion. He saw the woman pass out with a bundle, and return with a sort of military-looking person. He gave the alarm and they were pursued. They disappeared in an hotel of the Rue St. Honoré, the door of which opened as if by enchantment. The hotel had a second entrance on the Champs Elysées. The chevalier and his companion vanished—bade the pursuers good night. The hotel will be demolished, and the proprietor guillotined; but that will not prevent the chevalier from making another attempt, although the first failed, four months ago, and the second last night."

"And he is not arrested?"

"Arrest Proteus, my dear fellow."

"Let us return to the chevalier," said Maurice.

"Well he is, it must be admitted, a brave fellow."

"In fact, to undertake such things a vast amount of courage is wanted."

"Or a great amount of love," said Lorin.

"Do you believe, then, that he loves the queen?"

"I not only believe it, I assert it, as well as all Paris. Has she not made others amorous? Is it at all astonishing that she could seduce him after Bernave, which is well known?"

"In that case the chevalier has some communication with the temple."

"Possibly," said Lorin.

'Love ne'er by locks or gates was bound,
It laughs ——' "

"Lorin!"

"Ah!—true."

"So you believe, like others," said Maurice.

"Why not?"

"Because, according to your statement the queen must have had two hundred lovers."

"She is beautiful enough for that, although I don't say she loved them. They loved her. All the world sees the sun, although it does not notice everybody."

"So, then," asked Maurice, "you state that the chevalier—"

"Is tracked at this moment, and if he escapes to the limits of the Republic he will be a cunning fox."

"And what does the Commune amidst all this?" asked Maurice.

"The Commune ordains that every house shall have on its front a list of its inhabitants. It is like the dream of the ancients, that each man should have a window in his breast to show what passes within."

"Capital idea!" exclaimed Maurice.

"To put a window in every man's breast?"

"No; but a list at every man's door."

In fact, Maurice imagined it would be the means of discovering the unknown, or of affording some trace by which he might find out her residence.

Noises were distinguished in the street: at first at a distance, then approaching nearer, with all the turmoil of the *générale*.

"What is that?" asked Maurice.

"It is the proclamation of the decree of the Commune."

"I shall hasten, then, to the section," cried Maurice, leaping from bed, and summoning his domestic.

"As for me," said Lorin, "I shall go to bed. I have only slept two hours, thanks to the furious volunteers. If there is only a little fighting going on you will let me sleep. If there is much of it, come and arouse me."

"How does it happen you are so handsomely dressed?"

"Because, in coming here, I must pass the street Bethisy—and on the third floor a window always opens when I pass."

"Are you not afraid of being mistaken for an aristocrat?"

"Me! I am too well known as a *sans-culotte*."

"Adieu, my dear friend."

Lorin cordially shook hands with the young secretary, and departed, humming one of his favourite airs.

CHAPTER III.

WHO AND WHAT WAS MAURICE LINDEY.

WHILST Maurice Lindey dresses himself and repairs to the section of the street Lepelletier, of which he is the secretary, we shall endeavour to trace briefly the ancestry of this man, who found himself thrown on the scene of action by one of those impulses of the heart so familiar to strong and generous natures.

The young man stated the whole truth when, in answer to the unknown, he said his name was Maurice Lindey, and that he resided in the Rue du Roule. He might have added that he was the child of that half aristocratic class, the gentlemen of the long robe. His father, the excellent Lindey, spent the chief part of his life in denouncing despotism, when, on the 4th of July, '89, the bastille fell into the hands of the people. He perished through the shock he experienced on beholding despotism replaced by a militant liberty, leaving his only son independent in fortune and Republican in sentiment. The revolution which followed that great event found Maurice possessed of that vigour and maturity of intellect which enabled him to enter the lists. His Republican education was confirmed by his assiduous attention to the proceedings of the clubs, and by reading all the pamphlets of the day. In a moral point of view Maurice Lindey entertained a profound contempt for a hierarchy, an absolute negation of

nobility that was not personal, an impartial appreciation of the past, ardour for new ideas, sympathy for the people. In a physical point of view Lindey was in stature five feet eight inches (more than six feet English). He was between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age, muscular as Hercules, and beautiful, of the French style of beauty—that is to say, a fair brow, blue eyes, curling chesnut-coloured hair, rosy cheeks, and teeth as white as ivory. After the portrait of the man, we shall allude to his position as a citizen.

Maurice, if not rich, was at least independent. His name was respected and popular. Maurice, well known on account of his liberal education and his principles more liberal still, was placed at the head of all the young patriotic citizens. Amongst the *sans-culotte* he might be considered a little lukewarm, and amongst the sectionaries a species of perfumed patriot. But the former pardoned his supposed lukewarm spirit when he snapped like a reed their knotty cudgels; as the latter forgave his elegance when, with a blow of his fist between the eyes, he sent an opponent twenty paces from him, provided those eyes regarded Maurice in a manner not agreeable to him. Now for physical, moral, and civic powers combined.—Maurice had assisted at the taking of the bastille; he had been in the expedition to Versailles; he fought like a lion on the 10th of August, and during that memorable day it is only justice to state that he killed as many patriots as Swiss; because he could no more endure an assassin under the national, than an enemy to the Republic under the royal, uniform. It was he who, to encourage the defenders of the *château* to submit, and thereby prevent the shedding of blood, threw himself before the mouth of a cannon to which a Parisian artilleryman was applying the match. It was he who entered first by a window of the Louvre, in spite of the fire of fifty Swiss and as many gentlemen in ambush. Previous to signals of capitulation being thrown out, his terrible sabre had already cut down more than ten uniforms; then, perceiving his party massacring at their ease those prisoners who had thrown down their arms, and were begging their lives with outstretched hands, he as furiously assailed his friends—an event which was worthy of the high reputation of ancient Greece and Rome. War once declared, Maurice enrolled himself, and marched for the frontier as lieutenant, with the first 1,500 volunteers sent against the invaders, and who were each day followed by 1,500 more.

In the first engagement, that is to say the battle of Jem-

mappes, he received a ball through the muscles of the shoulder, which settled in the bone. The representative of the people knew Maurice, and sent him to Paris to be cured. During a whole month Maurice, devoured by fever, tossed himself on a bed of suffering. January found him again on foot, and commandant, if not in fact, at least of the club of Thermopyle, that is to say of 100 young men of the Parisian middle class, armed to oppose any attempt in favour of the tyrant Capet. More than that, Maurice, his brow contracted by a melancholy wrath, his face pale, and his heart oppressed by a singular combination of moral hatred and physical pity, assisted, sabre in hand, during the execution of the king, and was perhaps the only one amidst the crowd who remained silent when the head of the son of St. Louis fell. When the head, however, did fall, he raised on high his sabre, and all his friends exclaimed, "Liberty for ever!"—without remarking that on this occasion his voice was not mingled with theirs.

Such was the man who, on the morning of the 11th of March, proceeded towards the Rue Lepelletier, and whom our history will throw into relief whilst describing the details of a life more stormy than that which is passed in the present epoch.

About ten o'clock, Maurice reached the section of which he was the secretary. The commotion was immense. The question was to vote an address to the convention to suppress the plotting of the Girondins—Maurice was impatiently expected. The question considered was the return of the Chevalier of the Red House, and the audacity with which this desperate conspirator had a second time visited Paris, where he knew well his head had a price set upon it. They compared with his return the attempt made during the night in the Temple, and each expressed his hatred and indignation against the aristocracy. Concerning the general attempt Maurice was dull and silent. He drew up the proclamation in an able manner, and in three hours terminated his business. He asked if the sitting was terminated, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he took his hat, went out, and proceeded towards the Rue St. Honoré. Once arrived there, Paris seemed to him entirely changed. He examined the corner of the Rue du Coq where, during the night, the fair unknown first presented herself, struggling in the hands of the soldiers. He next proceeded from the Rue du Coq as far as the bridge Marie, by the same route he had pursued with her at his side, repeating in each place the dialogue which they had exchanged, only it was one o'clock in the day, and the sun,

which illuminated the streets, rendered at each step the recollections of the night more vivid. Maurice crossed the bridges, and shortly entered the street Victor, as it was then termed.

"Poor woman," murmured Maurice, "she did not reflect that the night only lasts twelve hours, and that her secret will not last longer, in all probability, than the night. In daylight I will discover the gate by which she disappeared, and who knows but I may discover her at some of the windows?"

He then entered the old street St. Jacques, and placed himself as the unknown had done the previous night. He closed his eyes an instant, believing, no doubt, poor fool, that the kiss would a second time burn on his lips. He only experienced the remembrance, and it is true that that was burning still. Maurice opened his eyes and perceived the lanes on the right and left. They were miry, badly paved, having barriers, and were intersected with bridges crossing a rill. There were doorways formed of horizontal beams, with nooks, and twenty rickety rotten gates. The locality seemed to belong to hard labour in its misery, for misery presented itself there in all its ugliness. Here and there was a garden, protected at one place by a hedge, at another by cross palisades, and in some places by walls. Skins were hanging to dry in sheds, spreading abroad the abominable stench of a tannery. Maurice examined and compared, during the space of two hours, but discovered nothing. Ten times he dived into the labyrinth, and as often he returned to consider where he was. All his attempts were, however, useless—all his researches fruitless. Every trace of the young woman seemed to have been effaced by the storm and the rain. "Come," said Maurice, "I have dreamed; this filthy place could never have served for the retreat of the beautiful fairy of that night. Adieu, mysterious fair one! you have treated me as a child or a fool. In fact, would she have brought me here had she inhabited such a place? No; she has only passed here like a swan over an infected marsh, and like the passage of a bird in the air, her track is invisible."

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPLE.

THE same day, and at the same hour in which Maurice, disappointed, repassed the bridge de la Tournelle, several Municipal Guards, under Santerre, commandant of the Parisian National Guards, made a strict search in the principal tower of the Temple, which, since the 13th of August, 1792, had been transformed into a prison.

This official visit was particularly exercised in the apartments of the third story, consisting of an ante-chamber and three adjoining rooms.

One of these chambers was occupied by two females, a young girl, and a child nine years of age, all clad in mourning. The elder of the women might be thirty-seven or thirty-eight: she was seated at a table reading. The second was working a piece of tapestry, and might be twenty-eight or twenty-nine. The young girl was fourteen, and stood beside the child who, sick and in bed, had its eyes closed as if asleep, although it was evident that sleep was impossible, in consequence of the noise created by the municipal officers. Some tossed up the beds, others unfolded the linen, whilst those who had finished their examination gazed with fixed insolence on their unfortunate prisoners, all of whom obstinately bent their eyes, the one on her book, the other on the tapestry, and the third on her brother. The eldest of these ladies was tall, pale, and beautiful. She who read, appeared to concentrate all her attention upon her book, although, no doubt, the eyes alone were occupied and not the mind. One of the municipal guards then drew near, seized with brutality the book which she held in her hand,

and threw it into the middle of the chamber. The prisoner reached out her hand towards the table, took a second volume, and continued to read.

The *montagnard* (one of the Mountain faction) made a furious gesture to snatch the second volume away as he had done the first. But the movement made the second prisoner, engaged with her embroidery, to start. The young girl threw herself forward, and, surrounding the head of the reader with her arms, murmured through her tears—

"Poor mother! poor mother!"

She then embraced her.

The prisoner put her lips to the ear of the young girl, as if to embrace her in turn, and said—

"Marie! there is a letter concealed in the entrance of the stove: take it away."

"Come, come," said the municipal, separating the two, rudely; "how long do you intend to embrace each other?"

"Sir," said the young girl, "has the Convention decreed that children must no longer embrace their mothers?"

"No; but it has resolved to punish traitors and aristocrats; and it is for that purpose that we are here to examine you. Antoinette, answer."

She whom they addressed with such a gross interrogatory did not condescend to answer. On the other hand, she turned away her head, and a flush passed over her countenance, pale with grief and furrowed with tears.

"It is impossible," continued the man, "that you could be ignorant of last night's attempt. From whence did it originate?"

Continued silence on the part of the prisoner.

"Answer, Antoinette," said Santerre, advancing, without remarking the shudder of horror which seized the young woman at the appearance of this man, who, on the 21st of January, in the morning, came to the Temple to conduct Louis XVI. to the scaffold. "Answer!"

"There has been a conspiracy against the Republic, with the view of relieving you from captivity, which the will of the people imposes upon you previous to the punishment of your crimes. Are you aware—speak!—that they have conspired?"

Marie started on hearing that voice, which she seemed to shun, by drawing back on her chair as far as she could. But she made no answer to the question.

"You will not answer?" exclaimed Santerre, stamping on the floor.

The prisoner took up a third volume. Santerre turned round. The brutal power of this man, who commanded 80,000 men, who had only to make a gesture and overwhelm the voice of Louis XVI., was destroyed by the dignity of a poor prisoner, whose head he in turn might have taken, but whose spirit he could never bend.

"And you, Elizabeth," said he to the other person, who had momentarily ceased her embroidery to join her hands in prayer —not to these men, but to God, "will you answer?"

"I don't understand what you ask," said she, "and I cannot reply."

"Morbleu! citizen Capet," said Santerre, with impatience. "It is, however, evident that an attempt was made yesterday to procure your escape, and you ought to know the criminals."

"We have, sir, no communication with those without; we cannot, therefore, know what any parties have done for or against us."

"Very good," said the municipal. "We shall now hear what your nephew has to say;" and he approached the bed of the young dauphin.

At this menace Marie Antoinette started up.

"Sir, my son is indisposed and asleep; do not awaken him."

"Answer me, then."

"I know nothing."

The municipal guard then went straight to the little prisoner's bed, who, as we have stated, feigned being asleep.

"Come, come, Capet; arouse yourself," said he, rudely shaking him.

The child opened his eyes, and smiled. The municipal guard then surrounded his bed.

The queen, agitated through grief and fear, made a sign to her daughter, who, profiting by the confusion, glided into the neighbouring apartment, opened one of the entrances of the stove, extracted the letter, and burned it; then returned to the chamber with a look of confidence which composed her mother.

"What do you want?" asked the child.

"I wish to know if you heard anything last night."

"No; I was asleep."

"It seems you are very fond of sleeping."

"Yes; because when I sleep I dream."

"And what do you dream about?"

"That I see my father, whom you murdered."

"So," said Santerre, quickly, "you heard nothing?"

"Nothing."

"These whelps," exclaimed the municipal, furiously, "have an understanding with the old wolf; nevertheless, there has been a conspiracy."

The queen smiled.

"The Austrian is bullying us," cried the municipal. "Since it is so, let us execute in its utmost rigour the decree of the commune. Get up, Capet."

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed the queen, forgetting herself. "Do you not see that my son is sick of the fever? Will you kill him?"

"Your son," said the municipal, "is a source of continual alarm to the council of the Temple; he is the aim of every conspirator. They flatter themselves they will carry you all away together: well, let them try. Tison! Call Tison."

Tison was a kind of journeyman charged with the heavy duties of the household of the prison. He came. He was about forty years of age, of a sallow complexion, having a rough savage-looking countenance, with his black frizzled hair hanging over his eyebrows.

"Tison," asked Santerre, "who came here yesterday to bring provisions to the prisoners?"

Tison mentioned a name.

"And who brought their linen?"

"My daughter."

"Your daughter is then a washerwoman?"

"Certainly."

"And you have given her the prisoners' custom?"

"Why not? She may as well earn it as another. It is not the tyrants' money now, but the nation's, since the nation pays for all."

"You were told to examine the linen attentively."

"Well, as a proof that I acquitted myself of my duty, there was yesterday a handkerchief on which two knots were made, which I carried before the council, who ordered my wife to untie them, to re-form them, and to return them to Madame Capet, without saying a word."

On mention being made of the two knots, the queen started, her pupils dilated, and Madame Elizabeth and she exchanged glances.

LORIN'S INTERVIEW WITH MAURICE.

"Tison," said Santerre, "your daughter is a citizen whose patriotism no one suspects; but from this day your daughter shall no longer enter the Temple."

"My God!" said Tison, frightened, "what do you tell me? What! I shall not see my daughter except when I go out?"

"You shall not go out."

Tison turned his haggard eye around him in vacancy; then suddenly exclaimed—

"I am not to go out any more! ah! is it so? Well, I wish to leave altogether. I give in my resignation. I am no traitor or aristocrat, not I, that I should be detained in prison. I tell you I must go out."

"Citizen," said Santerre, "obey the order of the commune, and be silent, or evil may come from it. I tell you so. Remain here and watch what passes. There is an eye upon you. I warn you."

During this time the queen, who supposed herself forgotten, reassured herself by degrees, and replaced her son in bed.

"Send up your wife," said the municipal, to Tison.

He obeyed without a word. Santerre's menace had made him as tractable as a lamb. Tison's wife came.

"Come hither, citizen," said Santerre, "we will retire to the antichamber whilst you search the prisoners."

"I say, wife, they will not allow our daughter to come any more to the Temple."

"How! not allow her to come here? Then we shall see her no more."

Tison bowed down his head.

"What is it you mean?"

"We shall make a report to the Council of the Temple, and it shall decide. In the meantime——"

"In the meantime," said the woman, "I wish to see my daughter."

"Silence!" said Santerre, knitting his brow.

"Do, wife, what the citizen general says. Do it, wife; don't you hear he says we shall see her," and Tison regarded Santerre with an humble smile.

"Very good," said the woman, "get you gone, I am ready to search them."

The men retired.

"My dear Madame Tison," said the queen, "believe me truly."

"I believe nothing, citizen Capet," said the horrible wo-

man, grinding her teeth. "If it be not that you are the cause of all the misfortunes of the people, only let me find something suspicious on you and you shall see."

Four men remained at the door ready to assist by main force if the queen resisted.

She began with the queen, and found upon her a handkerchief having three knots, which seemed to be, unfortunately, an answer prepared to that of which Tison had spoken, also a pencil, a scapulary, and some sealing-wax.

"Ah! I knew it well. If I had only informed the municipal guard that the Austrian corresponded. The other day I found a drop of wax on the socket of the candlestick."

"Oh! madam," said the queen, in a supplicating manner, "only show the scapulary."

"Eh! well, indeed!" said the woman. "Pity for you? Have they any for me? They have taken away my daughter."

Madame Elizabeth had nothing upon her.

The woman Tison recalled the municipals, who entered with Santerre at their head. She handed them the articles found on the queen, which passed from hand to hand, causing an infinite number of conjectures. Above all, the handkerchief with three knots exercised the imagination of these persecutors of the royal family.

"Now," said Santerre, "we shall read you the order of the Convention."

"What order?" asked the queen.

"The decree which ordains a separation from your son."

"It is then true that such a thing exists."

"Yes; the Convention has more respect for the health of an infant, confided to its care, than to leave it under the charge of a mother so depraved as you."

The queen's eyes sparkled fire.

"Why not, at least, bring forward some accusation?—tigers as you are."

"That is not very difficult," said a municipal; and he pronounced one of those infamous accusations, such as that with which "Suetonius charges Agrippa."

"Oh!" exclaimed the queen, starting up, pale and majestic in her indignation; "I appeal to every mother's heart"

"Come, come," said the municipal, "all that is very good; but we have been here already two hours, and cannot lose the whole day. Get up, Capet, and follow me."

"Never, never!" cried the queen, throwing herself between

the municipals and the young Louis, and preparing to resist their approach to the bed, like a tiger defending her young. "I shall never permit you to remove my child."

"Oh! gentlemen," said Madame Elizabeth, joining her hands with a lively air of appeal: "gentlemen, in the name of Heaven, have pity on two mothers."

"Speak then," said Santerre, "give us the names—avow the projects of your accomplices. Explain the meaning of the knots in the handkerchief found amongst your linen, as well as those in the one found on your person. In that case they will leave you your son."

A look from Madame Elizabeth seemed to supplicate the queen to make this terrible sacrifice. She, however, proudly wiped away a tear that glistened like a diamond on her eyelash.

"Adieu, my son!" said she: "never forget your father who is on high, or your mother who will shortly rejoin him. Repeat every night and morning the prayer which I have taught you. Adieu, my son."

She gave him a last kiss, and arose cold and *impassible*, saying, "Gentlemen—I know nothing; act as you think proper."

The queen, in truth, to have borne this, must have possessed more resolution than a woman, and, above all, than a mother's heart was capable of. She fell back exhausted into a chair whilst they removed the child, whose tears flowed fast, and who extended his arms, but without uttering a cry. The door closed behind the municipal who bore away the royal child; and the three females were left alone.

Then passed a moment in the silence of despair, interrupted only by sobs. The queen spoke first—

"My daughter! the letter."

"I burned it, mother, as you told me."

"Without reading it?"

"Yes."

"Adieu then, the last glimmering of our highest hope," murmured Madame Elizabeth.

"Right, sister, right; the cup of our suffering is full."

Then turning towards her daughter,

"But you, at least, Marie, saw the handwriting?"

"Yes, mother; for an instant."

The queen arose, examined the door to discover if she was watched; then pulling a pin from her hair she approached the wall, and produced from a chink a small piece of paper folded

in the form of a note. Showing it to the *Madame Royale* she said—

"Recal your recollections of the past, before replying to me. Daughter, was the handwriting the same as this?"

"Yes, yes, mother," exclaimed the princess; "I recognise it."

"God be praised!" ejaculated the queen, falling on her knees. "If he could have written since the morning he is safe. Thanks, oh! God, thanks! Such a noble friend well deserved such a miracle at your hands."

"Of whom do you speak, mother," asked Madame. "Who is this friend? Tell me his name, that I may remember him in my prayers."

"Yes, daughter, you are right; never forget him. It is the name of a gentleman, full of honour and bravery. He is not devoted through ambition, for he has only revealed himself in the days of our misfortune. He has never seen the Queen of France, or rather the Queen of France has never seen him; still he has devoted his life to her safety. Perhaps it may happen that he will be recompensed as all virtue is now rewarded, by a terrible death. But—if he dies—oh! on high in the heavens, I will thank him. He is called—" The queen glanced uneasily around her, and sank her voice to a whisper—"He is called the Chevalier of the Red House. Pray for him."

The Chevalier of the Red House was too active and audacious an enemy not to give rise to vigorous measures after his entrance into Paris and appearance at the Temple. The most severe searches were made in a number of houses, and of a stricter nature than ever; but with the exception of some emigrant females being discovered, and some old men who had no inclination to dispute with their executioners the few days of life that remained to them, no other result flowed from the examination. The sections, as may be easily believed, were closely occupied during many days after the attempt at the Temple, and, consequently, the secretary of the section Lepelletier, one of the most influential in Paris, had little time to think of his unknown.

Maurice said nothing, nor did he avow anything to his friend as to what had passed during his adventure that night. But he who knew well Maurice's joyous and expansive heart, perceiving him constantly dreaming and courting solitude, doubted not but that the rascal Cupid had passed in that direction. In the meantime the chevalier was not taken, and nothing was said about him.

The queen widowed, and her child orphaned, contented herself with weeping when alone with her daughter and sister. The young dauphin commenced in the hands of the shoemaker, Simon, that martyrdom which promised in two years to reunite him with his father and mother. There was an interval of calm. The Mountain volcano reposed itself before devouring the Girondins. Maurice felt the pressure of this calm as one feels the weight of the atmosphere previous to a tempest, and not knowing what to do during this leisure time, he was left solely occupied with the ardour of his sentiment, which, if it was not love, at least resembled it strongly. He once more perused the letter, kissed the sapphire, and determined, in spite of the resolution he had taken to forget all, to risk another attempt, which he promised himself should be the last one.

The young man decided on one thing, which was to go to the section of the Garden of Plants and request from his colleague some information concerning the inhabitants. But the idea that the unknown was connected with some political movement withheld him. Any indiscretion on his side might conduct the charming creature to the *Place de la Revolution*, and bring her head to the block, a supposition which caused a terrible shudder to pass through Maurice's frame. He, therefore, resolved to make the attempt alone, and without making any inquiries. His plan was a very simple one. The lists of names affixed to each door ought to give him the first intimation. Then inquiries of the porters ought to clear up the mystery.

In capacity of secretary of the section of the Rue Lepelletier, he had a clear and distinct right to question. But Maurice did not know the name of the *unknown*, although he might be guided by analogy. It would be impossible for such a charming creature not to have a name in harmony with her form—some name of sylph, fairy, or angel.

Maurice dressed himself in a brown-coloured coat, put on a red *bonnet* worn on grand occasions, and set out on his expedition without informing any one. He carried one of those knotted cudgels called a *constitution*, which, in his vigorous hand, was like the mace of Hercules. He placed in his pocket his commission as secretary of the section Lepelletier. These constituted at one and the same time his guarantee, physical and moral. He commenced by passing anew the streets St. Victor and the old street St. Jacques, decyphering by the fading light of day all the names inscribed by a good or bad writer

on the panels of the doors. Maurice reached his hundredth house, and, consequently, the hundredth on his list without perceiving the least trace in the world of his unknown, when a shoemaker, perceiving the expression of impatience on the countenance of the reader, opened the door, and came out in his leather apron, holding his awl, and looking at Maurice from under his spectacles—

"Citizen," said he, "do you wish some information concerning the lodgers in this house? In that case speak, I am ready to answer."

"I thank you, citizen," stammered Maurice, "I am looking for a friend's name."

"Mention the name, citizen, I know every one in this quarter. Where does your friend live?"

"He lives, I believe, in the old street St. Jacques; but I fear he has removed."

"What is his name? I must know that first."

Maurice hesitated an instant, then pronounced the first name that presented itself to his recollection.

"René," said he.

"His trade?"

Maurice was surrounded with tan works.

"A tanner!" replied he.

"In that case," said a *bourgeois*, who stopped short and looked at Maurice with a sort of goodnatured smile, not exempt from defiance, "In that case ask his master!"

"True," said a porter, "very true. The masters know the names of their workmen. There is citizen Dixmer who is master of a tannery, and has more than 50 men; inquire from him."

Maurice turned round and perceived a master tanner of a high stature, placid countenance, and whose richness of dress announced the opulent citizen.

"Only as the citizen porter remarked," continued the *bourgeois*, "it will be necessary to know this friend's name."

"I have said it was René."

"René is only a baptismal name. It is the family name I want. All the workmen inscribed at my house are under the family name."

"In faith," said Maurice, whom this kind of interrogation disturbed, "I don't know the family name."

"How, citizen?" said the *bourgeois*, with a smile, in which more irony was apparent than intended. "How, citizen; you do not know the family name of your friend?"

"No!"

"In that case it is most probable you will not discover him."

And the *bourgeois*, saluting Maurice gracefully, stepped forward, and entered a house in the old street St. Jacques.

"The fact is, then," said the porter, "you do *not* know the name of the family."

"Well, I do not," answered Maurice, who longed for an opportunity of venting his spleen on some one, and who was even inclined to invite a quarrel.

"Nothing, citizen; nothing at all concerning them? However, if you do not know the family name of your friend, it is probable, as citizen Dixmer observed, very probable, you will not be able to find him."

The citizen porter shrugged his shoulders, and marched into his lodge, leaving Maurice strongly disposed to thrash him, had not his age protected him. Had he been twenty years younger, Maurice would have exhibited the disgraceful spectacle of equality in law but inequality in strength.

The day was fast declining, and Maurice had little time to spare. He profited by it to examine the first, then the second lane. He examined every door and nook, looked over every palisade, hoisted himself up every wall, peeped through every gate, knocked at several deserted magazines, and finally consumed about two hours in a useless search. Nine o'clock sounded, the night was gloomy—not a sound was heard, or the least movement perceived, in this quarter, whose life seemed to have departed with the day. Maurice, who had begun to despair, was about to retreat, when he observed a light at the turning of a narrow alley. He advanced along the gloomy passage without perceiving that at the moment he was buried within its shades a peering head disappeared from the midst of a clump of trees behind the wall, from which all his movements had been watched.

A few seconds after the head had vanished three men let themselves into the alley by a small door, whilst a fourth closed the door of the alley itself.

At the end of the alley Maurice discovered a court. It was from the opposite side that he saw the light. He knocked at the door of a solitary miserable-looking house. At the first knock the light was extinguished. Maurice redoubled his knocks; no one replied. Perceiving he was only wasting his time, he re-crossed the court, and entered the alley. At the same instant the house door opened, and three men came out, when a

whistle was given. Maurice turned round, and saw three shadows at the distance of about double the length of his staff.

In that light which always exists in dark places to eyes accustomed to them shone three sword blades. Maurice saw he was beset, and wished to show play with his stick, but he touched with its ends both sides of the alley. At the same instant a violent blow on the head rendered him senseless. This attack was unforeseen, and came from the four men who entered the alley by the little door in the wall. Seven men threw themselves all at once on Maurice, and, in spite of his desperate resistance, they threw him on the ground, tied his hands, and bandaged his eyes.

Maurice uttered not a cry—summoned no aid; strength and courage always rely on themselves, and feel ashamed of foreign aid. Besides, in such a deserted quarter, Maurice might have called in vain.

Maurice at his age marked everything like a respite as being the sign of hope, and therefore judged when his eyes were bandaged that he was not to be immediately killed. He consequently retained his full presence of mind, and waited the result.

"Who are you?" asked a voice, still animated with the struggle.

"I am a man who is about to be assassinated."

"More than that; you are a dead man, if you speak aloud, or raise any alarm."

"Had I wished to do so, I should have done it before."

"Are you ready to answer my questions?"

"Ask them first, and then I shall know whether I can reply to them."

"Who sent you here?"

"Nobody."

"You came of your own accord?"

"Yes."

"You lie."

Maurice made a tremendous effort to free his hands, but it was impossible.

"I never lie," said he.

"No matter whether you came yourself or were sent by others, in either case you are a spy."

"And you cowards."

"What, cowards?"

"Yes; you are seven or eight to one man, manacled, and yet you insult that man. Cowards, cowards, cowards!"

This violence on Maurice's part, instead of irritating his adversaries, seemed, on the other hand, to calm them, because such conduct proved that the young man was not what they thought him—a veritable spy, who would have trembled and begged for mercy.

"There is no insult intended," said a softer but more imperious voice than the others who had spoken. "In these days a man may be a spy without being a dishonest character; only he risks his life who is one."

"You have spoken justly; your presence is welcome. I will answer you honourably."

"What brought you into this neighbourhood?"

"To inquire for a woman."

An incredulous murmur responded to the excuse, and gradually increased into a tempest.

"You are a liar," resumed the former voice. "There are no women here. We understand what you mean by a woman, and there are no such characters as you are in pursuit of in this neighbourhood. Confess your project, or die!"

"Proceed, then," said Maurice. "You will hardly kill me for the mere pleasure of doing so, at least, if you are not real brigands."

Maurice made a second and more violent effort, entirely unexpected, too, to detach the cords from his hands. Suddenly a cold painful sensation pierced his breast; Maurice, in spite of himself, started back.

"Ah! you feel that," said one of the men. "Good. There are eight inches more than the one with which you have made acquaintance."

"Finish your work, then," said Maurice, resigned; "it will, at least, soon be over."

"Who are you?" demanded the person whose voice was remarkable for softness and imperiousness combined.

"You wish to know my name?"

"Yes; your name."

"I am Maurice Lindey."

"What!" exclaimed a voice, "Maurice Lindey, the revolutionist, the patriot! Maurice Lindey, secretary of the section Lepelletier?"

These words were pronounced with such fury that Maurice saw they were decisive; his reply would, therefore, irrevocably decide his fate. Maurice was incapable of cowardice. He drew himself up proudly, and said, in a firm voice—

"Yes; Maurice Lindey, the secretary of the section Lepelletier—Maurice Lindey, the patriot, revolutionist, Jacobin—in short, Maurice Lindey, the most glorious day of whose life will be when he dies in the cause of liberty."

Amidst the stillness of death that answer was given.

Maurice presented his breast, awaiting the moment when the blade, whose point he had only felt, should be plunged into his side.

"Is it indeed the case," said a voice, after a few seconds, betraying some emotion. "Young man, do not lie."

"Search my pocket," said Maurice, "and you will find my commission. Look on my breast, and if my blood has not effaced them you will see the initials 'M. L.' embroidered on my linen."

Instantly Maurice was lifted up by vigorous arms. He was borne a short distance; he heard first one then a second door opened, only the last was narrower than the first, for the men who carried him could scarcely squeeze themselves through. The murmurs and whisperings continued.

"I am lost," said Maurice to himself; "they will put a cord round my neck, and throw me into some pool in the Bièvre."

In an instant afterwards he felt that the men ascended some steps; a warmer atmosphere struck his countenance, and he was placed on a seat. He heard a door double-locked, and the footsteps receded. He imagined he was left alone. He listened with all the attention a man is capable of when his life may depend upon a word, and he thought he could distinguish the same voice which had attracted his attention from its firmness and sweetness, saying to the others, "Let us deliberate."

A quarter of an hour passed, which seemed an age to Maurice. Nothing could be more natural. Young, good looking, vigorous, sustained by the combined power of one hundred friends devoted to him, through whom and by whom he at times dreamed of the performance of great things, he found himself all at once, without any preparation, exposed to the chance of losing his life in an ignoble ambuscade. He knew he was confined within some kind of chamber—but was he watched? He endeavoured once more to break the cords. His muscles of steel swelled out, and were strained to the utmost. The cord cut into the flesh, but it would not break. The worst of it was his hands were tied behind his back, and therefore he could not remove the bandage from his eyes. If he could see,

perhaps he might escape. These efforts were made without opposition from any one, and without anything stirring around him. He argued that he must be alone. His feet encountered something heavy and dull, perhaps sand or soft earth; an acrid penetrating odour assailed the smell, announcing the presence of vegetable substances. Maurice thought he was in some greenhouse, or some edifice of the kind. He advanced, rubbed against a wall, and, turning to grope with his hands, felt several garden instruments, which caused him to utter an exclamation of joy. With incredible efforts he examined them all, one after the other. His escape then only became a question of time. If Providence or chance only gave him five minutes, and if he found only a cutting instrument he would be saved. He at length found a spade. From the manner in which Maurice was bound, it cost him a violent struggle to turn the spade so as to plant it handle downwards. He succeeded in maintaining it against the wall, and frayed away the cord by friction against the blade. It was a lengthened operation, and the iron cut slowly—the perspiration rolled from his forehead—he heard the shuffling of feet approaching him—he made a final effort, violent, incredible, yet with all his force; the half-worn cord broke. He uttered a cry of joy, as he was then certain at least to die defending his life. Maurice pulled the bandage from his eyes. He had not deceived himself; he was in a species of pavilion, where numerous plants were arranged, unsuited to the colder atmosphere. In a corner were the garden tools; before him, a window. He sprang to the window. It was secured with bars of iron, and a man, armed with a carbine, paced as sentinel before it. About thirty paces distant, on the other side of the garden, arose a pavilion. The venetian blinds were lowered, but through them a light could be seen burning. He approached the door, and listened—another sentinel passed and repassed; these were the footsteps he had heard.

CHAPTER V.

GENEVIÈVE.

T the bottom of the corridor a confused noise of voices was heard: the deliberation had degenerated into a discussion. Maurice could not catch the thread of debate. However, several words reached him, and amongst them, as if expressly, he heard *spy, poniard,* DEATH. Maurice redoubled his attention. A door opened, and he heard more distinctly.

"Yes," said one of the voices, "yes, he is a spy. He has discovered something, and he is decidedly sent to find out our secrets. By setting him free we run a strong chance of being denounced."

"But his word of honour," remarked another.

"He will give it, and then betray us. Is he a gentleman, that his word can be trusted?"

Maurice ground his teeth at the idea that some people still entertain, that a man must be a gentleman to keep his promise.

"But does he know us, to be able to denounce us?"

"Certainly not. He does not know what we are doing; but he knows our address, and he will return again much better accompanied than he is now."

The argument seemed to be decisive.

"Well," said a voice, which had already several times struck Maurice as belonging to the chief; "it is then decided?"

"Yes, yes, a hundred times yes. I do not comprehend your magnanimity, my dear fellow. If the Committee of Public Safety only had us, you would soon see whether they would stand upon much ceremony."

"So, gentlemen, you persist in your decision?"

"Undoubtedly; and I trust you will not oppose it."

"I have only one voice, gentlemen—it is to set him free; you have six, and all decide for death. Be it so."

The perspiration on Maurice's brow grew cold.

"He will, perhaps, shout aloud," said a voice. "Have you removed Madame Dixmer?"

"She suspects nothing; she is in the pavilion in front."

"Madame Dixmer," murmured Maurice; "I now understand. I am in a tanner's house, in that man's house who spoke to me in the Rue Saint Jacques, and who retired laughing at me, because I did not know my friend's name. What possible interest could a master tanner have in assassinating me?" Maurice looked around him, and perceived an ash stake, pointed with iron (a dibble). "At least," said he, "before I am assassinated I shall kill more than one of them."

He sprang to the instrument, so inoffensive in other hands save his own. He then went behind the door, so that on opening it would cover him. His heart beat violently and audibly. All at once Maurice shuddered from head to foot, as a voice remarked—

"If you take my advice, you will gently break a pane of glass, and shoot him through the bars."

"No, no, no," said another voice, "the explosion would betray us. Ah! Dixmer, you are there. Well, what about your wife?"

"I looked through the blinds: she is reading, without suspecting anything."

"Dixmer, you will decide it. Are you in favour of the musket or poniard?"

"By all means the poniard—no fire arms."

"Be it so. Come along."

"Come on," repeated five or six voices.

Maurice was a child of the revolution, he possessed a heart of bronze, and was tainted with the theological scepticisms of the age; but at the expression, "Come on," used behind the door which separated him from death, he remembered the sign of the cross, which his mother had taught him when a child at his evening prayers.

The footsteps drew nearer, then they stopped. The key rattled in the lock, and the door opened slowly.

During this fleeting minute, Maurice said in his own mind—"If I lose a moment in striking I am lost. By throwing

myself on my assassins I shall surprise them; I shall gain the garden, then the lane, and escape."

Instantly bounding up like a lion, and uttering a savage cry, in which there was more of menace than terror, he overthrew the two first men (who believed him still manacled and bandaged, and were far from expecting such an aggression), evaded the others, and sprang along the corridor, where he saw a door opened wide into the garden.

He leaped on with sinews of steel, gained the garden, and ran, as well as he could imagine, in the direction of the door. The door was closed, locked, and bolted; Maurice drew the bolts, and tried the lock, but the key was gone. Those who pursued him reached the steps of the pavilion door, and at once perceived him.

"There he is. Fire, Dixmer, fire! Kill him, kill him!"

Maurice uttered a terrible cry. He was confined to the garden. He measured with his eye the height of the walls; they were at least ten feet high.

All this passed in a minute.

The assassins rushed in pursuit.

Maurice was thirty paces in advance of them. He looked around with the air of a condemned person seeking for the least shadow of a chance that could be converted into a reality. He perceived the pavilion, the blinds, and the light. He bounded towards it, seized the blinds, tore them down, dashed through the window, and alighted in a chamber where a woman was seated reading by the fire.

The woman started up in alarm, and called for help.

"Draw back, Geneviève. Move aside," exclaimed Dixmer, "that I may kill him."

Maurice saw within ten paces of him the barrel of a musket.

The woman had scarcely looked at him when she uttered a violent scream, and, instead of moving aside as her husband had ordered, she flung herself between Maurice and the weapon.

This movement concentrated the whole of Maurice's attention upon the generous creature whose first impulse was to save him.

In turn he uttered an exclamation. It was the unknown, for whom he had searched.

"You! Is it you?" exclaimed he.

"Silence," said she. Then turning towards the assassins,

who, with different arms in their hands, had approached the window, she cried—"Oh! you must not kill him."

"He is a spy," exclaimed Dixmer, whose soft and placid countenance had assumed an expression of unalterable resolution. "He is a spy, and must die."

"He a spy, he a spy! Come near me, Dixmer; I have only one word to say, to convince you that you are strangely deceived."

Dixmer stood closer to the window. Geneviève leaned towards him, and whispered some words in his ear.

The master tanner quickly lifted his head.

"Is it he?"

"Himself," answered Geneviève.

"Are you quite sure?"

The young woman did not reply, but, turning towards Maurice, she extended her hand, smiling.

Dixmer's features then assumed an inexpressible gentleness and calmness, as he put the butt-end of his weapon on the ground.

"That is a different affair," remarked he, making a sign to his companions to follow him. He drew them aside, muttered a few words, and all disappeared.

"Conceal that ring," murmured Geneviève; "every one knows it here."

Maurice quickly removed the ring from his finger, and slid it into his waistcoat pocket.

An instant afterwards the door of the pavilion opened, and Dixmer, unarmed, advanced towards Maurice.

"Pardon me, citizen: I was ignorant of the extent of my obligations to you. But my wife, who mentioned the service you rendered her on the night of the 10th of March, forgot to state your name. We were, therefore, entirely ignorant of the person with whom we were dealing. Had it not been so, believe me we should not for a moment have suspected your honour or intentions. Once more I ask pardon."

Maurice was stupefied. It was a miracle that he stood up during the recital. He felt his head whirling round, and was ready to sink. He supported himself against the mantel-piece.

"Why, then," said he, "did you wish to kill me?"

"Therein, citizen, lies the secret, and I confide it to your honour. I am, as you already know, a master tanner. The principal part of the acids I use in the preparation of my skins are prohibited. But the smugglers whom I employ heard of an

information having been laid before the general council. Seeing you making inquiries I was alarmed, our smugglers were still more so at the sight of your cap of liberty and air of decision; nor will I deny that your death was decided upon."

"I know that well enough," exclaimed Maurice; "that is no news to me. I overheard your deliberations, and I saw your weapon."

"I have already asked pardon," continued Dixmer, with an inexpressible air of good-nature. "You must understand that, thanks to the present disorderly times, my associate, M. Morand, and myself, are in a fair way to realise an immense fortune. We supply the army with 1,500 or 2,000 military sacks per day. Thanks to the fortunate state of affairs, the municipality has no time to verify our accounts. I must admit that we fish in troubled waters, and, as I stated, the preparative materials are smuggled, so that we can gain two hundred per cent."

"The devil! that seems a sufficient benefit; and now I comprehend your terror of a denunciation from me. Now, however, that you know me, you are more confident. Is it not so?"

"Now I do not even ask your promise," said he, placing his hand on Maurice's shoulder and looking upon him with a smile.

"Let me see," said he, "now that we are in committee and amongst friends, I may inquire, young man, what brought you here? Be it understood," added the master tanner, "that if you wish it to be secret you are at perfect liberty to let it remain so."

"I believe I told you," stammered Maurice.

"Yes; concerning a woman. I know it related to that."

"Good God! citizen, pardon me. I am aware that I owe you an explanation. Well, I was seeking for a woman who, the other evening, under a mask, told me she lived here. I don't know her name, condition, or dwelling; only I know that I am madly in love with her, and that she is little. [Geneviève was tall.] That she is fair, and has a lively appearance. [Geneviève was dark, with large pensive eyes.] In short, a grisette," continued Maurice, "and to please her I assumed this popular dress."

"That explains all," said Dixmer, with a most evangelical faith, without betraying the least disbelief.

Geneviève blushed, and, feeling it, turned round.

"Poor citizen Lindey," remarked Dixmer, laughing, "what

a wretched time you have made us endure; and you are the last to whom I should wish any evil to befall. Such a good patriot-brother; but in fact I believed some evil designer had usurped your name."

"Let us say no more about it," observed Maurice, who saw that it was time for him to retire. "Put me in my way home, and let us forget it."

"Put you in your way?" cried Dixmer. "You would leave us?—not at all. My partner and myself are giving this evening a supper to the honest fellows who, a short time ago, were ready to cut your throat. I calculate on your supping with them, so that you may have an opportunity of knowing that they are not such devils as they seem to be."

"But," said Maurice, delighted at the prospect of remaining some hours beside Geneviève, "I hardly know whether I ought to accept——"

"What! whether you ought to accept? I know different. These men are as good patriots as yourself; besides, I could not believe that you had pardoned me if you did not break bread amongst us."

Geneviève said not a word. Maurice was in torture.

"In fact," stammered the young man, "I am afraid to incommode you—this costume—my disordered appearance—"

Geneviève looked timidly at him.

"We offer it," said she, "with sincerity."

"I accept, then, citizen," answered Maurice, bowing.

"Very well. I shall go and relieve the anxiety of my companions," said the master tanner. "Warm yourself, my dear friend, whilst you are waiting."

He went out and left Geneviève and Maurice together.

"Ah!" said the young woman, in an accent to which she vainly endeavoured to give a tone of reproach, "you have broken your promise,—you have been very indiscreet."

"What! madam," exclaimed Maurice; "have I compromised you? Ah! in that case pardon me. I shall retire and for ever."

"Heavens!" cried she, starting up; "you are wounded in the breast. Your linen is stained with blood."

In fact, on the breast of Maurice's fine white shirt, which made a contrast with his humble garments, a large stain of blood had dried.

"Oh! don't be uneasy, madam; one of the smugglers pricked me with his poniard."

Geneviève turned pale, and taking his hand, murmured, "Pardon me the evil they have done you. You have saved my life and I was about to become the cause of your losing your own."

"Am I not well recompensed in once more meeting you? For you could not mistake for a moment but that you were the person I sought."

"Come with me," interrupted Geneviève, "I will procure you linen. Our guests must not see you in this condition. It would be a terrible reproach to them."

"I constrain you, do I not?" said Maurice, with a sigh.

"Not at all—I accomplish a duty;" and she added, "I shall do it with great pleasure."

Geneviève then conducted Maurice towards a dressing-room, furnished with elegance and taste, such as he little expected to find in the house of a master tanner. It is true this master seemed to be worth a million. She opened the presses—

"Take anything, as if you were at home," and she retired.

When Maurice returned he found Dixmer present.

"Come along," said she, "we only wait your company at table."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUPPER.

WHEN Maurice entered the supper-room, accompanied by Dixmer and Geneviève, the supper was all ready; but the chamber was still empty.

He saw all the guests, six in number, enter successively. They were all men of an agreeable appearance, and mostly young; dressed in the fashion of the day—two or three even wearing the cap of liberty.

Dixmer presented Maurice, announcing his name and quality; then turning towards Maurice, he said—

"Citizen Lindey, you see all the men who assist me in my business. Thanks to the times we live in—thanks to these revolutionary principles which have effaced distinctions, we all live on a footing of perfect equality. Every day we assemble around the same table, and I feel proud you have honoured our family repast. Come, citizens, be seated."

"And—and Monsieur Morand," said Geneviève timidly "shall we not wait for him?"

"Ah! that is true," replied Dixmer, "the citizen Morand, of whom I have already spoken, is my partner. He is charged with the books, correspondence, cash, &c. It, therefore, happens that he is sometimes late. I will cause him to be called."

At that moment the door opened, and citizen Morand entered.

He was a little man, dark-complexioned, having large eyebrows; green spectacles, such as persons wear whose sight is weakened by close application, concealed his dark eyes, but

did not overcome the sparkling look. The moment he spoke, Maurice recognised the soft imperious voice which had, in the terrible discussion, been favourable for leniency. He was dressed in a brown coat with large buttons, a white silk vest, and frilled shirt, which during supper was often adjusted by a hand which, belonging to a tanner, Maurice admired for its whiteness and delicacy. They all took their places. The citizen Morand sat on the right, and Maurice on the left, of Geneviève. Dixmer faced his wife. The other guests indifferently seated themselves around an oblong table.

The supper was elegant. Dixmer possessed an excellent appetite, and admirably did the honours of the table. The workmen, or those who passed as such, made free and excellent company. The citizen Morand spoke little, ate less, drank still less again, and rarely laughed. Maurice, perhaps, on account of those recollections which recalled his voice, soon entertained for him a strong sympathy. He was only in doubt as to his age, and that doubt caused him to feel uneasy. At one time he considered him forty or forty-five years of age; at another, quite a young man. Dixmer made a blundering awkward address on the subject of the introduction of Maurice to their company, but the guests did not seem difficult to please, and all were satisfied on that head. Maurice looked at him with astonishment.

"Upon my honour," said he within himself, "I could not have believed it. Is it, indeed, the man who, with burning eye and threatening voice pursued me, musket in hand, and who, three quarters of an hour ago, would have killed me. I should have considered him then to be either a hero or an assassin. *Mon Dieu!* how a love of skins alters a man's character."

Whilst Maurice made these observations he felt in his heart a combined joy and grief so profound that he could scarcely tell in what condition were his feelings. He at length found himself beside the unknown for whom he had so long searched.

As he anticipated, she had a sweet name. He was intoxicated with the happiness of being seated beside her. He drank in every word and accent, and every time she spoke the sound of her voice vibrated to the innermost cords of his heart. But that heart was crushed by what he saw. Genevève was, indeed, that which he had seen. The dream of an exciting night was not destroyed by the reality; she was still the elegant woman with a languishing eye and enlightened mind. She

was evidently a young woman of distinction, compelled by the ruin of nobility, to ally herself with the commercial classes. Dixmer seemed a good man, incontestibly rich, and his manners towards Geneviève seemed to be those of a man who made it his business to render a wife happy. But this good-nature, these riches, these excellent intentions, could they fill up the space which existed between the wife and husband—between the charming poetic young woman and the man of vulgar occupation? With what sentiments did Geneviève contemplate this abyss. Maurice returned to his first opinion of the young woman, viz., that on the evening he encountered her she was returning from a love assignation. The idea that Geneviève loved a man tortured Maurice's heart. Then he sighed, then he regretted that he had come to receive another dose of that poison which is termed love. Again, when he heard that voice so sweet, pure, and harmonious—when he contemplated her clear open looks, which seemed not to fear that by them one might penetrate to the bottom of the soul—Maurice was compelled to believe that with such a creature it was impossible there could be any deception. Then he experienced a feeling of joy and bitterness combined, on thinking that such a lovely being belonged, soul and body, to this easy-minded citizen, with his pleasant smile and vulgar pleasantries, and never could be his. They conversed on politics. It could not be otherwise. What could one talk about in an era when politics were mingled with everything—painted on the table service, spread over the walls, and proclaimed every hour in the streets. All at once, one of the guests, who had till then remained silent, asked what news there were concerning the prisoners in the Temple. Maurice, in spite of himself, started at the tone of this voice. He recognised through it the man of extreme measures, who had at first struck him with his dagger, and then voted for his death.

However, this man, an honest tanner, and, as Dixmer said, foreman of the tannery, soon restored Maurice's good humour, by expressing the most patriotic views and ultra-revolutionary principles. The young man, in certain circumstances, was not opposed to vigorous measures so much in fashion then, and of which Danton was the hero and apostle.

Maurice, instead of assassinating a spy, as this man proposed to do, would have let him loose in the garden, and with equal arms, sabre in hand, would have fought him without pity or mercy. That is what Maurice would have done, but he in-

stantly remembered that it was too much to expect from a journeyman tanner. This man, of extreme measures, publicly and privately, spoke of the Temple, and was astonished that the safeguard of the prisoners was confided to a permanent council, capable of being corrupted; and to municipals whose fidelity had been more than once tempted.

"Yes," said citizen Morand; "but it must be granted, that up to the present moment the conduct of these guards has justified the confidence of the nation, and history will record that no other citizen, save Robespierre, has merited the title of the incorruptible."

"Doubtless, doubtless," continued the other; "but because a thing has not happened it would be absurd to suppose that it never could occur. The companies of the National Guard, for instance, are, in turn, on duty in the Temple. Is it not possible that twenty or twenty-five determined men might not be found amongst them, who some fine night would cut the throats of the sentinels and carry off the prisoners."

"Bah! citizen," said Maurice; "it is a bad method, since they have failed when similar means were attempted about a month ago."

"Yes," observed Morand, "that was because one of the aristocrats who composed the patrol had the imprudence to allow the word 'sir' to escape him when speaking to, I don't know who!"

"Besides," said Maurice, who supported the Republican police, "they were conscious of the entrance of the Chevalier of the Red House into Paris!"

"Bah!" cried Dixmer.

"They knew that the chevalier was in Paris?" coldly asked Morand. "Did they know by what means he had entered?"

"Perfectly well."

"The devil!" exclaimed Morand, leaning forward to regard Maurice, "I should be curious to know that. Up to the present time nothing positive has been stated on that subject. But you, citizen, the secretary of one of the principal sections of Paris, you ought to be better informed."

"Without doubt, and that which I am about to tell you is the exact truth."

All the guests, including Geneviève, seemed to pay the most marked attention to what the young man was about to say.

"Well, the Chevalier of the Red House, as it seems, traversed all France with his usual good fortune. He reached

during the day the Barrier du Roule, where he waited until nine o'clock at night. At that hour a woman, disguised as one of the lower orders, passed the barrier, carrying to the chevalier the costume of a *chasseur* of the National Guard. In a few minutes she returned with him. The sentinel who saw her go through alone, suspected something when she returned accompanied. He gave the alarm, the guard turned out, and the two criminals, knowing that they were the objects of pursuit, entered an hotel, which had a second entrance from the Champs Elysées. It seems that a patrol, entirely devoted to the tyrants, awaited the chevalier at the corner of the Rue Barre-du-bec. You know the rest?"

"Ah, ah!" said Morand. "What you relate is very strange."

"But true."

"Yes; it has the appearance: but the woman.—Do they know what became of her?"

"No; she disappeared, and all are completely ignorant as to who or what she is."

The associate of Dixmer, and Dixmer himself, seemed to respire more freely.

Geneviève heard all, pale, silent, and motionless.

"But," said citizen Morand, with his usual coolness, "who can say that the Chevalier of the Red House was in this patrol which gave the alarm at the Temple?"

"A municipal, one of my friends, who was that day on duty, recognised him."

"He was acquainted, then, with his appearance?"

"He had formerly seen him."

"And what kind of a man is this chevalier?" asked Morand.

"A man about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, little, fair; of an agreeable countenance, having magnificent eyes, and superb teeth."

There reigned a profound silence.

"Well," said Morand, "if your friend, the municipal, did recognise this pretended chevalier, why did he not arrest him?"

"In the first place, being unaware of his presence in Paris, he was afraid he was duped by a resemblance, and like most wise but slow natures, when in doubt, he abstained."

"You would not have acted so, citizen?" said Dixmer, quickly, laughing at the same time.

"No; I admit it. I would rather have made a mistake than have allowed such a dangerous man as the chevalier to escape."

"And what would you have done, sir?" asked Geneviève.

"I should have ordered all the gates of the Temple to be closed. I should have gone straight to the patrol, and put my hand on the chevalier's collar, saying, Chevalier of the Red House, I arrest you as a traitor. If I had once seized him, I would have answered for his safe custody."

"What, then, would have occurred?" asked Geneviève.

"He would have been tried along with his accomplices, and before this have been guillotined—that is all."

Geneviève shuddered, and threw upon her neighbour a look of terror.

The citizen Morand did not seem to remark it. He coolly emptied his glass.

"The citizen Lindey is right," said he, "that was what ought to have been done. Unfortunately it was not done."

"Do they know," asked Geneviève, "what has become of the chevalier?"

"Bah!" cried Dixmer; "seeing his attempt abortive he must have quitted Paris immediately afterwards."

"And France too, most likely," added Morand.

"Not at all—not at all," said Maurice.

"What! has he been so very imprudent as to remain in France?" exclaimed Geneviève.

"He has not stirred a step."

A general movement of astonishment received this decided opinion of Maurice.

"You presume so, citizen," said Morand; "that is all?"

"No, no, I affirm the fact."

"Oh!" said Geneviève, "as for me, I can scarcely believe it. It would be most unpardonable imprudence."

"You are a woman, and you can comprehend one thing which ought to characterise a man like the Chevalier of the Red House, and weigh over every other consideration."

"And what can surpass the fear of death in such a frightful guise?"

"Good God!—love."

"Love?" repeated Geneviève.

"Doubtless. Do you not know that the chevalier is in love with Marie Antoinette?"

Two or three timid, incredulous, but forced, laughs were heard.

Dixmer looked at Maurice, as if to search his soul. Geneviève felt the tears run down her cheeks, and a shudder passed

over her frame, which did not escape Maurice. The citizen Morand poured out some wine, and carried it to his lips. His paleness would have alarmed Maurice, had not the whole of the young man's attention been concentrated upon Geneviève.

"You are moved, citizen," murmured Maurice.

"Have you not said that I should understand because I was a woman? Well, our sex, although it may be opposed to our principles, are always touched by such devotion."

"That of the Chevalier of the Red House is proportionally greater, since we are assured he has never spoken with the queen."

"Ah! citizen Lindey," said the man of extreme measures "it seems to me that you are very indulgent towards the chevalier."

"Sir," said Maurice, using, perhaps purposely, a word that had been discarded, "I love all proud and courageous natures. But that would not prevent me from fighting with them if I encountered them in the ranks of my enemies. I do not despair being able one day to meet the Chevalier of the Red House."

"And ——" said Geneviève.

"If I encounter him I shall engage him."

The supper was finished, and Geneviève herself set the example of retiring. At this moment the clock struck.

"Twelve," said Morand, coldly.

"Twelve!" exclaimed Maurice; "midnight so soon?"

"That is an exclamation," said Dixmer, "which affords me pleasure. It shows that you are not tired of us, and affords us hope that we shall see you again. It is the house of a good patriot that is open to you, and I trust you will soon discover it to be that of a friend."

Maurice bowed, and, turning towards Geneviève, asked—

"Will you, citizen, also permit me to return?"

"I do more; I beg of you to return," quickly answered Geneviève. "Adieu, citizen."

She retired to her chamber.

Maurice took leave of all the guests; particularly saluted Morand, who had pleased him much, shook Dixmer's hand, and departed more joyous than sad at the varied events which had been agitated that evening.

"Annoying, most annoying recognition," said the young woman, after Maurice's retreat, bursting into tears in the presence of her husband.

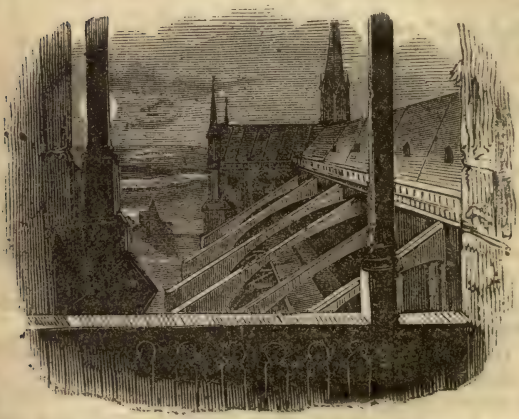
"Bah! Maurice Lindey, a well-known patriot, the secretary of a section, adored by the populace, is, on the other hand, a precious acquisition for a poor tanner who has smuggled goods in his house."

Dixmer smiled.

"You believe so, my dear friend?" timidly asked Geneviève,

"I believe that it is a patriotic seal of absolution which he places on our house; and I believe that from this very evening the Chevalier of the Red House himself would be safe in this dwelling."

Dixmer kissed his wife's forehead with an affection more paternal than conjugal, left her in the little pavilion, which was entirely consecrated to her, and retired to another part of the building with the guests who had surrounded his table.



CHAPTER VII.

SIMON, THE COBBLER.

THE beginning of May had now arrived —a lovely day invigorated the lungs wearied with the cold mists of winter, and the rays of the sun fell warm and vivifying on the dark walls of the Temple. At the inner gate, which separated them from the gardens, the guards were smoking and laughing. In spite of the beautiful day, and independent of the offer made to the prisoners to descend and walk in the gardens, the three females refused. Since the execution of her husband, the queen obstinately kept her chamber, so that she might not pass the door of the chamber which the king had occupied on the second storey. When by chance she took an airing since the fatal 21st of January, it was on the summit of the tower whose battlements were closed with lattices. The National Guards on duty, who were informed that the three women were permitted to go out, vainly attended during the whole day for the moment when this permission would be made available.

About five o'clock a man descended, and approached the serjeant of the guard.

"Ah! it is you, Father Tison?" said the humorous serjeant.

"Yes; it is me, citizen. I bring you from your friend who is up there, Maurice Lindey, the permission accorded by the council to my daughter to pay a visit this evening to her mother."

"And you go out, unnatural parent, the moment that your daughter comes."

"Ah! I go out, citizen serjeant, much against my inclination. I hoped also to have seen the poor child, and embraced her. I have not seen her these two months. But I must set

out; the service, this accursed service, compels me. I must make my report to the commune. A coach awaits me at the gate, and two gens-d'armes, and that just at the very moment my poor Sophie is coming."

"Unfortunate father," said the serjeant,

"'The patriot's o'er the father's love prevails,
The duty's done, although the parent wails.'

I say, Father Tison, if you find any old rhymes, bring them to me; I am rather short at present."

"And you, serjeant, when my daughter comes to see her poor mother, who is dying to behold her, you will let her pass?"

"The order is the rule, and when she comes she shall pass."

"Thanks, brave Thermopyle, thanks," said Tison to the serjeant, in whom the reader will recognise Lorin. "Ah! my poor wife will soon be happy," said he, murmuring as he went out.

"Do you know, serjeant," said one of the guards, "that it is lamentable to see a man of such a bronze visage, the unpitiable guardian of the queen, depart with a tear in his eye at the thought of his daughter visiting her mother. It makes one reflect."

"Yet he does not reflect himself. This woman, to whom he is so brutal, has not seen her child during three months. He does not think of her; but of his own grievances."

"It is sad, very sad."

"Yet necessary;" and Lorin commenced humming a tune. He was engaged thus, when all at once a great uproar was heard at the left of the post. It was a mingled noise of oaths, menaces, and weeping.

"What is that?" asked Devaux.

"A child's voice, I think."

"In fact, some little one whom they are thrashing."

"Will you sing?" said a rough husky voice; and the voice sang as an example—

'Madame Veto vowed one day,
The half of Paris she would slay.'"

"No!" said the child, "I will not sing that."

"Won't you sing—

'Madame Veto vowed one day?'"

"No! no! no! no!"

"Ah! you little beggar;" and the sound of a strap was heard amidst doleful cries.

"*Sacrebleu!*" cried Lorin. "It is that infamous Simon beating little Capet."

Several of the guards shrugged their shoulders. Two or three attempted to smile. Devaux arose and retired, saying—

"Truly, fathers should never come here."

Suddenly a lower door opened and the royal child, driven by his guardian's scourge, rushed into the court; but some heavy substance sounded on the pavement and struck him on the leg.

"Oh!" exclaimed the child, and he stumbled and fell on his knee.

"Bring me my last—or if not—"

The child arose, and hung his head in sign of refusal.

"Ah! is it so? Wait a little and you will see."

And the cobbler came out of his lodge like a wild beast from its lair.

"Hollo! hollo! there," cried Lorin, bending his brows. "What are you going to do, Master Simon?"

"Chastise the little whelp."

"And why?"

"Why?"

"Yes!"

"Because the little beggar will not sing like a good patriot, nor work like a good citizen."

"Well," said Lorin, "what is that to you? Did the nation confide him to you to teach him to sing?"

"Ah! so?" said Simon, astonished. "I ask you, citizen serjeant, what right you have to meddle?"

"Meddle. I meddle with everything that concerns a man of feeling. It is unworthy of such a man who sees an infant beaten to suffer it."

"Bah! the son of a tyrant."

"Is a child who has not participated in the crimes of its father—a child who is not guilty, and who, consequently, ought not to be punished—"

"As for me, I tell you he was given to me to do what I pleased with him. I will have him to sing the song of Madame Veto, and he shall."

"Wretch! Madame Veto is his mother. Would you have your son forced to sing that you were of the rabble?"

"Me! Ah! cursed aristocrat of a serjeant."

"No insults. I am no Capet: and I cannot be made to sing by force."

"I will cause you to be arrested!"

"You? Only make the attempt to arrest a Thermopylite."

"Good, good. Let him laugh who has the best of it. Capet, take up my last, and come and make that shoe, or *mille tonnerres*."

"And I," said Lorin, turning dreadfully pale, and stepping forward, his fists clenched and teeth fixed, "I tell you he shall not. I tell you he shall not make shoes: do you hear me? Ah! you have your great sabre there? I care no more for it than I do for you. Draw it, if you dare."

"Ah! massacre!" howled Simon, swollen with rage.

At this moment two females entered the court; one of these held a paper in her hand; she addressed herself to the sentinel.

"Serjeant," cried the sentinel, "Tison's daughter wishes to see her mother."

"Allow her to pass, since the council order it," said Lorin, who would not turn round an instant, lest Simon might beat the child.

The sentinel allowed the two women to enter; but they had scarcely ascended four steps of the gloomy stairs before they encountered Maurice Lindey, who was descending to the court. It being nearly nightfall, the countenance could not be distinguished; Maurice arrested them.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am Sophie Tison," said one of the women. I have obtained permission to see my mother, and I have come for that purpose."

"Yes, but the permission was only for you."

"I have brought my friend, so that there might be two females together amongst so many soldiers."

"Very good; but your friend must not ascend."

"As you will, citizen," said Sophie, squeezing her friend's hand, who, pressing close to the wall, seemed seized with surprise and alarm.

"Citizens," cried Maurice, raising his head, and addressing the sentinels who were posted on each landing, "allow the citizen Tison to pass. But her friend must not ascend: she can wait on the stairs, and you will see that she is respected."

"Yes, citizen."

"Ascend," said Maurice.

SOPHIE TISON AND HER FRIEND.

The two females passed him. As for Maurice, he sprang down the few remaining steps, and rapidly entered the court.

"What is the matter?" inquired he of the guards. "Who has created this noise? We heard a child crying, even in the antichamber of the prisoners."

"It was," said Simon, who, accustomed to the manners of the municipals, believed he had in Maurice a reinforcement, "it was this traitor aristocrat, who prevented me from beating Capet;" and he pointed to Lorin.

"Yes, mon Dieu, I shall prevent it; and if you call me aristocrat or traitor, I shall pass my sabre through your body."

"A menace," cried Simon; "guard! guard!"

"I am the guard," said Lorin. "Do not call me, for if I come to you I will exterminate you."

"Help! citizen municipal, help!" cried Simon, seriously menaced this time.

"The serjeant is right," said the municipal, coldly, who had been summoned to Simon's aid. "You dishonour the nation, coward, by beating an infant."

"And why, think you, Maurice, does he beat him? Because the child refuses to sing Madame Veto—because the son will not insult the mother!"

"Wretch!" said Maurice.

"You likewise! Why, I am surrounded with traitors."

"Ha! rogue," said the municipal, seizing Simon by the neck, and plucking his strap from him; "try and prove that Maurice Lindey is a traitor;" and he soundly thrashed the cobbler's shoulders.

"Thank you, sir," said the child, who had stoically regarded this scene; "but he will revenge himself on me."

"Come, Capet; come here, child. If he beats you, summon us to your aid, and we will punish this executioner. Come along, come along, little Capet, and enter your turret."

"Why do you, who protect me, call me Capet? You know well that Capet is not my name."

"How not your name? You are——"

"I am Louis Charles de Bourbon. Capet is the name of one of my ancestors. I know the history of France—my father taught it me."

"And you would teach a child to make shoes," said Lorin, "whom a king has taught the history of France; come, come."

"Don't be alarmed, child," said Maurice; "I shall make my report of it."

"And I mine," said Simon. "And I will state that, instead of one, you have permitted two women to enter the tower."

In fact two females left the keep at the moment; Maurice ran after them.

"Well, citizen, have you seen your mother?" said he to the one nearest him.

Sophie Tison passed between the municipal and her friend.

"Yes, citizen: many thanks."

Maurice wished to see the friend of the young woman, or at least hear her voice; but she was enveloped in her mantle, and seemed determined not to utter a word. It seemed to him as if she trembled.

This fear aroused Maurice's suspicions. He ascended the tower rapidly, and on reaching the first chamber he saw through the glass door the queen conceal something in her pocket that seemed like a letter. "Oh! ho!" said he, "have I been duped?" He summoned his colleague. "Citizen Agricola, enter Marie Antoinette's chamber, and do not lose sight of her."

"Yes," said the municipal. "Is there——"

"Enter, and without losing a moment, or a second."

The municipal obeyed.

"Call the woman Tison," said he to a National Guard.

Five minutes afterwards the woman Tison arrived, smiling.

"I have seen my daughter."

"Where?"

"Here, in this antichamber."

"Good. And your daughter did not ask to see the Austrian?"

"No."

"She did not enter her room?"

"No."

"Whilst you were conversing with your daughter did any one come out of the prisoner's chamber?"

"How do I know? I was occupied with my daughter, whom I have not seen these three months."

"Recall yourself well."

"Ah! yes; I believe I remember."

"What?"

"The young girl came out."

"Marie Thérèse?"

"Yes."

"And she spoke to your daughter?"

"No."

"Did your daughter give her anything?"

"No."

"Did she lift anything from the ground?"

"My daughter?"

"No; Marie Thérèse."

"Certainly; she picked up a handkerchief."

"Ah! unfortunate!" exclaimed Maurice; and he sprang to the rope connected with a bell, which he pulled violently.

It was the alarm bell!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LETTER.

THE two other municipal guards hastily ascended; a detachment accompanied them. The doors were closed, and two sentinels intercepted the issues from each chamber.

"What is it you want?" said the queen to Maurice when he entered. "I was just going to bed when the citizen (the queen pointed to Agricola) rushed into the chamber without saying a word as to what he sought."

"Madam," said Maurice, bowing, "it is not my colleague, but myself, who has any business with you."

"You, sir?" inquired Marie Antoinette, gazing at Maurice, whose mild conduct had inspired her with confidence; "and what do you desire?"

"I wish you to hand me the letter which you concealed a short time ago."

Madame Royal and Madame Elizabeth started. The queen turned exceedingly pale.

"You are deceived, sir; I concealed nothing."

"You lie, Austrian!" exclaimed Agricola.

Maurice quickly grasped his colleague's arm.

"Patience, my dear colleague," said he; "permit me to address the citizen; I am something more of a lawyer than you."

"Go on, then: but, mon Dieu! do not be so tender with her."

"You concealed a letter, citizen," said Maurice, severely; "you must restore it us."

"But what letter?"

"That which Tison's daughter brought to you, and which the citizen your daughter (pointing to the princess) picked up with her handkerchief."

The three women looked at each other in amazement.

"Sir," said the queen, "this is more than tyranny; and to women, to women."

"Do not prevaricate," said Maurice, firmly. "We are neither judges nor executioners—we are guardians, that is to say, your co-citizens, charged with your safeguard. In our hands reposes a trust, to violate it is to betray: citizen, I beg of you to return me the letter you have concealed."

"Gentlemen," said the queen, haughtily, "if you are our guardians, search the place, and deprive us of sleep as usual."

"God forbid that we should lay violent hands on females. I shall simply report to the Commune, and await its orders, only you shall not retire to bed; you may sleep in the arm-chairs, and we shall watch you. If it is necessary, personal examinations shall be resorted to."

"What is to do?" asked Tison's wife, showing her ghastly head at the door.

"Simply, citizen, that in lending your assistance to treasonable practices, you deprive yourself of ever seeing your daughter."

"Seeing my daughter! What do you mean, citizen?" asked Tison's wife, who did not exactly understand why she should not see her daughter.

"I tell you your daughter has not come here to see you, but to bring a letter to the citizen Capet, and she shall not return."

"In that case I shall never see her, as we are forbidden to go out."

"This time you can blame no one but yourself," said Maurice.

"Oh! my fault!" shouted the distracted mother; "what do you mean by my fault? Nothing has happened; I can answer for that. Oh! if I only believed something had occurred, evil be to you Antoinette; you should pay dearly for it."

The exasperated woman shook her fist at the queen.

"Threaten no one," said Maurice; "obtain by mildness that which we seek. You are a woman, and the citizen Antoinette, who is also a mother, will pity you, without doubt. To-morrow your daughter will be arrested, and imprisoned; then, if anything is discovered—and you know that when they wish they always discover—she and her companion are lost."

Tison's wife, who had heard Maurice with increasing terror, turned towards the queen, and looked at her wildly.

"You hear, Antoinette—my daughter; you will destroy my daughter."

The queen in turn seemed alarmed, not from the menace which was sparkling in the eyes of her gaoler, but from the despair legibly expressed.

"Come, Madame Tison, I wish to speak with you."

"Ha! no cajolery!" cried Maurice's colleague; "there are not too many here. Morbleu! speak before the municipals."

"Let them alone, Agricola," said Maurice in his ear; "provided liberty arrives, it does not signify in what manner."

"You are right, Maurice; but——"

"Let us retire behind the glass door, Agricola; and if you believe me, let us turn our backs. I am sure that the person to whom we shall be thus condescending will not cause us to repent it."

The queen heard these words, which were intended for her. She threw a grateful look towards Maurice, who carelessly turned his head, and retired behind the door. Agricola followed him.

"This woman, as a queen," said he, "is a great criminal; but, as a woman, she is great and worthy. The Commune do well to bruise crowns, but misfortune refines."

"Sacrebleu! You speak well, citizen Maurice; I like to hear you and your friend Lorin. Are those verses you were repeating?"

Maurice smiled.

During this discourse the scene which Maurice had foreseen took place on the other side of the glass door. Tison's wife approached the queen; the latter said—

"Madam, your despair affects me. I do not wish to deprive you of your child. This is too cruel; but remember that in doing that which these men exact from you your daughter may be equally sacrificed."

"Do what they have ordered," exclaimed Tison's wife; "do what they have ordered."

"But in the first place consider the question at issue."

"What is the question?" asked Tison's wife, with increasing curiosity, amounting almost to savage delirium.

"Your daughter brought a friend with her."

"Yes, a workwoman, like herself. She could not come alone on account of the soldiers."

"This friend gave to your daughter a note—your daughter let it fall—Thérèse in passing picked it up. It is indeed a most insignificant paper, but evil-disposed men may discover a meaning in it. Did not the municipal say that when they wished they could always discover something?"

"What more? what more?"

"Well, that is all. You wish me to give up the paper; do you wish me to sacrifice a friend without restoring your daughter?"

"Do as they say," cried the woman; "do as they say."

"But if this paper compromises your daughter? Do you understand me?"

"My daughter is, like myself, a good patriot," cried the old scold. "Give me the paper, Antoinette; give me the paper."

"There it is, madam."

And the queen held out to the unfortunate creature a piece of paper, which she joyously held above her head, exclaiming—

"Come, citizens, come; I have got the paper. Take it, and restore my child."

"Sister," said Madame Elizabeth, "you sacrifice our friends."

"No, sister," answered the queen, sadly, "I only sacrifice ourselves; the paper can compromise no one."

Maurice and his colleague, on Tison's wife's repeated calls, made their appearance. She handed them the note; they opened, and read—

"In the east (l'orient) a friend watches over you."

Maurice no sooner cast his eyes on the paper than he started. The handwriting seemed familiar.

"Oh! my God!" he exclaimed, "can it be Geneviève's? No; that is impossible. I must be a fool. It resembles hers, undoubtedly; but what could Geneviève and the queen have in common?"

He turned round, and perceived the queen watching him.

As for Tison's wife, awaiting her fate, she devoured Maurice with her looks.

"You have done well," said he; "and you (addressing the queen) have done a noble duty."

"In that case, sir, let my example influence you; burn the paper, and you will have done a charitable act."

"You are joking, Austrian," said Agricola. "Burn a paper which will lead us, perhaps, to a covey of aristocrats! My faith, no; we are not such fools."

"Do burn it," said Tison's wife; "it may compromise my daughter."

"I believe that, and others likewise," said Agricola, taking from Maurice the paper, which he certainly would have destroyed if alone.

In about ten minutes the note was laid before the members of the Commune. It was instantly opened, and commented upon in every possible way.

"'A l'orient (in the east) a friend watches over you.' What the devil can that mean?" said one.

"Par Dieu!" answered a geographical scholar; "à l'orient. It is quite clear that Lorient (the name of a town) is meant. Lorient is situated in Brittany, between Vannes and Quimpa. Morbleu! the town should be burned if it is true that it affords a refuge for aristocrats who still watch over the Austrian."

"It is more serious," said another, "since Lorient is a seaport, and that communications might there be established with the English."

"I move," said a fourth, "that a commission be sent to Lorient, and strict investigation made."

The minority smiled at the motion, which only inflamed the majority the more. It was decided that a commission be sent to Lorient, to watch over the aristocrats.

Maurice having been informed of this decision, said, inwardly—

"I am very doubtful where this l'orient may be, but I am quite certain it is not in Brittany."

The next day the queen, who, as we have stated, did not descend to the garden, lest she should have to pass the chamber where her husband had been confined, asked leave to ascend the tower, and take an airing with her daughter and Madame Elizabeth.

The request was instantly granted; but Maurice ascended, also, behind her, and remained concealed by a kind of sentry-

box at the head of the staircase, where he awaited the result of the evening's letter.

The queen at first walked about carelessly with her daughter and sister; she then paused, whilst her two companions continued their walk, turned towards the east, and looked attentively at a house, at whose window appeared many individuals; one of them held a white handkerchief in his hand.

Maurice drew a small telescope from his pocket, and, whilst adjusting it, the queen made a rapid movement, as if to invite the curious to retire from the window. Maurice had already remarked a man's head, with fair hair, pale countenance, and whose salutation approached to humility. Behind this young man, who seemed from twenty-five to twenty-six years of age, a woman was half concealed. Maurice turning the glass upon her, believing he recognised Geneviève, started up, and suddenly came into view. Instantly the woman, who also had a telescope in her hand, drew back, pulling the young man with her. Was it indeed Geneviève? Had she recognised Maurice? Or had the curious couple retired only on the queen's invitation?

Maurice waited some time, to ascertain if the young man and woman would appear again; but observing the window empty, he recommended the utmost vigilance to Agricola, and precipitately descended the staircase. He concealed himself at an angle of the street Portefoin, to watch the parties who might leave the house. It was, however, in vain; no one left it. Then, unable to subdue the suspicion which was excited within him from the moment that the companion of Tison's daughter had obstinately remained silent and concealed, he proceeded towards the old street St. Jacques, where he arrived completely upset by the strangest doubts.

When he entered, Geneviève was seated under an arbour of jasmines, where she was in the habit of being served with breakfast. As usual, she affectionately saluted Maurice, and requested him to take a cup of chocolate.

Dixmer, who speedily arrived, expressed the utmost satisfaction at seeing Maurice at such an unexpected hour. Before Maurice had taken the cup of chocolate, Dixmer, who was always enthusiastic in business, invited the secretary of the Rue Lepelletier to make a tour of the workshop.

Maurice consented.

"I have to inform you, my dear Maurice," said Dixmer, taking his arm, "of the most important news."

"Political?" asked Maurice, who was always preoccupied with that idea.

"What, my dear citizen, do you suppose we occupy ourselves with nothing but politics. No, no; it is commercial intelligence, thank God. My honourable friend Morand, who is, you know, a distinguished chemist, has discovered the secret of making red morocco colours unalterable. I am about to show you this dye; besides you will see Morand at work. He is a true artist."

Maurice did not clearly understand how one could be an artist in colouring. He followed Dixmer, traversed the workshops, and in a retired room he saw the citizen Morand deeply engaged. He wore his blue spectacles and working dress, and was occupied in converting the dirty white of a sheep-skin into red morocco. His hands and arms, exposed under his sleeves, which were buckled up, were red to the very elbow.

He nodded to Maurice, continuing at the same time his employment.

"Well, citizen Morand, what shall we say?"

"That we shall gain one hundred thousand francs per annum by this process, I have not slept these eight days, and the acids have affected my sight."

Maurice left Dixmer with Morand, and rejoined Geneviève, murmuring—

"It must be granted that the trade of a municipal degrades the hero. After eight days' absence from the Temple, one would take oneself for an aristocrat, and denounce ourselves. Good Dixmer, excellent Morand, I even suspected *them*."

Geneviève awaited Maurice with a sweet smile, so as to make him abandon even the shadow of those suspicions he had entertained. She was as she always appeared—mild, amiable.

The hours that Maurice spent with Geneviève were truly those in which he alone existed. The remainder of his time was passed in that fever which may be termed the fever of '93, which separated Paris into two battle-fields, and made existence a continual fight.

It was necessary for him to leave Geneviève and return to the Temple at mid-day.

At the extremity of the street St. Avoye he met Lorin returning from duty. He was in the rear. He left the rank and approached Maurice, whose countenance expressed that mild felicity which the sight of Geneviève always excited in his heart.

"Ah!" said Lorin, cordially shaking hands—

> **'Tis vain. The languid eye**
> **And stifled sigh betray.**
> **'Tis easy to descry**
> **The sign of Cupid's sway.'"**

Maurice searched for his whistle: it was the only method he could employ to put a barrier in the way of his friend's poetical predilections. Lorin saw the movement, and ran away, laughing.

"Apropos," said Lorin, returning back several paces, "you are still to be three days in the Temple; I recommend to your care the little Capet."

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

AURICE, as is the case in the commencement of all great passions, lived in a state of alternate happiness and misery. His labour during the day in the section Lepelletier, his visits to the old street St. Jacques, and perambulations amongst the branches of the clubs of the Thermopylites, occupied the whole of his time. He had not deceived himself that in seeing Geneviève every evening he was only swallowing draught after draught of a love without hope. Geneviève was one of those women to all appearance free in manners yet bashful, who extended her hand freely to a friend, presenting her brow to be kissed with all the confidence of a sister or the ignorance of a virgin; before whom it would have been blasphemy to speak of love, and sacrilege to think of its desires. If, amidst the purest productions of Raphael's splendid pencil there is a Madonna with smiling lips and chaste eyes, giving a celestial expression to the countenance, the reader must borrow that as the portrait of Geneviève. Surrounded with flowers, of which she possessed the freshness and perfume, isolated from her husband's occupation as well as himself, Geneviève seemed every time Maurice saw her to be a living enigma, the meaning of which he could not divine, and the reason for which he dare not ask.

One evening, when, according to custom, the two were seated alone at the window by which Maurice had on a former occasion entered with such noise and precipitation, the evening breeze wafting around them the perfume of the lilac, he, after a long silence, watching at the same time the intelligent and reli-

gious look of Geneviève fixed upon a glittering star in the azure sky, hazarded the following questions:—How it happened that one so young was united to a husband who had passed the middle period of life? Why she was so distinguished, whilst her husband had evidently received a vulgar education; so poetic, whilst his whole mind was directed to weighing, stretching, and colouring the hides used in his business? In short, asked Maurice—

"Why have we in a tanner's house this harp, that piano, and these works, the pastimes of a lady? Why this aristocratic display, which I detest in other houses, but which I adore in yours?"

Geneviève turned upon Maurice a look full of candour.

"Thanks," said she, "for this question. It proves to me that you are a man of delicacy, and that you have never questioned any one concerning me."

"Never, madam," replied Maurice. "I have a devoted friend who would die for me—I have a hundred comrades ready to march where I please to lead them; but amidst all these brave hearts, when it concerns a woman, and that woman Geneviève, I know only one that I can trust—that is myself."

"Thanks, Maurice," said the young woman. "I shall then inform you myself of all that you desire to know."

"Your maiden name, first," asked Maurice; "I only know the wife's."

Geneviève comprehended the amorous selfishness of such a question, and answered, smiling—

"Geneviève du Treilly."

"Geneviève du Treilly," repeated Maurice.

"My family," continued Geneviève, "was ruined in the American war, in which my father and eldest brother took part."

"Both gentlemen," said Maurice.

"No, no," answered Geneviève, blushing.

"You have, however, informed me that your maiden-name was Geneviève du Treilly."

"My family, Maurice, was rich, but had not attached to them one particle of nobility."

"You distrust me," said the young man, smiling.

"Oh! no, no!" replied Geneviève. In America my father and Morand's were intimately connected. Dixmer was Morand's man of business. Seeing we were ruined, and knowing that

Dixmer possessed an independent fortune, Morand presented him to my father, who again introduced him to me. I perceived that a marriage had been arranged; I understood it to be the wish of my family; I neither had loved, nor did I love any one, and I accepted. I have been Dixmer's wife these three years, and I must say that during that time my husband has been so kind and attentive, that, independent of the difference in our tastes and age, as you have remarked, I never for a moment experienced a single regret."

"But," observed Maurice, "when you married Dixmer he was not then at the head of this manufactory?"

"No; we lived at Blois. After the 10th of August, Dixmer purchased this and the adjoining workshops. To spare me the sight of things which might have disturbed my habits, which are, as you say, Maurice, a little aristocratic; he gave me this pavilion, in which I could live retired according to my taste, and where I feel proud when a friend like you comes to distract or share my reveries."

Geneviève at the same time extended her hand to Maurice, which he kissed with ardour. Geneviève blushed slightly.

"Now, my friend," said she, withdrawing her hand, "you know why I am Dixmer's wife."

"Yes," replied Maurice, fixedly regarding Geneviève; "but you have not told me how M. Morand became the partner of Dixmer."

"Oh! that is very simple. Dixmer, as I told you, possessed a fortune, but scarcely sufficient for him to undertake single-handed a business of such importance as this. The son of this Morand, who was my father's friend and protector, was provided with half of the necessary capital, and possessing a knowledge of chemistry, he devoted himself to the business with that activity you have remarked; and, thanks to him, it has become widely extended."

"And Morand," said Maurice, "is likewise one of your good friends. Is it not so, madam?"

"Morand possesses a noble nature, and one of the most elevated souls under heaven."

"If he has afforded no higher proofs," said Maurice, a little annoyed with the importance which the young woman accorded to her husband's partner, "than those of dividing the profits of the business and inventing a new dye for morocco, permit me to observe that your eulogium is a little too exalted."

"He has given me others, sir," answered Geneviève.

MAURICE AND GENEVIÈVE.

"He is still young, however," observed Maurice; "although it is difficult, thanks to his green spectacles, to tell what age he is."

"He is thirty-five."

"You have known him a considerable time?"

"Since our infancy."

Maurice bit his lips. He had always suspected that Morand loved Geneviève.

"Ah!" said Maurice, "that explains his familiarity with you."

"Contained within those bounds which you have always seen," answered Geneviève, smiling. "It seems to me that such familiarity scarcely amounts to that of a friend, and needs no explanation."

"Oh! pardon me, madam; you know that all violent affections have their jealousies, and my friendship was jealous of that which you seemed to entertain for Morand."

He remained silent; Geneviève did the same. Morand was no further considered; but Maurice left Geneviève this time more amorous than ever, because he was jealous.

However blind the young man might be, whatever bandage was over his eyes, whether trouble was in his heart, there were in Geneviève's recital such a hiatus, so many hesitations, and such concealments, to which he paid no attention at the moment, but which recurred to his mind and tormented him strangely, that the extreme liberty allowed him by Dixmer to converse with her at all times and as often as he pleased could not reassure his mind. Both were left together each evening in a kind of solitude; more than that, Maurice became a sort of messmate in the house, Geneviève being, however, protected in a great measure by her angelic purity of mind during these interviews. She was accompanied even by Maurice in the walks she was obliged occasionally to take in the neighbourhood. In the midst of this familiarity acquired in the house, one thing astonished him—it was, that the more he sought (no doubt, with the view of watching Geneviève's sentiments) the friendship of Morand, the more the latter avoided him, although his mind and manners had captivated the young man in spite of his prepossessions. Maurice complained of this bitterly, for he did not doubt but that Morand had discovered in him a rival in Geneviève's affection.

"The citizen Morand," said he, one day, to Geneviève, "hates me."

"You!" said Geneviève, turning her beautiful eyes upon him full of astonishment, "you! Morand hate you?"

"I am sure of it."

"And why should he hate you?"

"Do you wish me to tell you?" exclaimed Maurice.

"Certainly," replied Geneviève.

"Well, because I——" Maurice paused. He was about to say, "because I love you."—"I must not tell you why," continued Maurice, blushing.

The fierce republican was in Geneviève's presence as timid and hesitating as a young child.

Geneviève smiled.

"Tell me there is no sympathy betweeen you, and then I might believe you. You are of an ardent nature, exalted mind, and inquiring disposition; Morand is a merchant engrafted on a chemist—he is modest, timid; and it is that timidity and modesty which prevents him making the first advance towards you."

"Eh! who asks him to make advances? I have made fifty towards him; he never replied to them. No," continued Maurice, bending his head, "it is certainly not the reason."

"What then can it be?"

Maurice preferred silence.

The day after he had had this explanation with Geneviève he reached her house about two o'clock. He found her dressed, and prepared to go out.

"Ah! you are welcome," said Geneviève: "you shall be my chevalier."

"Where are you going?" asked Maurice.

"To Auteuil. It is splendid weather, and I prefer walking. Our carriage will take us outside the barrier, where we shall find it on our return. We shall walk to Auteuil; and when I have concluded my business, we can return in the same manner."

"Oh!" cried Maurice, enchanted, "what an excellent day's journey you present to me!"

The young people set out. Near to Passy they took the road, and jumping lightly on the side path, they pursued their journey on foot.

On reaching Auteuil, Geneviève stopped.

"Wait for me at the edge of the park," said she; "I will rejoin you when I have finished."

"Whose house are you visiting?" asked Maurice.

"A friend's."

"Where I cannot accompany you?"

Geneviève bowed, smiling.

"Impossible!" said she.

Maurice bit his lips.

"'Tis well," said he; "I will wait."

"Eh! what?" asked she.

"Nothing," answered Maurice. "Will you be long?"

"If I thought I should have discomposed you, Maurice, or your arrangements for the day, I would not have asked you to render me this trifling service; I could have been accompanied by——"

"Morand," interrupted Maurice, quickly.

"Not at all. You know Morand is at the manufactory at Rambouillet, and will not return before the evening."

"Now I perceive to what cause I owe the preference."

"Maurice," said Geneviève, softly, "I cannot allow the person to wait who has given me the rendezvous. If it is inconvenient to you to accompany me back again, return to Paris, only send forward the carriage for me."

"No, no, madam," said Maurice, quickly, "I am quite at your service."

He bowed to Geneviève, who sighed slightly, and entered Auteuil.

Maurice proceeded to the place appointed, and walked up and down, beheading, like Tarquin, the heads of the herbs, flowers, and weeds with his cane. His walk was confined to a narrow space. Like all men much preoccupied, Maurice merely marched on a little distance, and then turned back again. That which occupied Maurice's mind was, to discover whether Geneviève loved him or not.

Her manners with the young man were those of a friend and sister. He felt that was not sufficient. He loved her with all his heart. She continually occupied his daily thoughts; she was the ever-returning dream at night. Formerly he merely desired to see Geneviève; now it was necessary that she should love him.

Geneviève was absent about an hour, which seemed an age to Maurice. She approached him with a smile upon her lips; Maurice, on the other hand, met her with lowering brow. Our poor hearts are so constituted that we force grief upon ourselves even in the bosom of happiness.

Geneviève took Maurice's arm, smiling.

"Here I am," said she. "Pardon me, my friend, if I have caused you to wait too long."

Maurice replied with a nod, and both entered a charming alley, soft and shady, which led them in a circuitous manner to the highway.

It was one of those lovely spring evenings in which every plant sends its odour to the sky, and every bird fluttering amongst the thickets raises its song to God—one of those evenings, in fact, destined to be remembered. Maurice was silent. Geneviève was pensive. She plucked the leaves with one hand from a bouquet which she held in the other, which rested on Maurice's arm.

"What is the matter?" asked Maurice, suddenly, "and who has made you so sad to-day?"

Geneviève might have answered "Happiness." She turned upon him her soft poetic look, and said—

"And you, are you not sadder than usual?"

"Me?" said Maurice; "I have reason to be so. I am miserable; but you——"

"You miserable?"

"Undoubtedly. Do you not at all times discover by the trembling of my voice, that I suffer? Does it not often happen when I converse with you or your husband that I am compelled to seek the open air, because my breast feels as if about to burst?"

"But," asked Geneviève, embarrassed, "to what do you attribute this suffering?"

"If I were a lady," said Maurice, laughing sadly, "I should say it was a nervous attack."

"Do you suffer now?"

"Very much."

"Then let us return."

"So soon, madam?"

"Unquestionably."

"Ah! that is true," murmured the young man. "I forgot that Morand was to return from Rambouillet at night, and now it draws near."

Geneviève looked reproachfully at him.

"Again!" said she.

"Why did you make, the other day, such a pompous eulogium of Morand? It is your own fault."

"Why, may not one say before persons whom we esteem what one thinks of an estimable man?"

"That must be a lively esteem which urges you at the pace you are now going. You fear, no doubt, that you may lose some minutes."

"You assume, Maurice, to-day, the sovereignty of injustice. Have I not spent half the day with you?"

"You are right; and, indeed, I exact too much," replied Maurice, giving way to the impetuosity of his character. "Let us proceed, and join Morand. Come along."

Geneviève felt vexed in her heart.

"Yes," said she, "come along, and see Morand. He at least is a friend who never gave me pain."

"Those are precious friends," said Maurice, almost suffocated with jealousy. "And I, for my part, should like to be acquainted with similar ones."

They had at this moment reached the highway. The horizon was red, and the sun was gradually disappearing, casting its fading rays on the sparkling dome of the Invalides; a star, the first that arose, and that on which Geneviève had on a former evening fixed her looks, sparkled in the sky with great brilliancy.

Geneviève withdrew from Maurice's arm with a sad resignation.

"What has occurred, that you pain me so?" said she.

"Ah!" replied Maurice; "it is only that I feel myself less capable of making myself loved than some people I know."

"Maurice!" exclaimed Geneviève.

"Oh! madam, if all is constant goodness and continued calm, he, at least, will not suffer much."

Geneviève rested her fair hand again on Maurice's powerful arm.

"I do beg of you," said she, in an altered voice, "say no more—say no more about that."

"And why so?"

"Because your voice discomposes me."

"So everything in me displeases you, even my voice."

"Silence, I conjure you."

"I shall obey, madam."

The impetuous young man passed his hand over his humid brow.

Geneviève saw he really suffered much. Natures like that of Maurice experience unknown suffering.

"You are my friend, Maurice," said Geneviève, looking at

him with a celestial expression, "a most precious friend. Act, Maurice, so that I may not lose my friend."

"You would not long regret that."

"You deceive yourself; I should long regret it—for ever."

"Geneviève, Geneviève," exclaimed Maurice, "have pity on me."

Geneviève shuddered. It was the first time Maurice had pronounced her name with such a profound expression.

"Well," continued Maurice, "since you have divined my meaning, let me express all, Geneviève. If you could have destroyed me with a look, it would have already been done. I shall speak, Geneviève."

"Sir," said the young woman, "I begged you, in the name of our friendship, to be silent; sir, I now again beg of you, for my sake, if not for your own, not another word; in the name of Heaven, not another word."

"Friendship, friendship! Ah! if it was only a friendship similar to that you bear me, or even Morand, I do not desire it, Geneviève."

"Enough," said Madame Dixmer, with a queenly gesture, "enough, Mons. Lindey. Here is our carriage. Will you conduct me to my husband?"

Maurice trembled with feverish excitement when Geneviève, to rejoin the carriage, which was in fact only a few paces distant, placed her hand on his arm. It seemed to the young man as if her hand was burning hot. Both entered the carriage and seated themselves—Geneviève on the back, and Maurice on the front seat. They traversed the whole of Paris without exchanging a syllable.

During the route Geneviève held her handkerchief to her eyes. When they entered the workshop Dixmer was busily occupied in his office. Morand had returned from Rambouillet, and was changing his dress.

Geneviève extended her hand to Maurice, and, when entering her chamber, said—

"Adieu, Maurice, since you have forced it to this."

Maurice made no reply. He went straight to the chimney, where a portrait of Geneviève was hanging; he kissed it passionately, pressed it to his heart, returned it to its place, and retired.

Maurice reached his own home without knowing it. He had traversed Paris without hearing or seeing anything. All that occurred had swam past him as if in a dream, without his

being able to render any account of his actions or words, or of the sentiments which inspired both.

There are times when minds the most serene, and over which there is a complete mastery, are insensible to the violent emotions excited by the imagination.

Maurice undressed without the aid of his domestic; made no reply to the cook, who presented a supper ready prepared; and took up his letters, which he read one after the other, without comprehending a word they contained. The mists of jealousy, the intoxication of reason, were not yet dissipated. At ten o'clock Maurice went mechanically to bed.

If a stranger had recounted to Maurice in his cooler moments the strange conduct of which he had been guilty, he would not have comprehended it, but would have considered him a fool who had contemplated such a desperate alternative, which neither the reserve nor prudence of Geneviève could authorise. He felt that a terrible blow had been dealt to his hopes, which he had never duly estimated, but on which, vague as a floating vapour in the sky, all his dreams of happiness had reposed. The same thing occurred to Maurice that is sure to happen in similar cases. Overwhelmed with the blow he had received, he fell asleep the moment he was in bed, or, in other words, remained insensible to all until the morning. He was awakened by a noise. It was his servant, who opened the door. He came, according to custom, to open the windows of the bed-chamber, which looked upon the garden and a collection of flowers.

Maurice loved these much, but he did not even glance towards them. Supporting his confused head on his hand, he half arose, and endeavoured to recal the past.

Maurice asked himself, without being able to reply, what were the reasons of his stupidity. The only one was his jealousy of Morand; but the time was badly chosen to amuse himself with jealousy of a man who was then at Rambouillet. In a tête-a-tête with a woman whom one loves there should have been that suavity of manner which nature in the first days of spring ought to suggest. There was no existing doubt as to what passed in the house at Auteuil, where he had accompanied Geneviève; the torment rather arose from the idea that Morand loved Geneviève. Singular phantasy, strange caprice —on no single occasion had a gesture, look, or word proceeded from Dixmer's associate to justify such a supposition.

His valet's voice aroused him from his reverie.

"Citizen," said he, pointing to the letters open upon the table, "have you selected those you will preserve, or may I burn all?"

"Burn what?" asked Maurice.

"The letters which the citizen read before he went to bed."

Maurice did not remember having read a single letter.

"Burn them all," said he.

"Here are the letters by this day's post, citizen."

He presented a packet of letters to Maurice, and threw the others into the fire-place.

Maurice took the bundle, and believed he detected a perfume. He searched amongst them, and discovered a seal and handwriting which made him start. This man, so firm in front of danger, grew pale at the perfume of a single letter.

The domestic drew near to inquire what was the matter with him. Maurice motioned him to retire. He then turned and turned again the letter, which a presentiment told him contained some evil for him. He summoned courage, opened it, and read as follows:—

"Citizen Maurice,

"It is absolutely necessary that we should break those ties which, on your part, seem to surpass the boundary of friendship. Citizen, you are a man of honour; and as a night has passed over since the occurrence of last evening, you will now be able to understand how painful your presence will be in our house. I shall rely upon your finding some excuse to satisfy my husband. I shall feel convinced, on the receipt of your letter, this day, directed to my husband, that I have to regret the loss of a friend, whose senses are unhappily wandering, but whom every rule of society must prevent me from seeing.

"Adieu for ever.

"Geneviève."

"P.S. The bearer awaits an answer."

Maurice called. His servant made his appearance.

"Who brought this letter?"

"An errand-boy."

"Is he there?"

"Yes."

Maurice neither sighed nor hesitated. He leaped out of bed, drew on his clothes, sat down at his desk, took up the first

sheet of paper before him (one which had the inscription of his section at its head), and wrote as follows :—

"Citizen Dixmer,

"I love you, and continue to do, but I cannot see you again. [Maurice endeavoured to find out the reason why he should not revisit him; only one presented itself to his mind—it was one which at that period would have suggested itself to all. He continued.] Certain rumours are afloat as to your coolness regarding the cause. I have no desire to accuse you, nor any wish that you should defend yourself. Accept my sincere regrets, and rest assured your secrets will remain buried in my heart."

Maurice did not re-peruse the letter which, as we have stated, he had written under the first impression. There could be no doubt as to the effect it would produce. Dixmer, an excellent patriot, as Maurice could judge from his conversation, at least, would be greatly annoyed on receiving it. His wife and Morand will advise with him. He will not even answer, and oblivion will cast its dark veil over the smiling past converting it into a dismal future. Maurice signed and sealed the note, handed it to his servant, and the errand-lad departed; then a feeble sigh escaped from the heart of the republican. He took his hat and gloves, and proceeded to his section. Our poor Brutus expected to recover his stoicism in the midst of public affairs. They were terrible: the 31st of May was preparing. Terror, like a torrent, precipitated itself from the summit of the Mountain against the barrier which the Girondin party (those bold moral-faced men who demanded vengeance for the massacres of September, and struggled to save the King's life) had placed in its path. Whilst Maurice toiled with such ardour that the fever he wished to avert devoured his head instead of his heart, the messenger returned to the old street St. Jacques, and filled the house with stupefaction and alarm.

The letter, after having been examined by Geneviève was handed to Dixmer. Dixmer opened and read it, without at first being able to comprehend it. Then he communicated it to citizen Morand, who dropped his marble-like brow upon his hand. In the position in which Dixmer, Morand, and their accomplices were placed, a situation perfectly unknown to Maurice, but which our readers have guessed, this letter fell amongst them like a thunderbolt.

"Is he an honest man?" asked Dixmer, with agony.

"Yes;" answered Morand, without hesitation.

"It does not matter;" observed the man of extreme measures. "You now see the evil that arises from not killing him."

"Friend," said Morand, "we struggle against violence; we brand it as criminal. We have done well, whatever may result, in not having assassinated any one. Besides, I repeat it, that I believe Maurice possesses a noble and honest heart."

"Yes; but if this noble heart belongs to an exalted republican, will he regard it as a crime, having discovered something, to immolate his honour on the altar of his country as it is termed."

"But," said Morand, "do you believe that he knows anything?"

"Eh! do you not hear? He speaks of secrets which will remain buried in his heart."

"These are evidently the secrets which were confided to him by me relative to the smuggling. He knows no others."

"But," said Morand, "from the interview at Auteuil has he suspected nothing? You know that he attended your wife."

"I myself requested Geneviève to take Maurice with her as a safeguard."

"Hear me," said Morand. "We shall soon see if these suspicions are true. On the 2nd of June our turn arrives to be on guard in the Temple, that is to say, in about eight days. You, Dixmer, are captain, I lieutenant. If our battalion, or even our company, receive counter orders, as did that the other day of Batte-des-Moulins, all is discovered, and all we can do will be to fly from Paris, or perish fighting. If, on the other hand, everything follows its usual course—"

"We are lost in the same manner," replied Dixmer.

"How so?"

"Par Dieu! Does not all depend on the co-operation of this municipal. Is it not he who, without knowing it, ought to open the way even to the queen's presence."

"True;" replied Morand, dejected.

"You see, then," continued Dixmer, bending his brows, "that at any price we must renew the acquaintance of this man."

"But if he declines; if he is afraid to compromise himself?" said Morand.

"Stop," remarked Dixmer; "I will question Geneviève. She was the last who saw him; she may know something."

"Dixmer," said Morand, "I observe, with pain, that you mix up Geneviève with all our plottings; not that I fear any indiscretion on her part. No, my God; but the game we are playing is a terrible one; and I feel both shame and pity in risking a woman's head."

"A woman's head," answered Dixmer, "weighs the same as that of a man; that stratagem, candour, or beauty, often does more than force, strength, or courage. Geneviève partakes of our convictions and sympathies. Geneviève will share our lot."

"Do as you will, dear friend," replied Morand, "I have said what I ought. Do as you will; Geneviève is in every point worthy of the mission you have given her, or rather, which she has bestowed upon herself. The saints compose the martyrs." He extended his white and effeminate hand to Dixmer, who squeezed it within his vigorous palms.

Then Dixmer, recommending to Morand and his companions a more active surveillance than ever, entered Geneviève's apartments. She was seated at a table, her look bent on her embroidery and her head bowed. She turned on the opening of the door, and recognised Dixmer.

"Ah! it is you, my dear friend," said she.

"Yes;" answered Dixmer, with a placid and smiling countenance. "I have received from our friend, Maurice, a letter, the contents of which I cannot comprehend. There, read it, and tell me what you think of it."

Geneviève took the letter with one hand, which, notwithstanding her self command, she could not prevent from trembling. Dixmer followed her eyes as they traced over each line.

"Well," said he, when she had finished.

"Well, I think Maurice Lindey is an honest man;" answered Geneviève, with the utmost calmness; "and that we have nothing to fear on his part."

"You believe that he is ignorant of the persons you visited at Auteuil."

"I am perfectly sure."

"Why then has he adopted this sudden determination? Did he seem to you yesterday too cold, or more moved than ordinary?"

"No; I believe he was the same."

"Think well, Geneviève, before you answer me; because you ought to know that your answer will exercise a vast influence over our projects."

"Wait a moment," said Geneviève, with an emotion which broke through all her efforts at composure; "wait a moment."

"Good," answered Dixmer, with a slight muscular spasm; "very good, try and recollect yourself, Geneviève."

"Yes, yes; I do recollect yesterday," continued she, with a certain hesitation; "Maurice was foolish; a little bit of a tyrant in his friendship; and sometimes we have been distant for whole weeks."

"Nothing but a pet, then?"

"Probably so."

"Geneviève, in our position, understand me, it is not a probability, but a certainty, that we must have."

"Well, my friend, I am certain."

"This letter, then, is merely a pretext to avoid the house?"

"My dear friend, how can you expect me to say so?"

"Because I would not ask it of any other woman save yourself."

"It is a pretext," said Geneviève, looking downwards.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dixmer. Then, after a moment's silence, withdrawing the hand from within his waistcoat, with which he had compressed the beatings of his heart, he placed it on the back of his chair. "Will you do me a service, dearest?" asked Dixmer.

"What?" asked Geneviève, turning round with astonishment.

"This must be fathomed. Maurice is perhaps more advanced in our secrets than we suspect. That which you believe to be a pretext may be a reality. Write a note to him."

"Me!" exclaimed Geneviève, starting.

"Yes, you. Tell him that you opened the letter, and that you demand an explanation. He will come. You can then question him, and easily divine what is the matter."

"Certainly not," said Geneviève. "I cannot do what you say, and I shall not do it."

"Dear Geneviève, when such immense interests depend upon the game we play, how can you recoil before such a miserable consideration as pride?"

"Sir, I have given you my opinion concerning Maurice. He is honest, chivalrous, but he is capricious; and I do not wish to subject myself to any other servitude than that of my husband."

This answer was given with such calmness and firmness, that Dixmer saw at once that it was useless to insist further.

He said not a word, but looked at Geneviève without seeming to do so, passed his hand over his humid brow, and retired.

Morand awaited him anxiously. Dixmer recounted, word for word, the conversation which had ensued.

"Good," answered Morand. "Let us think no more about it. Rather than produce a shade of anxiety in Geneviève's mind, rather than wound her pride, I would renounce——"

Dixmer placed his hand on his shoulder.

"You are a fool, sir, or you do not know what you are saying."

"What, Dixmer, you believe——"

"That you, chevalier, are no more at liberty than I to give the rein to the sentiments of the heart or the impulse of affection. Neither you, nor I, nor Geneviève, belong to ourselves, Morand. We are things summoned to defend a principle, and principles rest on a foundation which they crush."

Morand started, and remained silent: it was a dreamy and dolorous silence.

In this manner they took several turns in the garden without exchanging a word.

Then Dixmer left Morand.

"I have several orders to give," said he, in a perfectly calm voice; "I shall leave you."

Morand stretched out his hand to Dixmer, and watched him retiring.

"Poor Dixmer!" said he. "I was afraid that in all this he was the person who would risk the most."

Dixmer entered his workshop, gave several orders, read the journals, ordered a distribution of bread amongst the poor of the district, and, returning to his house, he threw aside his working dress, replacing them with his visiting suit.

In about an hour later Maurice was interrupted in the height of his reading and cogitation by the voice of his servant, who, leaning towards him, said, in a low voice—

"Citizen Lindey, a person who pretends that he has some very important business with you is waiting for you at home."

Maurice returned, and was much surprised on entering to find Dixmer installed at his house, and thumbing over the journals. He had interrogated his servant the whole of the way, but as he did not know the master tanner, he could give him no information.

Perceiving Dixmer, Maurice paused on the threshold, and

blushed in spite of himself. Dixmer arose, and held out his his hand, smiling.

"What fly bit you before you wrote that letter?" asked he from the young man. "In fact, my dear Maurice, it sensibly affected me. I a lukewarm, false patriot?—so you wrote. Come, come, you cannot repeat such accusations to my face. Admit, rather, that you have sought a quarrel."

"I will admit all you desire, my dear Dixmer; for your conduct has always been that of an honourable man. But, nevertheless, I have taken a resolution, and it is irrevocable."

"How so?" asked Dixmer. "By your own admission you have nothing wherewith to reproach us, and yet you break with us."

"Dear Dixmer, believe me that to act as I have done, and to deprive myself of such a friend as yourself, I must have very sufficient reasons."

"Yes; but, at all events," resumed Dixmer, affecting to smile, "the reasons are not those you stated in your letter; those were merely a pretext?"

Maurice reflected an instant.

"Hear me, Dixmer. We live in an epoch when any doubt expressed in a letter should and ought to torment you. I know that. It would not, then, become a man of honour to permit such a load of inquietude to rest upon you. Yes, Dixmer, the reasons which I gave were only a pretext."

This avowal, which ought to have cleared the brow of Dixmer, only served to darken it.

"Briefly, then, the true motive."

"I cannot tell you," replied Maurice. "Nevertheless, if you knew it, you would approve of it, I am certain."

Dixmer pressed him.

"Do you absolutely wish it?"

"Yes," answered Dixmer.

"Well," replied Maurice, who felt a great relief in approaching the truth, "this is it. You have a young and beautiful wife, and although celebrated for her virtue, my visits to your house might be very differently interpreted."

Dixmer grew slightly pale.

"Indeed," said he, "in that case, my dear Maurice, the husband should thank you for the injury you have done the friend."

"You understand," observed Maurice, "that I have not the fatuity to suppose that my presence may be either dangerous

LINDEY'S SUBSTITUTE PRESENTING HIMSELF TO SANTERRE.

to your peace of mind or that of your wife; but it may afford a source for calumny; and you are aware that the more absurd it is the more likely is it to be believed."

"Child!" said Dixmer, shrugging his shoulders.

"Child, as much as you please; but, separated, we will not be the less friends; for we shall have nothing wherewith to reproach each other. Whilst associated—"

"Well, associated——"

"Matters might become envenomed between us."

"Do you think, Maurice, that I could possibly believe——"

"Eh! good, God!"

"But why have you written, instead of coming to inform me, Maurice?"

"Simply to avoid what is passing between us at this moment."

"Are you vexed, Maurice, that I love you sufficiently to have come here to demand an explanation?"

"Quite the contrary," exclaimed Maurice; "and I am most happy, I assure you, to have seen you once more before we part for ever."

"For ever, citizen! We, however, love you well." Dixmer pressed Maurice's hand between his own. Maurice started. "Morand," continued Dixmer, whom the starting had not escaped, but who, however, made no remark, "Morand repeated to me again this morning, 'Do all you can,' said he, 'to bring back dear Maurice.'"

"Ah! sir," said the young man, contracting his brow, and withdrawing his hand, "I did not suppose I was so far advanced in the good opinion of citizen Morand."

"You doubt it?" asked Dixmer.

"Me! I neither believe nor doubt; I have no reason to question myself on that head. When I visited you, Dixmer, it was on your own and your wife's account; not on that of citizen Morand."

"You do not know him, Maurice. Morand has a noble spirit."

"I admit it," said Maurice, smiling bitterly.

"Let us now return to the object of my visit."

Maurice bowed after the manner of one who has nothing more to say, but who listens.

"You mean, then, that you have done?"

"Yes, citizen Dixmer."

"Well, let us see. Let us speak frankly. Why do you pay any

attention to the vain chatter of idle neighbours? Come, come, have you not your conscience, and Geneviève her honesty?"

"I am younger than you," said Maurice, who began to feel surprised at Dixmer insisting so much, "and I perhaps see matters with an eye of greater susceptibility; I, therefore, declare to you that the reputation of such a woman as Geneviève should not be even stained by the vain scandal of her idle neighbours. Permit me, then, dear Dixmer, to persist in my original resolution."

"Come," said Dixmer, "since we are in a train of admissions, admit more."

"What?" asked Maurice, blushing. "What would you have me avow?"

"That it is neither politics nor the rumours of your attentions at my house that have caused you to quit it."

"What is it, then?"

"The secret which you have penetrated."

"What secret?" asked Maurice, with such a simple expression of curiosity that the tanner was re-assured.

"The smuggling affair, which you penetrated that evening on which we made our singular acquaintance. You have never pardoned me that fraud; and you accuse me of being a bad republican because I use English materials in my tannery."

"My dear Dixmer, I swear to you that I had completely forgotten when visiting your house that it belonged to a smuggler."

"Truly?"

"In truth."

"You have no other reasons, then, for forsaking my house than those you have stated?"

"On my honour."

"Well, Maurice," continued Dixmer, rising, and warmly shaking the young man's hand, "I hope you will reflect, and reconsider this resolution, which has given us all so much pain."

Maurice bowed without making any reply, which was equivalent to a final refusal. Dixmer went away in despair at his want of success in preserving his intimate relations with a man whom circumstances rendered not only useful, but almost indispensable to him.

Maurice was agitated by a thousand different desires. Dixmer prayed him to return; Geneviève might pardon him. Why should he then despair? Lorin, in his place, would have

found a hundred aphorisms in his favourite authors. But there was Geneviève's letter—that formal dismissal, which he bore with him next his heart, along with the few lines he received from her on the morning after he had rescued her. More than that, there existed that stubborn jealousy against the detested Morand, who was the first cause of the rupture between himself and Geneviève.

Maurice then remained inexorable in his determination. But it must be said that he felt a void in not being able to visit as usual the old street St. Jacques. When the hour approached on which he had been accustomed to set out, he sank into a profound melancholy, and from that moment he ran through all the phases of grief. Every morning he expected, on awakening, to find a letter from Dixmer, and he acknowledged that although he would not comply with a personal invitation he would cede to a letter. Every day he went forth with the hope of encountering Geneviève, and he arranged beforehand a hundred excuses for addressing her. Every night he returned home with the expectation of finding the messenger who had unconsciously brought to him that sorrow which had ever since been his constant companion. Often, too, in his moments of despair nature revolted at the idea of enduring that torture which could not be shared by her who produced it. But the first cause of all his torture was Morand. He then formed the project of seeking a quarrel with Morand. But Dixmer's associate was so feeble, so inoffensive, that to provoke or insult him would have been cowardice on the part of such a colossal person as Maurice.

Lorin often happily called to distract his friend's chagrin, who, without denying, never explained to him the reason of it. He, however, endeavoured, by every practical and theoretical means in his power, to restore the sorrowful heart of his friend to the cause of their country. But, although circumstances began to be very serious, and in any other state of mind would have dragged Maurice into the whirlpool of politics, that original activity was not restored to the young republican which made him a hero on the 14th of July and the 10th of August.

In fact, the two political systems which were opposed to each other during ten months, and between which slight attacks ensued, preceded by skirmishing, soon prepared themselves by closer approach for a struggle, which, when once commenced, would be mortal for one of them. These two systems, born in the womb of the revolution, comprised the moderates, repre-

sented by the Girondins, that is to say by Brissot, Pétion, Vergniaud, Valazé, Lanjuinais, Barbaroux, &c. &c.; and the terrorist, or Mountain party, represented by Danton, Robespierre, Chénier, Fabre, Marat, Collot d'Herbois, Hébert, &c. &c.

After the 10th of August the influence, as is the case after all commotions, seemed to have passed into the hands of the moderates. A ministry had been formed out of the wreck of the old, and of a new addition. Roland, Servien, and Clavieres, of the old ministry, had been recalled; Danton, Monge, and Le Brun re-elected. With the exception of one, who in the midst of his colleagues represented the energetic party, all the others belonged to the moderates.

When we say moderates we speak relatively.

The 10th of August produced its echo amongst foreigners, and a coalition was formed to march to the assistance, not of Louis XVI. personally, but of the principles of royalty, which was shattered to its base. Then resounded the menacing words of Brunswick, and like a terrible realisation Longwy and Verdun fell into the enemies' hands. Then there was a reaction to the terrorist system.

Danton then dreamed of and realised the bloody days of September, which presented to her enemies the entire of France as an accomplice to a tremendous assassination—active and ready to battle in behalf of her compromised existence with all the energy of despair.

September saved France, but in saving her placed her beyond the law of nations.

France once saved, and further energy being unnecessary, the moderate party recovered their influence in some degree. Then it recriminated upon those terrible days. The words murder and assassination were bandied about. Even a new word had been added to the vocabulary of the nation, it was that of the Septembrisers.

Danton boldly accepted the name. Like Clovis, he for a moment inclined his head to the baptism of blood, but only to raise it higher and more menacing than ever.

Another occasion presented itself on which to spread the terror of the past—it was the king's trial. Violence and moderation then did not confine their struggle to persons, but to principles; and the experience of the relative forces was made upon the royal prisoner. The moderates were vanquished, and Louis's head fell upon the scaffold.

Like the 10th of August, the 21st of January restored full

energy to the coalition. The same man was opposed to them, but not the same fortune. Dumouriez, arrested in his progress by the disorder which prevailed in every administration, and which prevented succours of men and money, declared against the Jacobins, whom he accused of creating this disorder, adopted the Girondins and destroyed them, by calling himself their friend.

Vendée rose, and the department became menacing: reverses produced treason, and treason reverses. The Jacobins accused the moderates, and wished to strike them on the 10th of March, the very evening on which our tale opens. Too much precipitation on their part saved the Girondins, as well, perhaps, as that rain which caused Pétion, that profound anatomist of Parisian disposition, to remark—

"It rains; there will be nothing done this night."

Since the 10th of March everything foretold the ruin of the Girondins. Marat put to trial and acquitted; Robespierre and Danton momentarily reconciled—like a lion and a tiger to subdue the bull whom they are both to devour: Henriot, the Septembriser, nominated commander general of the National Guards: all foretold that terrible day whose tempest was to sweep away the last barrier the revolution opposed to the march of terror. These are the great events in which Maurice, under other circumstances, would have taken part, as was natural to his high and exalted patriotism. Fortunately or unfortunately for Maurice, neither the inducements of Lorin, nor the dreadful preparations in the street, could drive from his mind the sole idea which possessed it, and when the 31st of May arrived, this terrible assailant of the Bastile and the Tuileries was stretched on his bed, devoured by that fever which kills the strongest, and which, nevertheless, may be dissipated by a look and cured by a word.

CHAPTER X.

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF MAY.

UPON the famous morning of the 31st of May, the battalion of the Faubourg St. Victor entered the Temple amidst the sound of the *générale* and the clang of the tocsin. When all the customary formalities were gone through and the sentinels distributed, the municipals on service arrived, accompanied by four pieces of cannon, to reinforce those of the battery of the Temple. At the same moment as the cannon, Santerre arrived; his epaulettes of yellow worsted and his greasy coat proving the extent of his patriotism. He reviewed the battalion, which he found in a serviceable state. He counted the municipals, who were but three.

"Why are there only three municipals?" asked he; "and who is the person that is absent?"

"He who is absent," answered our old friend Agricola, "is not on that account a lukewarm patriot: it is the secretary of the section Rue Lepelletier, the chief of the brave Thermopylites, the citizen Maurice Lindey."

"Good, good," remarked Santerre; "I know as well as you do the patriotism of citizen Maurice Lindey—a circumstance which, however, will not, if he does not arrive in ten minutes, prevent his being inscribed on the list of absentees."

Santerre passed to other details.

At some paces distant from the general when he pronounced these words, a captain of the chasseurs and a common soldier

were conversing apart: the one was supporting himself on his musket, the other was seated on a cannon.

"Did you hear," said the captain, in a low voice, to the soldier, "Maurice has not arrived?"

"Yes; but he will come, unless he has joined some *émeute*."

"If he should not come, I will place you as sentinel on the stairs, and as she ascends you can speak with her."

At this moment a man, known to be a municipal by his tricolored scarf, entered, who being unknown to the captain and chasseur, they looked keenly at him."

"Citizen general," said the new comer, addressing Santerre, "I beg you to accept me in the place of Maurice Lindey, who is indisposed. Here is the doctor's certificate. My turn of the guard will occur in eight days: I shall exchange with him; and he will perform my duty, as I now purpose to do his."

"Provided the old Capet and the little Capet live eight days," said one of the municipals.

Santerre replied by a pleasantry; and, turning to Maurice's messenger, he said—

"Very good. Go and enter your name in the place of Maurice Lindey; and transfer to the column of observations the cause of this change."

In the meantime the captain and the chasseur looked at each other with a joyous surprise.

"In eight days," said they.

"Captain Dixmer," cried Santerre, "take your position in the garden with your company."

"Come, Morand," said the captain to his companion.

The drums beat, and the company, commanded by the master tanner, proceeded in the prescribed direction. Their arms being piled, the men separated in groups, and straggled about here and there according to their fancy.

The place in which they were was the garden in which, since the time of Louis XVI., the royal family came to take air. The garden was dry, arid, and naked, completely desolate, and stripped of flowers, trees, and verdure.

About twenty paces from that portion of the wall which overlooked the Rue Porte Foin, a kind of hut was built, by direction of the municipality, for the convenience of the National Guards stationed in the garden, who, during the days of disturbance, were not permitted to leave for any purpose.

The management of this little wine-shop had been much sought after. It was finally conceded to an excellent patriot, the widow of one who was slain on the 10th of August, and who was called Plumeau. This cabin, built with planks and mud, was situated in a little space marked out with box-wood: it consisted of a single chamber about twelve feet square, and beneath it extended a cellar, to which a descent was formed by steps cut rudely out of the earth itself. There the widow Plumeau kept her wine and provisions, over which she and her daughter, a child between fourteen and fifteen years of age, kept watch by turns. No sooner were the National Guards in their bivouac than they separated, as we have said, some to walk in the garden, others to converse with the porters, others again to read the designs on the wall, representing some patriotic subject, such as the king hanged, with the following inscription, "Monsieur Veto taking an air-bath;" or the king guillotined, with another, "M. Veto spitting in the sack."

Some of the guards proceeded to widow Plumeau's to discuss some of her provisions; amongst these was the captain of the chasseurs we have spoken of.

"Ah! Captain Dixmer," said the woman of the canteen, "come; I have some excellent Saumer wine."

"Good, citizen Plumeau; but Saumer wine, in my opinion at least, is worth nothing without Brie cheese along with it."

The captain had previously observed that amongst the different provisions the cheese he sought was wanting.

"Ah! captain, it might have been otherwise; but the last morsel is just gone."

"Then," said the captain, "no cheese, no wine; but it will be worth your trouble to procure it, as I intend treating the whole company."

"Captain, I only ask five minutes to run for it to the gate-keeper, who is my opponent in the business, and who always has some. I shall have more to pay for it; but as you are a good patriot you will not grudge the price."

"No, no; go," replied Dixmer; "and during this time we shall go into the cellar and choose the wine for ourselves."

"Do as if you were at home, captain."

The widow ran away as quick as she was able towards the porter's lodge, whilst the captain and the chasseur, taking a candle, raised up the trap-door, and descended into the cellar.

"Good!" said Morand, after a moment's examination.

"The cellar stretches in the direction of the rue Porte-Foin. It is nine or ten feet deep, and has no mason-work."

"What kind of soil is there?" asked Dixmer.

"Soft, sandy, and slatey—earth brought from a distance and piled up. These gardens have been dug up many times. There is not a rock anywhere."

"Quick!" cried Dixmer; "I hear the vivandière's clattering feet. Take a couple of bottles and let us ascend."

They both appeared at the entrance of the cellar, when widow Plumeau entered, bearing the famous cheese that was so anxiously sought after. Behind her came many of the chasseurs, attracted by the above-mentioned excellent provision.

Dixmer did the honours of the table. He offered twenty bottles of wine to his company, whilst Citizen Morand recounted the virtues of Curtius, the disinterestedness of Fabricius, the patriotism of Brutus and Cassius, all of which stories were appreciated about as much as the Brie cheese and the Anjou wine presented by Dixmer, which is saying a great deal.

It struck eleven o'clock; at half-past eleven the sentinels were changed.

"Is it not customary," asked Dixmer from Tison, who was passing before the cabin, "for the Austrian to walk out between twelve and one o'clock?"

"Between twelve and one exactly." And he began singing—

"Madame mounts her tower again,
Mironton, tonton, mirontaine."

The guards received this new ditty with loud laughter. Dixmer at once summoned the men belonging to his company, who ought to mount guard between twelve and one o'clock; recommended them to make haste with their breakfast, and ordered Morand to take his arms, so that he might post him, as was agreed, on the last landing-place in the tower, and in the same little sentry-box in which Maurice was concealed on that day when he intercepted the signals made to the queen from a window in the street Porte-Foin.

If any one had looked at Morand during the time he received that simple and well-understood command, they would have noticed the deadly paleness which contrasted itself with the locks of his long dark hair.

Suddenly a heavy sound shook the Temple courts, and in the distance was heard a tempest of cries and howlings.

"What's that?" demanded Dixmer from Tison.

"Oh, oh," said the jailer, "it is nothing—some trifling *émeute* which the Brissotins are creating before they are consigned to the guillotine."

The sound became more and more menacing, and the rattling roll of the artillery was distinguished, at the same time that a crowd of people passed the Temple hurrahing and shouting—"Long live the Sections!—Long life to Henriot!—Down with the Brissotins!—Down with the Rolandites!—Down with Madame Veto!"

"Good, good!" said Tison, rubbing his hands. "I will let Madame Veto out, so that she may, without hinderance, enjoy the affection of her people." He approached the wicket of the keep.

"Hollo! Tison," cried a formidable voice.

"General," answered he, stopping short.

"No promenade to-day," said Santerre. "The prisoners must not leave their chambers." The order was without appeal.

"Good," said Tison: "it will cause less trouble."

Dixmer and Morand exchanged a melancholy glance; then, whilst awaiting the approach of their hour of duty, so useless now to them, they both went, apparently unconcernedly, to walk between the canteen and the wall overlooking the street Porte Foin. When there, Morand commenced striding the distance and making geometrical paces, that is to say, three feet each.

"What distance is it?" asked Dixmer.

"From sixty to sixty-one feet," answered Morand.

"How many days will it take?"

Morand reflected—traced on the sand with his ramrod some geometrical lines, and instantly effaced them.

"It will take seven days at least," said he.

"Maurice will be on guard in eight days," muttered Dixmer.

"And it is absolutely necessary, then, that in less than eight days we must be reconciled with Maurice."

The half-hour struck; Morand took his musket with a heavy sigh, and, conducted by the corporal, he went to relieve the sentinel, who marched backwards and forwards on the platform of the tower.

CHAPTER XI.

A WIFE'S DEVOTEDNESS.

THE day after the scenes which we have here recounted had occurred, that is to say on the first of June, at ten o'clock in the morning, Geneviève was seated in her accustomed place near the window; she had asked herself why, during three weeks, the days dawned so sadly upon her, why they passed away so slowly, and finally, why, instead of awaiting the evening with ardour, she now saw it approach with affright.

Her nights, above all, were sad, those nights formerly so pleasant; nights which passed like a dream, from evening to dawn: at this moment she cast her eyes on a box of magnificent spotted and red carnations, which, since the winter time, had been removed from the glass-house to her own chamber.

Maurice had taught her how to cultivate them in the mahogany case, in which they were planted. She had watered them, pruned them, and propped them up, so as to show Maurice, when he called during the evening, the progress they had made under their joint attention. Since Maurice had ceased coming, the poor carnations had been neglected, and through want of proper care their heads hung over the balustrade drooping and half faded.

Geneviève comprehended by this single view the reason of her sadness. She said there were flowers like certain friendships which one nourishes and cultivates with passion, and

which make the affections blow again. Then some morning a caprice or some misfortune cuts up friendship by the roots, and the heart which such friendship revived sinks down languishing and withered.

The young woman then experienced the frightful agony of her heart; the sentiment which she had wished to beat down and which she expected to subdue was struggling at the bottom of her thoughts, crying louder than ever that it would only perish with her heart. She experienced a moment of despair, for she felt that the struggle became more and more impossible. She gently bent down her head, kissed one of the faded heads of the flowers and wept.

Her husband entered at the moment she had dried her eyes. But Dixmer was so much preoccupied by his own thoughts that he did not perceive the dolorous crisis which his wife had experienced, nor pay any attention to the tell-tale redness of her eyes.

It is true, that Geneviève, on perceiving her husband, arose quickly and ran towards him, so as to turn her back to the window.

"Well!" said she. "Well! Nothing new?"

"Impossible to approach HER; impossible to forward anything to her; impossible even to see her."

"What! notwithstanding all the noise and uproar prevailing in Paris."

"Ah! It is this uproar which has excited the distrust of her keepers. They feared that under cover of the general confusion some attempt might be made on the Temple; and the very moment her majesty was about to ascend to the platform, Santerre gave orders not to allow the queen to go out, nor Madame Elizabeth, nor Madame Royal."

"Poor Chevalier! he must have been dreadfully annoyed."

"He was in despair when he perceived this chance to escape us. He turned so pale that I had to lead him away lest he should betray himself."

"Then," said Geneviève, timidly, "there was no municipal of your acquaintance at the Temple?"

"There ought to have been one, but he did not come."

"Whom?"

"The citizen Maurice Lindey!" said Dixmer, in a tone he endeavoured to render indifferent.

"And why did he not come?" asked Geneviève, making the same effort.

"He was sick."

"He, sick?"

"Yes; and seriously so; for, patriot as you know him to be, he was compelled to cede his place to another."

"It is very annoying."

"My good Geneviève, you know that had he been there, it would have been all the same. Quarrelling as we have done, he would most likely have avoided me."

"I believe, my friend, you exaggerate the gravity of our position. Maurice might, on account of some caprice, decline coming here, or because of some futile reason refuse to see you, but he is not an enemy on that account; coldness does not exclude politeness; and on seeing you approach him, I am certain he would have met you half-way."

"Geneviève! For me to wait on Maurice, requires more than politeness; our friendship is broken; there is no longer any hope in that quarter."

Dixmer uttered a profound sigh, whilst his brow, ordinarily so calm, grew pale and melancholy.

"If," said Geneviève, timidly, "you believe Maurice so necessary to your project—"

"That is to say," answered Dixmer, "that I despair of all success without him."

"Well, why do you not make another attempt with citizen Lindey?"

It occurred to her that by calling the young man by his family name, the intonation of her voice would be less tender than when uttering his baptismal one.

"No;" answered Dixmer, bowing his head. "I have done all I can do; another attempt might appear singular, and would arouse suspicion: besides, Geneviève, I see further than you in this affair. There is a secret wound in Maurice's heart."

"A wound?" asked Geneviéve, much moved. "Ah! my God, what do you mean, my friend? Speak!"

"I mean to say, and you are convinced of it, as well as me, Geneviéve, that there is more than a caprice in our rupture with Maurice."

"To what, then, do you attribute this rupture?"

"To pride, perhaps," said Dixmer quickly.

"Pride!"

"Yes. He no doubt thought, in his opinion, at least, that he did honor to a good citizen of Paris—preserving his susceptibility of class under his patriotism, and looking to his

influence in his section, club and municipality—by according to us his friendship. Perhaps we have made too little progress. Perhaps we are forgotten."

"But," resumed Geneviéve, "if we have made too few advances, or if we are forgotten, it seems to me that the movement you adopted repurchases all that."

"Yes, supposing the evil came from myself; but if it sprung from you?"

"From me! How, my friend? Can you suppose that I have done wrong to Maurice?" said Geneviéve, astonished.

"Who knows,—with such a character. Were not you the first to accuse him of caprice? Stop: let me return to the first idea. Geneviéve, you were wrong not to write to Maurice."

"Me!" exclaimed Geneviéve. "Do you think so?"

"I not only think so, but more than that, I have during these three weeks pondered much upon it."

"And—" asked Geneviève timidly.

"And I look upon that course to be absolutely necessary."

"Oh!" exclaimed Geneviève. "No, no, Dixmer. Do not ask me to do that."

"You know, Geneviéve, that I never exact any thing from you; I merely pray you to do so. Well, hear me; I beg of you to write to citizen Maurice."

"But—" observed Geneviève.

"Hear me," interrupted Dixmer. "There is either something very grave between you and Maurice, or your quarrel springs from some childish pet; because as far as I am concerned, he never complained of my conduct." Geneviéve did not reply.

"If it arises from childishness, it is folly to prolong it. If it has a more serious reason, even then, in our present position, we ought not to stand upon our dignity or pride. Do not place in the balance a quarrel of young people with the immense interests at stake; make an effort with yourself. Write to Citizen Lindey, and he will return."

Geneviève reflected a moment.

"But," said she, "cannot any other means be found that would compromise one less, and still secure a proper understanding with Maurice?"

"Compromising, said you? On the other hand it seems to me the most natural."

"No no: not from me, my friend."

"Geneviève, you are very stubborn."

"Allow me to remark that it is the first time you have perceived it."

GENEVIÈVE WRITES TO MAURICE, AT THE REQUEST OF DIXMER.

Dixmer crumpled his handkerchief in his hand, and wiped the moisture from his brow.

"Yes; and on that account," said he, "my astonishment is increased."

"My God! Dixmer, is it possible that you do not comprehend the reason of my resistance, and that you will compel me to speak?"

She allowed her head to fall on her breast and her arms by her side, as if feeble and reduced to the utmost extremity.

Dixmer seemed to make a violent effort with himself, took Geneviève's hand, raised her head, and looking into her eyes, burst into a laugh, which Geneviève would have discovered to be forced if she had been less agitated at the moment.

"I see how it is," said he; "and in truth you are right—I was blind. With your mind, my dear Geneviève, with your elevation of character, you were afraid that Maurice might fall in love with you."

Geneviève felt a mortal coldness at her heart. Her husband's irony concerning Maurice's love, the violence of which, from knowing his character, she easily understood, and in which she participated, actually petrified her. She had not strength to look at him. She felt it would be impossible for her to reply.

"I have guessed it. Is it not so?" continued Dixmer. "If Maurice loved you, instead of quarrelling with me he would have redoubled his care and attention so as to deceive me. If Maurice had loved you he would not so easily have renounced the title of 'friend' in the house, under cover of which so much treachery often lurks."

"On my honour," exclaimed Geneviève. "Do not make sport of such matters, I do implore you."

"I do not make sport, madam. I only say that Maurice does not love you, that is all."

"And I," said Geneviève, blushing, "I tell you you are deceived."

"In that case," resumed Dixmer, "Maurice, who has had the strength to retire rather than violate the confidence of his host, is an honest man, but such honest men are rare, Geneviève; and one should use every effort to regain them, Geneviève, you will write to Maurice, will you not?"

"Oh! my God!" uttered the young woman, as she let her head fall between her hands; for he upon whom she trusted for support in the hour of danger deserted her, and precipitated her onwards rather than withheld her.

Dixmer regarded her a moment, and then forcing himself to smile, he said, "Come, my dear friend, no womanly pride; if Maurice begins a new declaration, laugh at the second as you did at the first. I know you, Geneviève; you have a worthy and noble heart. I can trust you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Geneviève, gliding down with one knee on the ground; "Oh! my God! who can be sure of others when one is not sure of oneself."

Dixmer became as pale as if all his blood had ebbed back to his heart. "Geneviève," said he, "I was wrong to make you endure all the agony you have suffered. I ought to have said to you at once, 'Geneviève, we have reached a period which requires great devotedness. Geneviève, I have devoted to the queen's interest, our noble benefactor, not my arm, my head, or my happiness—others will give her their lives—I will do more; I will risk even my honour; and if it perishes, it will only be a tear the more dropped into this ocean of grief which is about to engulph France. But my honour will run no risk when it remains under the protection of such a woman as Geneviève." For the first time Dixmer entirely revealed himself, Geneviève raised her head, fixed upon him her beautiful eyes, full of admiration, stood slowly up, and presented her brow to be kissed.

"You wish it then?" said she.

Dixmer made a signal in the affirmative.

"Dictate then," said she, taking up the pen.

"Not at all," answered Dixmer. "It is enough to use not to abuse this young man, and since he will become reconciled with us on the receipt of a letter from Geneviève, let the letter be written by her, and not by Dixmer."

Dixmer kissed his wife's brow a second time, thanked her, and retired.

Geneviève then wrote the following, trembling:—

"Citizen Maurice,—You know how much my husband loves you. Have three weeks of a separation—that to us seemed an age—caused you to forget him? Come, we await you. Your return will be to us a veritable fête.

"Geneviève."

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE VERSUS THE GODDESS OF REASON.

AS Maurice had caused General Santerre to be informed, he was seriously indisposed. Whilst he was confined to his chamber, Lorin had come regularly to see him, and had done all that lay in his power to determine him to occupy himself in some way or other; but Maurice declined. There are maladies which are incurable. On the first of June, Lorin arrived at one o'clock.

"What is there extraordinary to-day?" asked Maurice; "you look superb." In fact he wore the strictly prescribed uniform; the cap of liberty, the *carmagnole*, and the tricolor sash, adorned with a brace of pistols.

"In the first place," said Lorin, "there is, generally speaking, about to be put in practice by beat of drum, the breaking up of the Girond party, like a sheet of ice by a torrent; at this very moment, for instance, they are heating bullets on the Place du Carrousel. Then to speak more pointedly, there is a solemnity to be performed, to which I invite you the day after to-morrow."

"But to-day, what is there to do? You say you came for me."

"Yes, to day we have the rehearsal."

"What rehearsal?" asked Maurice.

"The rehearsal of the grand solemnity."

"My dear fellow," said Maurice, "you know that during these eight days I have never gone out, consequently being completely ignorant of passing events, I have the greater need of being enlightened."

"What, have I not then told you?"

"You have told me nothing," replied Maurice.

"In the first place, my dear friend, you know that already we have suppressed God for the time being, and have replaced him by the Supreme Being."

"Yes, I know all that."

"Well, it seems that they have discovered something new, viz., that the Supreme Being was a moderatist, a Rolandist, a Girondist."

"Lorin, let us have no sporting with holy things. You know that I do not like it."

"What can one do, my dear fellow? one must belong to the age we live in. For my part I prefer the ancient God, because I have been more accustomed to him; as for the Supreme Being, it seems he is denounced, and has been guilty of wrong, therefore our Legislators have decreed his deposition."

Maurice shrugged his shoulders.

"Shrug your shoulders as much as you please," said Lorin; but 'tis

> 'Decreed by Momus and his philosophic band,
> That Folly's creed alone illuminates the land,—'

"so much so," continued Lorin, "that we are about to worship the Goddess of Reason."

"And you," remarked Maurice, "are mixed up with this masquerade?"

"Ah, my friend, if you only knew the Goddess of Reason as much as I do, you would be one of her warmest partisans. Hear me, I shall make you known to her. I shall present you."

"Don't plague me with such follies; I am very dejected, you know that well."

"Morbleu! that is the very reason it will amuse you; she is an excellent girl. Eh! but you know the austere goddess whom the Parisians are about to crown with laurel, and drag in a chariot of gilt pasteboard? It is—guess?"

"How can I guess?"

"It is Arthémise."

"Arthémise?" said Maurice, endeavouring to recollect, without the name recalling anything.

"Yes; a tall brunette, whose acquaintance I made last year, at the opera ball. In proof, you supped with us and got tipsy."

"Ah! yes: that is true," replied Maurice; "I now recollect; is it her?"

"It was she who had the greatest chance. I have presented her to the assembly; all the Thermopylites have promised me their votes. In three days there is the general election; to-day there is the preparatory dinner, when we shall drink champagne; perhaps the day after to-morrow we may spill blood; but let them spill as much as they please, Arthémise shall be the goddess, or may the devil fly away with me. Come, come, we will make her put on her tunic."

"Thank you; I have always had a repugnance for such proceedings."

"Peste! to dress the goddess! my dear fellow you are very difficult to please. Well, come, if anything will arouse you, I shall put on her tunic and you shall take it off."

"Lorin, I am sick: more than that I have no more gaiety, whilst the gaiety of others makes me ill."

"Maurice, you alarm me! you fight no more; you laugh no more; are you, conspiring?"

"Me! Thank God, no."

"You mean to say, thank the Goddess of Reason."

"Leave me alone, Lorin; I cannot, I will not go out; I am in bed, and here I shall remain."

Lorin scratched his ear. "Good," said he, "I see how it is."

"You see!" said Maurice. "You see what?"

"I see that you await the Goddess of Reason."

"Morbleu!" exclaimed Maurice; "one's spiritual friends are very troublesome. If you do not wish me to curse you, be off, you and your goddess."

"Charge! charge!" cried Lorin.

Maurice lifted his hand to curse him, when his servant interrupted him by entering with a letter for his citizen brother.

"Citizen Agesilas, you enter at an inconvenient moment; your master was about to surpass himself."

Maurice listlessly let his hand fall, stretching it towards the letter. He had scarcely touched it, when he started, and

gazing at it, he devoured the direction with avidity; examined the seal, and turning excessively pale, he broke the seal.

"Oh! oh!" murmured Lorin; "it seems your interest is aroused at last."

Maurice heard no more; he read with his whole soul the four lines written by Geneviève. After having read them, he re-read them four times, then he wiped his brow and let his hand fall, regarding Lorin like a person entranced.

"The devil!" said Lorin; "here is a letter which encloses glorious news."

Maurice read the letter for the fifth time, and a vermilion colour suffused his face, his arid eyes moistened, and a profound sigh escaped him. Then all at once, forgetting his illness and his feeble condition which was a consequence, he leaped from his bed.

"My clothes!" exclaimed he to his amazed servant; "my clothes, my dear Agesilas. Oh! my good, my excellent Lorin, I awaited it every day, but in truth I did not expect it. Those white trowsers and frilled shirt; dress my hair and shave me instantly."

The domestic hastened to obey Maurice's orders, and speedily dressed and shaved him.

"Oh! to see her once more; once again," cried the young man. "Lorin, indeed I never until this moment knew what happiness was."

"My poor Maurice," said Lorin; "I believe you have need of the visit I counselled."

"My dear friend," exclaimed Maurice; "pardon me, but I fear I have lost my senses."

"In which case I offer mine," said Lorin, laughing at his frightful witticism.

What was surprising, Maurice laughed too. Happiness had rendered his mind light and elastic; that was not all.

"Hold," said he, cutting an orange-branch in flower. Present this from me to the worthy widow Mausole.

"Very good," exclaimed Lorin; "there is gallantry! but I pardon you. Besides, it seems to me you are decidedly in love, and I have always the utmost respect for great misfortunes."

"Well! yes, I am in love," cried Maurice, his heart overflowing with joy; "I am in love, and now I can avow it as she loves me, because when she recalls me, she must love me; is it not so, Lorin?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the worshipper of the Goddess

of Reason complaisantly, "but beware, Maurice, the manner in which you meet; the affair alarms me.

"Egérie's love, so full of art,
Is folly and deception;
Love reason, free from Cupid' darts,
And dread no false reception."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried Maurice, applauding, and then with the utmost precipitation he descended the stairs four steps at a time, reached the quay and darted off in the well-known direction of the old street St. Jacques.

"I believe, Agesilas," said Lorin, "he applauded me."

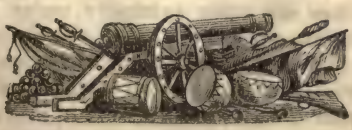
"Yes, certainly citizen; and, it is not surprising, for what you said was really beautiful."

"Then he is worse than I believed," remarked Lorin. He in turn descended the stairs, but at a much calmer pace. Arthémise was not Geneviève. Scarcely was Lorin in the street St. Honoré, bearing his orange-branch, than a crowd of young citizens, whom, according to his existing disposition, he either treated to a verse, or a kick in the breech, followed him respectfully; taking him, no doubt, for one of those virtuous men to whom St. Just proposed they should present a white robe and a bouquet of orange flowers. As the *cortège* gradually increased, more especially as a virtuous man was a rare sight in those days, until there might be several thousands of young men present, when the bouquet was presented to Arthémise, a homage which affected other goddesses who were candidates, even with the headache.

This very evening there was distributed throughout Paris this famous canticle:

"Long live the Goddess of Reason,
With her light so soft and her flame so pure."

And as it has even reached us without the name of the author, a circumstance which has exercised greatly the ingenuity of the revolutionary archiologists, we have almost the hardihood to affirm that it was made for the fair Arthémise, by our friend Hyacinth Lorin.



CHAPTER XIII.

MEETING OF GENEVIÈVE AND MAURICE.

MAURICE could not have flown quicker had he had wings. The streets were crowded with people, but Maurice only remarked them because they retarded his progress. It was remarked in every group that the Convention was sitting, that the majority of the people felt offended that their representatives were prevented from turning out, a circumstance extremely probable, for the tocsin was heard sounding and the cannons thundering their nightly alarm. But what did Maurice at that moment care for cannon or tocsin, or whether the deputies could or could not go out freely, since the defence did not rest in his hands? He ran on—that is all. Whilst hastening forward he pictured to himself Geneviève awaiting him at the little window that looked into the garden, so as to hail, as far as she could observe, him with her charming smile.

Dixmer no doubt would be informed of this happy return, and would tender his large hand to Maurice so freely and loyally. He liked Dixmer. He even that day liked Morand with his black hair and green spectacles under which he believed he saw lurking a sullen eye. He loved the whole creation, for he was happy. He would willingly have scattered flowers on the heads of all men, so that all might be as happy as he. Nevertheless poor Maurice was deceived in his hopes, as every one is nineteen times out of twenty, who judges by and from the

heart. Instead of the sweet smile which awaited Maurice, and which he expected to reap in the distance, Geneviève had determined on only showing to Maurice a cold politeness, thus offering a feeble barrier to the torrent which threatened to overwhelm her heart. She retired to her chamber and would not descend until called. Alas, she also deceived herself. Dixmer alone did not deceive himself. He spied Maurice through a wicket and smiled ironically. Citizen Morand phlegmatically colored the black tailed pieces, which were to be applied to the fur of a white cat, to represent ermine. Maurice pushed the little gate in the alley to enter familiarly into the garden; according to custom on the door opening the bell sounded in such a manner so as to indicate that it was Maurice. Geneviève, who was standing before the closed window, started. She let the curtain drop, which she pulled aside. Maurice experienced a sensation of severe disappointment on entering the house; Geneviève was not waiting him at the window—even on entering the little saloon, where he had taken leave of her, he did not see her; and he was compelled to announce himself as if his three weeks' absence had made him a complete stranger. His heart was oppressed. Maurice saw Dixmer first, who ran towards him and pressed him in his arms amidst exclamations of joy. Then Geneviève descended. She had struck her cheeks with the handle of her mother-of-pearl knife, to recal the blood, but she had not proceeded twenty steps before the forced flush had ebbed to her heart again. Maurice saw Geneviève appear under the shadow of the doorway. He approached smiling to kiss her hand, and then only perceived how much she was altered. She, on the other hand, remarked with alarm how thin Maurice was, as well as the feverish fire of his look.

"You are here, then, sir," said she in a tone the emotion of which could not be subdued. She had decided in addressing him thus in a different accent.

"Good day, Maurice. Why are you such a stranger?"

The reception seemed cold to Maurice, but Dixmer cut short all crimination and recrimination by ordering dinner, as it was nearly two o'clock.

Maurice, on passing into the dining-room, perceived that a cover had been laid for him. Then the citizen Morand arrived clothed in the same brown-coloured dress. He wore his spectacles, his black locks and his white frill. Maurice was as kind as he could be when the whole was before his eyes, being inspired with infinitely less alarm then when at a distance.

In fact, what probability was there that Geneviève loved this little chemist. He must have been deeply in love and consequently a great fool to keep such trash in his head. Besides, the moment would have been badly chosen to entertain jealousy. Maurice had in his waistcoat pocket Geneviève's letter, and his heart beat with joy beneath it. Geneviève had resumed her serenity. There is a something in woman's organization which makes her in the joy of the present forget the misery of the past, as well as the menaces of the future. Geneviève finding herself happy, became mistress of herself, that is to say calm, yet affectionate—another shade which Maurice could not comprehend. Lorin would have found out an explication in Parny, Bertin, or Gentil-Bernard. The conversation turned on the Goddess of Reason, the fall of the Girondins, and the new faith which transferred the heritage of heaven to a distaff—being the principal events of the day.

Dixmer pretended that he would not have been dissatisfied had the invaluable honor fallen on Geneviève. Maurice laughed at that. But Geneviève supported her husband's view of the case, whilst Maurice looked at both utterly astonished, that patriotism should reach that point so as to mystify the mind of such a rational man as Dixmer, or mislead such a poetic character as Geneviève. Morand developed the theory of a female politician, by reference to Theroigne de Merecourt, the heroine of the 10th of August, and Madame Roland, the soul of the Girond party. Then in passing, he launched some observations against the female knitters, which made Maurice laugh. They were cruel raillers against those patriotic females who were latterly known under the hideous name of the guillotine lickers.

"Ah! citizen Morand," said Dixmer, "let us respect patriotism, even when it wanders astray."

"As for me," said Maurice, "I find it to be a fact in patriotism that the women are always sufficiently patriotic when they are not too aristocratic."

"You are right," said Morand; "but I frankly acknowledge I consider a woman sufficiently contemptible when she affects the manners of a man, as I consider a man a coward who insults a woman even if she were his greatest enemy."

Morand thus naturally led Maurice upon delicate ground. He replied with an affirmative nod. The lists were opened. Then Dixmer, like a herald who proclaims hostilities, added' "An instant, an instant, citizen Morand; you will except female enemies to the nation." A silence of several seconds' dura-

tion succeeded this rejoinder to Morand's answer and Maurice's nod. Maurice first broke it.

"Let us except no one," said he, sadly. "Alas! it seems to me that the women who have been enemies to the nation, are sufficiently punished in the present day."

"Do you speak of the Temple prisoners—of the Austrian, and the sister and daughter of Capet?" exclaimed Dixmer, with a volubility which drowned the expression of his voice.

Morand grew pale, whilst awaiting the answer of the young municipal, and one might have said, had one seen him, that he must have wounded his breast with his nails, so deeply did he work his hands.

"Certainly," said Maurice, "I allude to them."

"What!" said Morand, in a suffocated voice, "is it true, citizen Maurice, as reported?"

"What do they say?" asked the young man.

"That the prisoners are cruelly maltreated, at times, by those who ought to protect them?"

"There are men," said Maurice, "who do not merit the name. There are cowards, who have never fought, and who torture the vanquished to convince themselves that they have been victims."

"You are not one of that class, I am sure, Maurice," exclaimed Geneviève.

"Madam," replied Maurice; "I, who now address you, ascended the scaffold as a guard, when the late king perished. I had my sabre in my hand ready to slay any one who would have attempted to save him; however, when he approached me, in spite of myself, I took off my hat, and, turning towards my men—'Citizens,' said I to them, 'I warn you that I shall pass my sabre through the body of the first man who insults this *ci-divant* king.' Oh! I defy any one to say that a single cry was raised by my company. It was I, again, who wrote, with my own hand, the copy of the thousands of placards affixed to the walls of Paris, when the king returned to Varennes, 'Whoever salutes the king shall be flogged—whoever insults him shall be hung.' Well," continued Maurice, without remarking the terrible effect these words produced in the assembly—"well, I have, then, proved that I am a good and open patriot, and that I detest kings and their partisans. Well, I declare, in spite of my opinions, which are merely profound convictions—in spite of the positive assurance which I feel that the Austrian had her share in creating

these evils, which have desolated France, no man, not even Santerre himself, should insult the ex-queen in my presence."

"Citizen," interrupted Dixmer, bowing his head in the manner of a man who disapproves of such hardihood, you must be pretty sure of us to utter such words as these before us."

"Before you as before all, Dixmer. And I should add, she will probably perish on the same scaffold as her husband; but I am not one of those who are frightened by women: I respect always whatever is weaker than myself."

"And the queen," asked Geneviève timidly; "has she ever by chance testified to you, Maurice, that she was sensible of a delicacy to which she was not accustomed?"

"The prisoner has thanked me many times for my respectful conduct."

"In that case she will be rejoiced when you are on guard."

"I believe so," replied Maurice.

"Then," said Morand, trembling like a woman, "since you avow that which no other person dares do now, that is to say the possession of a generous heart, you do not persecute the children?"

"Me?" said Maurice. "Ask that infamous Simon if he knows the weight of a municipal's arm before whom he had the audacity to beat the little Capet." This reply produced a spontaneous movement at Dixmer's table; all the guests rising with respect. Maurice alone remained seated, quite unconscious as to the cause of this flight of admiration.

"Well," said he, in astonishment, "what is the matter?"

"I thought there was a summons from the workshop," said Dixmer.

"No, no," remarked Genèvieve; "I at first thought so too; but we are deceived."

All resumed their places.

"Ah! it was you," said Morand, in a trembling voice, "who was the municipal of whom they talk so much, as having nobly defended the child."

"They spoke of it," said Maurice, with simplicity almost sublime.

"Oh! there is a noble heart," said Morand, rising hastily so as not to commit himself, and retiring into the workshop as if pressed for time.

"Yes, citizen," answered Dixmer, "yes, it was spoken of, and we may say that every man of feeling and courage praised you without knowing you."

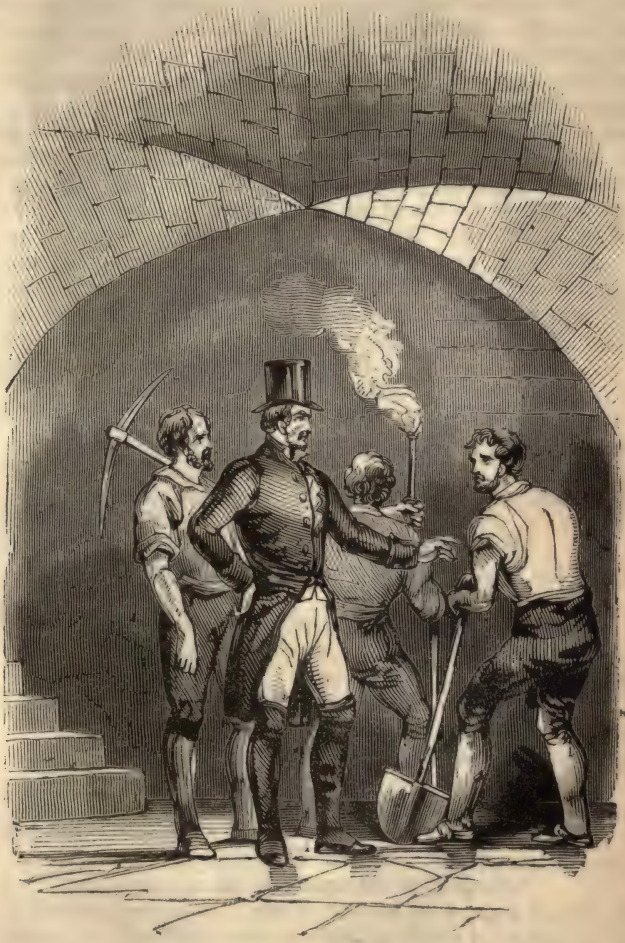
"Let us leave him unknown," said Geneviève. "The glory we would confer upon him would be a dangerous acquisition."

Thus, in this singular conversation, each, without knowing it, had uttered expressions of heroism, devotedness, and sensibility, even to the very extremity of affection.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MINERS.

DIXMER was informed just as they left the table, that his notary awaited him in the counting-house. He made an excuse to Maurice, whom, besides, he was in the habit of thus quitting and proceeded to meet his legal agent. The business was concerning the purchase of a small house in the street La Corderie, facing the Temple Gardens. The property could scarcely be called a house, the whole being nearly in ruins; but he intended to rebuild it. The bargain was effected with the proprietor. That very morning the notary had seen him, and they agreed upon the price; viz., 19,500 francs. He came now to have the contract signed, and to draw the money. The proprietor was to vacate the house that day, and on the following, the workmen were to be admitted. When the contract was signed, Dixmer and Morand, attended by the notary, proceeded to the street La Corderie, instantly to inspect the new acquisition, for it was purchased without examination. It was a house situated about where No. 20 is at present, rising three stories, surmounted with a garret; the basement had formerly been let to a wine merchant, and was provided with magnificent cellars. The proprietor, above all, boasted of the cellars; they formed the most remarkable portion of the house. Dixmer and Morand seemed to attach but a moderate interest to the cellars; however both of them, as if out of compliment, descended to what the pro-



THE MINERS.

prietor called his subterranean regions. Contrary to the custom of proprietors, he had not exaggerated—the cellars were superb; one of them extended under the street La Corderie, and they heard the rumbling of the carriages overhead. Dixmer and Morand did not apparently appreciate the cellars, and even spoke of blocking them up, because, although excellent for a wine merchant, they were useless to a quiet citizen who meant to occupy the whole house. After the cellars they visited the first, second and third stories, the last of which overlooked the gardens of the Temple. They were as usual occupied by the national guards, who alone enjoyed them, since the Queen no longer walked out. Dixmer and Morand recognised their friend widow Plumeau, attending with her usual activity to the business of her canteen; but doubtless their desire to be recognised in turn was not very great, for they concealed themselves. The proprietor, however, made them notice the advantages of the prospect, equally varied as agreeable.

The purchaser then desired to see the roof; the proprietor no doubt did not expect this, for he had not brought the key; but softened by the roll of *assignats* (notes) which he had seen, he descended for the key.

"I was not deceived," said Morand; "this house will answer our purpose admirably."

"And the cellar? What do you say about that?"

"That it is a dispensation of Providence; for it will save us two days' labour."

"Do you think it runs in the direction of the canteen cellar?"

"It inclines a little to the left, but that does not signify."

"But," asked Dixmer, "how can you follow a subterranean line with certainty, to terminate where you please?"

"Keep yourself easy, my dear friend, that is my business."

"Suppose we give from here the signal that we are always watching?"

"Only that the Queen could not see it from the platform. The roof alone is on a level, I believe, and yet I doubt it."

"It does not signify; either Toulan or Mauny may observe it from some opening, and will acquaint her majesty."

Dixmer made some knots in the end of a calico curtain, and shoved it out of the open window, as if the wind had effected it. Then having shut the door, and as if impatient to visit the roof, they both went to await the landlord on the stairs, so that the worthy man never saw or thought of his floating curtain. The roof, as Morand imagined, did not command the summit of

the tower. This was at the same time a difficulty and an advantage ; a difficulty, because they could not communicate by signs with the Queen ; an advantage, because that very circumstance removed all suspicion ; the highest houses being necessarily the most strictly watched.

"We must," murmured Dixmer, "find the means, through Mauny, Toulan, or Tison's daughter, of telling her to be on her guard."

"I will provide for that," answered Morand. When they descended, the notary attended in the saloon with the contract signed.

"'Tis well," said Dixmer ; "the house suits me ; pay the citizen the sum of 19,500 francs, agreed upon, and let him sign."

The proprietor scrupulously counted the sum, and signed.

"You understand, citizen," said Dixmer, "that the chief clause is that I take possession this very evening, so that I may, after to-morrow, put in the workmen ?"

"I agree to that, citizen. You may take away the keys, This evening, at eight o'clock. It will be completely free."

"Ah, pardon me," said Dixmer ; "did you not inform me, citizen notary, that there was a passage by the street Porte Foin ?"

"Yes, citizen," said the proprietor ; "but I closed it up, for having only one servant, the poor devil was too fatigued, being compelled to attend to both doors : besides, the entrance is only so far blocked up, that it may be made available again by two hours' labour. Will you convince yourselves of that, citizens ?"

"Thank you, it is unnecessary," resumed Dixmer ; "I do not attach much importance to this entrance."

Both retired, after having, for the third time, reminded the proprietor of his promise to vacate the premises by 8 o'clock. At 9 o'clock both returned, followed at a distance by six or seven men, to whom, in the midst of the confusion that reigned in Paris, no attention was paid. The two entered first. The proprietor had kept his word ; the house was completely empty. They closed the outer shutters (common to all Parisian houses) with great care. They struck a light and lighted the candles, which Morand had brought in his pocket ; one after the other, the six men entered ; they were the ordinary guests of the master tanner, the same smugglers who wished to kill Maurice, and who had since become his friends ; the doors were closed, and they descended to the cellar. This cellar, so

much despised during the day, was become at night the most important part of the house. They heard as the landlord truly remarked, the carriages rumbling over head; a circumstance which fully proved that they were in reality beneath the street. In the first place, they stopped up every aperture, by which any curious person might see into the interior. Then Morand, turning up an empty cask, began tracing geometrical lines on a piece of paper.

Whilst he was thus busily engaged, the others, conducted by Dixmer, left the house, followed the street La Corderie, and at the corner of the street de Beauce stopped before a covered cart. From this conveyance a man silently distributed to each the instruments used by pioneers. To one he gave a spade, to another a pickaxe; to this one a lever, to that one a mattock. Each concealed the instruments they received under their riding coats or mantles. The miners then proceeded towards the house, and the cart disappeared. Morand, on their return, had finished his work. He went strait to an angle of the cellar.

"There," said he; "dig away."

The workmen immediately commenced their labour.

The situation of the prisoners in the Temple had become more and more serious, and above all more and more miserable. For a moment, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royal, had experienced some hope. The municipals, Toulan and Lepitre, touched with compassion for their august prisoners, had testified much interest for them. At first, little accustomed to these marks of sympathy, the poor women were distrustful. But people seldom mistrust when they hope. Besides, what could happen worse to the Queen? Separated from her son by a prison, and from her husband by the grave. To march to the scaffold like the latter—that was a fate of which she had long accustomed herself to think, and to which she finally became habituated.

The first time that Toulan and Lepitre's turn came to be on guard, the Queen asked them, if they were really interested in her fate, to recount to her all the details attending the death of the King. It was indeed a sad trial by which she tested their sympathy.

Lepitre was present at the execution, and obeyed the Queen's order. The Queen asked for the journals which reported the execution. Lepitre promised to bring them, when next on duty, which happened every three weeks.

During the King's sojourn, there were four municipals in the

Temple—on his death, there were only three; one who kept guard during the day, and two who watched at night. Toulan and Lepitre invented a stratagem, by which they were always on duty together. The time of duty was fixed by lot; on one ticket was written *day*, on the two others, *night*. Each drew his lot from a hat, and chance decided who should be the night-watchers. Every time Toulan and Lepitre were assorted together they wrote *day* in the three lots, and presented the hat to the municipal whom they wished to throw out; the latter plunged his hand into the provisional ballot urn, and necessarily drew out a ticket on which *day* was inscribed. Toulan and Lepitre destroyed the two others, murmuring against the chance which gave them always the most difficult duty, as well as the most tiresome, that of the night watch. When the Queen had once trusted the two guardians, she put them in communication with the Chevalier of the Red House. Then a plan of escape was arranged.

The Queen and Madame Elizabeth were to fly, disguised as municipal officers; as for the two children, Madame Royal, and the young Dauphin, it has been observed, that the lamp-lighter of the Temple was always accompanied with two children, about the same age as the prince and princess. It was therefore arranged that Turgy should assume the dress of the lamp-lighter, and carry off Madame Royal and the Dauphin.

We may now inform the reader who Turgy was. He was an ancient attendant on the King, brought to the Temple with part of the household of the Tuileries; for the King at first had a well organized table service. The first month cost the nation from 30 to 40,000 francs (£1,200 to £1,600); but, as one may easily conceive, such prodigality could not continue, the Commune gave orders to discharge the cooks, turnspits, &c.: one single attendant was preserved, and that was Turgy.

Turgy thus became a natural go-between from the prisoners to their adherents, because he could go out and, consequently, carry letters and bring back answers. In general, these letters were rolled up like corks, and put into the flagons of almond milk, which were brought to the Queen and Madame Elizabeth; they were written with lemon juice, and the words remained invisible until brought near the fire. All was prepared for the escape, when one day Tison lighted his pipe with one of the paper corks. As the paper burned, he saw letters gradually appear; he extinguished the paper which was half burned, and carried the fragment to the Council of the Temple. There it was

held to the fire, but they could only make out some detached words, the remaining half having been burned. They however recognised the Queen's hand-writing. Tison, when interrogated, related several kindnesses which he imagined he saw on the part of Lepitre and Toulan towards the prisoners. The two commissioners were denounced by the municipality, and forbidden to enter the Temple; Turgy remained. But distrust was awakened to the highest degree. He was never left alone near the princesses; and all communication from without became impossible. However, one day Madame Elizabeth handed Turgy a golden-handled fruit-knife to be cleaned. Turgy suspected something, and whilst cleaning it, the handle came off; it contained a letter, which was merely an alphabet of signs. Turgy restored the knife to Madame Elizabeth; but a municipal who was present, seized it, and examined the knife, the handle of which he also separated: fortunately, there was no letter within—but the municipal, nevertheless, confiscated the knife to himself. It was then that the indefatigable Chevalier projected the second attempt about to be carried into effect through the medium of the house Dixmer had purchased. In the mean time, the prisoners, by degrees, lost all hope. The Queen had been alarmed by the cries in the street, which reached her, and from which she learned that the destruction of the Girondins was intended: they being the last support of moderation, she was seized with a profound melancholy. The Girondins once dead, the royal family had not another friend left in the Convention. At seven, supper was served. The municipals, as usual, examined each dish, unfolded, one after the other, the napkins, and broke the macaroni and nuts, least any letter might be concealed. These precautions taken, the Queen and princesses were invited to be seated, in these simple words—

"Widow Capet, you may eat."

The Queen bowed her head, in token that she was not hungry. But at this moment, Madame Royal came, as if to embrace her mother, and said in a low voice—

"Sit down to table, madam. I believe Turgy made a sign." The Queen started, and lifted her head. Turgy was before her, with a napkin on his left arm: he touched his eye with his right hand. The Queen immediately arose and took her place at table.

The two municipals were present at the repast, for they were forbidden to leave the princesses a moment alone with Turgy.

The Queen's feet and those of Madame Elizabeth met under the table, and exchanged a pressure.

As the Queen sat in front of Turgy, none of his gestures escaped her. Besides, all his movements were so natural that they did not, and could not, excite distrust on the part of the municipals. After supper, the same precautions were observed in removing as in serving. The least crust of bread was picked up and examined, after which Turgy went first, then the municipals; but Tison's wife remained. This woman had become furious ever since she was separated from her daughter, of whose fate she was completely ignorant. Every time the Queen embraced the Madame Royal, she was seized with an access of fury, resembling madness. The Queen, whose maternal heart comprehended a mother's grief, often paused before she gave herself that consolation, the only one that remained to her, viz., to press her daughter to her heart. Tison came to seek his wife, but she declared she would not retire until the Queen was in bed. Madame Elizabeth took leave of the Queen, and entered her chamber.

The Queen undressed and went to bed, as well as Madame Royal. The woman Tison then took the candle and retired.

The municipals were already extended on their rude couches in the corridor.

The moon, that pale visitor of the prisoners, sent a diagonal ray right to the front of the Queen's bed. For a moment, all remained calm and silent in the chamber. Then a door turned softly on its hinges, a figure passed the ray of moonlight, and approached the head of the bed: it was Madame Elizabeth.

"Have you seen anything?" said she, in a low voice.

"Yes," answered the Queen.

"Did you understand?"

"So well, that I can scarcely believe it."

"Let us see; repeat the signals."

"Firstly he touched his eye to show there was something new; then he changed the napkin from left to right, which signifies that they are now occupied with our deliverance; then he put his hand on his brow, to signify that the aid he announced came from the interior and not from the exterior; then, when he was asked not to forget the milk to-morrow, he made two knots in his handkerchief. It, is therefore, the Chevalier of the Red house; noble heart!"

"It is him!" said Madame Elizabeth.

'Are you asleep, daughter?" asked the Queen.

"No, mother," answered Madame Royal.

"Then pray for him; you know."

Madame Elizabeth regained her room without noise, and during a few minutes the voice of the young princess was heard communing with God during the silence of midnight.

This occurred at the precise moment that, under Morand's directions, the first stroke of the pickaxe was given in the cellar of the house in the Rue Corderie.

CHAPTER XV.

CLOUDS AND SHADOWS.

WITHOUT taking into consideration the intoxication of the first interview, Maurice found his reception to be beneath his expectation, and he calculated on solitary intercourse to regain the ground he had lost, or which he had apparently lost, in the course of his affection.

But Geneviève had her plan arranged; she determined in not permitting a private tête-à-tête, knowing how far their sweet attractions were dangerous. Maurice calculated on the following day; but a friend, no doubt previously invited, had come to pay Geneviève a visit, and she had retained her. This time he could say nothing, because he had no fault to find with Geneviève. On leaving, Maurice was requested to accompany her relative home to the street des Fosses St. Victor.

Maurice went away in a pet, but Geneviève smiled, and Maurice took it as a promise on her part. Alas! Maurice was deceived.

The next day, the 2nd of June, that terrible day which saw the fall of the Girondins, Maurice bowed out his friend Lorin, who wished to take him to the Convention, and lay aside every other business to visit his idol. The goddess of liberty

had a terrible rival in Geneviève: Maurice found her in the little saloon, full of grace and attractions; but in her company he found a young woman marking handkerchiefs, in the window corner, and who never left them. Maurice frowned; Geneviève saw the Olympian was in a bad humour, and redoubled her attentions; but as she was not so amiable as to dismiss the young attendant, Maurice became impatient, and left an hour earlier than usual. All this might have been accidental, so Maurice reserved his patience. That very night affairs became so terrible, that although Maurice had lived for some time out of the turmoil of politics, the rumours reached even to him.

It required nothing less than the fall of a party who had reigned ten months in France, to attract him from his love cares. The next day there was the same management visible on the part of Geneviève. Maurice perceiving this system, had arranged his measures; ten minutes after his arrival, Maurice seeing that the young woman, after having marked ten handkerchiefs, took up six dozen napkins, pulled out his watch, arose, bowed to Geneviève, and departed without saying one word. What was worse, when going away, he never once looked back.

Geneviève, who arose to watch him across the garden, remained for a moment, pale, nervous, and confused; then sank into a chair, filled with consternation at the result of her diplomacy. Dixmer entered at that very moment.

"Is Maurice gone?" asked he with astonishment.

"Yes," stammered Geneviève.

"But he had only this minute arrived."

"He had been here perhaps about a quarter of an hour."

"In that case, he may return."

"I doubt it much."

"You may leave us Muguet," said Dixmer. "The waiting woman had taken this name, through hatred of that of Marie, which she had had the misfortune to bear, as well as the Austrian. At the request of her master, she arose and retired.

"Well, my dear Geneviève, are you at peace with Maurice?"

"Quite the contrary, my dear friend; I believe we are at this moment on colder terms than ever."

"Who then is to blame this time?" asked Dixmer.

"Undoubtedly, Maurice."

"Let us see; make me the judge."

"What!" said Geneviève, blushing; "cannot you guess?"

"Perhaps he is vexed? Eh?"

"It seems he entertains some whim concerning Muguet."

"Bah! truly. In that case, you must send her away. I shall not deprive myself of such a friend as Maurice, for the sake of a chamber-maid."

"Oh!" said Geneviève; "I do not believe he will go so far as to exact her discharge, he will allow her—"

"What?"

"To be exiled from my apartment."

"And Maurice is right," said Dixmer. "He came to see you, and not Muguet. She need not, therefore, be here when he pays you a visit." Geneviève looked at her husband with astonishment.

"My dear friend—" said she.

"Geneviève," interrupted Dixmer, "I believed that I had in you an ally who would perform the duty imposed upon you with greater facility; and now on the contrary, your fears redouble our difficulties. Four days ago, I considered all was arranged between us; and now all has to be done over again. Geneviève, have I not told you that I relied on you, and in your honour; have I not said that it was necessary that Maurice should become our friend, more intimate and less distrustful than ever. Oh! my God! these women are an eternal obstacle to our projects!"

"Good God! have you no other method to propose? I have already said, that it would be better for all of us that Maurice was kept away."

"Yes, for us, perhaps: but for her who is above all of us—for her in whose behalf, we have sworn to sacrifice fortune, life, and happiness—it is necessary that the young man returns. Do you know that Turgy is suspected, and that they speak of giving another servant to the princesses?"

"'Tis well—I shall remove Muguet."

"Oh! my God!" said Dixmer, in one of those fits of impatience, so uncommon to him, "why speak of that? Why inflame my thoughts with yours? Why create difficulties in the very heart of difficulty? Geneviève, act as an honest woman, devoted to the duty you ought to perform; that is all I have to say. To-morrow, I take Morand's place in the engineering department. I shall not dine with you, but he will; there is something to be asked from Maurice: Morand will explain it. Think well, Geneviève, on the subject, for it is most important. It is not the end, but the means by which to effect the last hope of this excellent, noble and devoted man—of this protector of you and me, for whom we ought to sacrifice life itself."

"And for whom I would give mine," exclaimed Geneviève, with enthusiasm.

"Well! this man—Geneviève, I do not know how it is, but you have not made Maurice love him, which is all important. After the bad humour in which you have put Maurice, he may refuse, perhaps, that which Morand requires; and it is necessary to obtain it at any price. Do you wish, Geneviève, to be informed as to where Morand would guide your delicate feelings and sentimental disposition?"

"Oh, sir," exclaimed she, joining her hands, and turning pale, "speak no more of that."

"Well, then," resumed Dixmer, kissing her brow, "be strong and reflective." So saying, he departed.

"Oh! my God, my God!" murmured Geneviève in agony; "what pain they inflict in forcing me to accept of this love, to which my whole soul inclines!"

The next day happened to be a decadi (viz., the 10th day; each month being divided during the revolution into three equal parts, and each decadi answering for Sunday). It was customary in Dixmer's family, as well as in the families of all the *bourgeoises* (citizen shopkeepers) of the period, to have a larger and more ceremonious dinner on the decadi (revolutionary Sunday) than on any other day.

Since Maurice's intimacy, when once invited to this dinner, he was never absent; on that day, although they only sat down to dinner usually at two o'clock, Maurice generally arrived at noon. From the manner in which he had set out, Geneviève almost despaired of seeing him. In fact twelve o'clock struck without Maurice appearing; then the half-hour, then one. It would be impossible to describe what passed during this trial in Geneviève's heart; she was at first dressed in the simplest manner possible, then seeing he was late in coming, she, with a coquetry the most natural for a woman's heart, had put a flower in her breast, another in her hair, and waited; still her heart every moment becoming more and more oppressed. In this way things passed on until the moment approached that they should sit down to table; yet Maurice did not appear. About ten minutes before two, Geneviève heard a horse's steps; she recognized it as Maurice's.

"Here he is!" she exclaimed. "His pride could not contend against his love. He loves me! he loves me!"

Maurice leaped on the ground, gave his horse to the garden boy, and ordered him to wait for him where he was. Geneviève

saw him dismount, and observed with uneasiness that the lad did not lead the horse to the stable. Maurice now entered. That day his beauty was resplendent; his black coat, white waistcoat and chamois leather breeches showed off his fine figure and limbs, which might have been said to be designed after those of Apollo. His fine hair thrown back discovered a broad forehead, the type of a vigorous and powerful nature; on entering, his presence expanded Geneviève's heart, and she received him radiant with joy.

"Ah! you are here," said she holding out her hand; "you dine with us, don't you?"

"On the contrary, citizen," said Maurice in a distant manner, "I came to ask permission to absent myself."

"You absent yourself!"

"Yes; the business of the section requires my attention. I was afraid you would wait for me, and might accuse me of a want of politeness: that is the reason why I came."

Geneviève again felt her heart compressed.

"Good God!" said she; "and Dixmer, who does not dine here—Dixmer, who calculated on your return, and who requested me to detain you here—"

"Ah! then I comprehend your pressing invitation, madam; it was your husband's command. I do not understand that. In fact, I shall never be arrested in my fatuity."

"Maurice!"

"But, madam, I must pause to consider your actions rather than your words. I understand well, that if Dixmer is not here, I ought not to remain here: his absence would be an overburden of uneasiness to you."

"Why so?" asked Geneviève timidly.

"Because since my return you seem to make it your business to avoid me. I returned on your account, and for you alone, as you well know; and ever since I have incessantly encountered others beside you."

"Come, come," said Geneviève; "you are again vexed, notwithstanding I do my best."

"No, no, Geneviève, you might do better still: it is either to receive me as formerly, or dismiss me altogether."

"Come, Maurice," said Geneviève, tenderly; "comprehend my situation, divine my agony, and do not act the tyrant with me."

The young woman drew near, and looked upon him sadly. Maurice remained silent.

"What do you wish from me?" continued she.

"I wish to love you, Geneviève, since I feel that I cannot now exist without it."

"Maurice, have pity."

"Then, madam," exclaimed Maurice, "I can only seek death."

"Death!"

"Yes, death; or forget you."

"You could forget me!" exclaimed Geneviève, whose tears sprung from heart to eyes.

"Oh! no, no, no!" murmured Maurice, falling on his knees; "no, Geneviève! I may, perhaps, die, but never can I forget! Never!"

"However," resumed Geneviève, firmly, "it would be best, Maurice; this love is criminal."

"Have you said so to Morand?" asked Maurice, restored to himself by this coldness.

"Morand is not such a fool as you, Maurice; and I never had occasion to indicate to him how he should conduct himself in a friend's house."

"I could wager," answered Maurice, smiling with irony; "I could wager, that if Dixmer dines out, Morand will not be absent. Ah! Geneviève, that is what will prevent me from loving you; for Morand will be here, never quitting your side for a single moment. Oh! no, no," continued he with contempt, "I shall not love you; or at least I shall not avow that I do love you."

"And I," exclaimed Geneviève, driven to an extremity by this eternal suspicion, and grasping the young man's arm in a sort of frenzy; "I swear—do you hear me Maurice?—and let it satisfy you for once and for ever—I swear that Morand never addressed to me a single word of love. Morand never loved, and Morand never can love me; I swear this on my honour, and on my mother's soul."

"Alas, alas!" exclaimed Maurice; "I wish I could believe you."

"Believe me, poor fellow," said she, with a smile which, for another who was not jealous, would have appeared a charming avowal. "Believe me! Besides, do you wish to know more? Well, Morand loved a woman before whom all other women are thrown in the shade, like flowers eclipsed by the stars of heaven."

"And what woman," asked Maurice, "can thus surpass other women, when amongst them Geneviève is to be found?"

"She whom one loves," replied Geneviève smiling ; "is she not, tell me, the master-piece of the creation ?"

"Then," said Maurice, "if you do not love me, Genevieve—" The young woman awaited with anxiety the termination of the sentence. "If you do not love me," continued Maurice, "will you swear, at least, not to love another ?"

"As for that, Maurice, I swear it most willingly," exclaimed Geneviève, enchanted that Maurice, of his own accord, afforded her an alternative in accordance with her conscience. Maurice seized Geneviève's two hands which she had raised to heaven and kissed them ardently.

"Well," said he ; "now I shall be good, free, confident, and generous ; I shall smile and be happy."

"And you will demand no more ?" said Geneviève.

"I will endeavour not to do so."

"Now," said Geneviève, "I think it is unnecessary to detain your horse any longer. The section expects you."

"Oh ! Geneviève, I wish the whole world was waiting, and that I could make them wait on you."

Footsteps were heard in the court.

"They come to announce dinner," said Geneviève ; and they secretly pressed each others hand.

It was Morand, who came to announce that they only waited for Geneviève and Maurice to be seated at the table. He also was dressed up for the occasion.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DEMAND.

MORAND, dressed with much taste, was no small curiosity to Maurice. The exquisite, the most refined, would not have found any fault with his cravat, boots, or linen; but it must be admitted that there were always the same hair and spectacles. It then seemed to Maurice, so much had Geneviève's declaration satisfied him, that he saw for the first time the hair and spectacles in a proper light.

"The devil!" said Maurice inwardly, advancing to meet him; "I shall never be jealous of you, excellent citizen Morand. Put on what you please, and for the decadi provide a robe of gold, if you please; from this moment I resolve only to see your hair and spectacles, and above all never to accuse you of loving Geneviève."

One can easily comprehend why the hand of citizen Maurice, after this soliloquy, was more freely given to citizen Morand, and with greater cordiality than usual. Contrary to custom, there were only three covers laid at dinner. With his new dress Morand seemed also to have acquired a new mind, and its brilliancy was such as Maurice had frequently seen bursting from the lips of this strange man, and which would no doubt be accompanied by that of his eyes, but for the spectacles which extinguished the expression. He uttered a thousand follies without laughing. That which gave force to Morand's pleasantry, and a strange charm to his sallies, was his imperturbable gravity. This merchant, who had travelled so much

in the hide and fur trade, dealing from the panther to the rabbit skin—this chemist knew Egypt as well as Heroditus, Africa as well as Levaillant, and the opera as well as a Parisian exquisite.

"But, citizen Morand," said Maurice, "you are not only a knowing one, but a philosopher."

"Oh, I have read much and seen more," said Morand; "besides, may I not prepare myself for the pleasure I expect to enjoy when I have made my fortune? It is time, citizen Maurice, it is time——"

"Bah!" said Maurice, "you speak like an elder. How old are you?"

Morand started at this question, although so natural.

"I am thirty-eight. Ah, thus it is to be a philosopher, as you say. They have no longer any age."

Geneviève laughed and Maurice joined her; but Morand only smiled.

"So you have travelled much?" asked Maurice.

"One part of my youth was spent amongst strangers."

"You have seen much—pardon me—observed much I should rather say; for a man like you cannot see without observing."

"My faith, yes; seen much!" continued Morand; "I should say that I have almost seen everything."

"Everything, citizen?" answered Maurice laughing; "that is saying much. Find out something you have not seen."

"You are right; there are two things which I have never seen. It is true they are two things becoming more and more rare in our days."

"What are they?"

"The first," answered Morand gravely, "is a God."

"Ah!" said Maurice, "instead of that, citizen Morand, I could show you a goddess."

"How so?" interrupted Geneviève.

"Yes, a goddess of modern creation—the Goddess of Reason. I have a friend of whom you have heard me speak at times, my dear and brave Lorin, whose heart is like gold, but he possesses one fault, that of making jests."

"Well?"

"Well, he has favoured the citizens of Paris with a well-conditioned goddess, and against whom they could find no objection. It is the citizen Arthémise, the ex-opera dancer and now perfumer in the street Martin. As soon as she is definitively appointed goddess, I may let you see her."

Morand gravely bowed in acknowledgement, and continued—

"The other," said he, "is a king."

"Oh, that is more difficult," said Geneviève, attempting to laugh; "there are none."

"You ought to have seen the last," said Maurice.

"Hence it results," said Morand, "that I cannot form any idea of a crowned head. It must be a very melancholy sight."

"Very sad, indeed," said Maurice; "I assure you it is, as I have seen one for several months past."

"A crowned head?" asked Geneviève.

"Yes, one at least," replied Maurice, "which has carried the heavy burden of a crown."

"Ah, yes! the Queen!" said Morand; "you are right, Maurice; it must be a sad spectacle."

"Is she as fair and haughty as they say she is?" asked Geneviève.

"Have you never seen her, madam?" asked Maurice, in astonishment.

"Me? never!" replied the young woman.

"Indeed! that is strange."

"And why strange?" asked Geneviève. "We have dwelt in the provinces until '91; since then I have lived in the old street St. Jacques, which much resembles the provinces, if it was not that we have no sun, less air, and still fewer flowers. You know my life, citizen Maurice; it has always been the same. How could I have seen the Queen—there never was a chance afforded me?"

"And I do not suppose you would profit by that which unfortunately presents itself?" said Maurice.

"What do you mean?"

"The citizen Maurice," remarked Morand, "alludes to a circumstance which no longer is a secret."

"What?" asked Geneviève.

"The probable condemnation of Marie Antoinette to die on the same scaffold as her husband. The citizen says, in short, that you will not profit by the opportunity of seeing her when she leaves the Temple for the place of execution."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Geneviève at these words, which were pronounced by Morand in cold-blooded calmness.

"In that case put on your mourning," continued the impassable chemist; "for the Austrian is well guarded, and the Republic is a fairy which renders any one invisible when it pleases."

"I admit, however," said Geneviève, "that I should have been very curious to see the poor woman."

"Let me see," said Maurice, anxious to satisfy all Geneviève's desires; "are you really anxious? In that case speak. The Republic is, I admit, a fairy; but I, as a municipal, am somewhat of an enchanter."

"Could you, sir, find means to let me see the Queen?"

"Certainly I could."

"And how so?" asked Morand, exchanging a rapid glance with Geneviève, unnoticed by the young man.

"Nothing more simple. There are municipals whom they distrust; but I have given them sufficient proofs of my devotedness in the cause of liberty not to be reckoned amongst them. Besides, the entrance to the Temple depends on the municipals and the guard on duty. The commander is my friend, Lorin. Well, come to the Temple the day on which I am on guard—that is, Thursday next."

"Well," said Morand, "I hope your wish is now accomplished. How do you like it?"

"Oh! no, no," said Geneviève, "I cannot."

"Why so?" asked Maurice, who only looked upon this visit to the Temple as the means of seeing Geneviève upon a day he would be deprived of her company.

"Because," said Geneviève, "it might expose you, dear Maurice, to something disagreeable, and I should never forgive myself if, on account of a caprice of mine, any bitterness should arise."

"That is wisely said, Geneviève," said Morand. "Believe me, distrust prevails. The best patriots are suspected. Renounce your project, which is merely a caprice of curiosity."

"One would say, Morand, that you spoke with a jealous feeling—that never having seen either king or queen you do not wish others to see. Come, do not discuss the matter; be one of the party."

"Me!—my faith, no."

"It is not the citizen Dixmer who desires to visit the Temple; it is I who beg her to do so merely to enliven a poor prisoner. For once the gates are closed upon me, I am for twenty-four hours as much a prisoner as any king or prince of the blood. Come," said he again, "I beseech you."

"Come, Morand," said Geneviève, "accompany me."

"It is a day lost," said Morand, "and will retard by one the period when I design to retire from commerce,"

"In that case I shall not go," said Geneviève.

"Why so?" asked Morand.

"Is it not simple enough? I cannot rely on my husband going with me, and if you do not attend me, a sober man of thirty-eight, I shall not possess the courage to face the soldiers, and address a municipal so young."

"Then," said Morand, "since you consider my presence indispensable—"

"Come, come, citizen philosopher, be gallant as if you were an ordinary man, and sacrifice the half of a day to your friend's wife."

"Be it so," said Morand.

"Now," resumed Maurice, "I only ask one thing—it is discretion. It is a suspicious thing to visit the Temple, and should anything follow this visit all of us may be guillotined. The Jacobins never joke. *Peste!* You see how they have treated the Girondins."

"*Diable!*" said Morand. "What Maurice says requires consideration. That would be a method of retiring from commerce which would not suit me at all."

"Have you not heard citizen Maurice say *all*," said Geneviève smiling.

"Well, all."

"All together."

"Yes, doubtless," said Morand, "the company is agreeable; but I prefer living to dying in such company."

"Where the devil," said Maurice, inwardly, "was my mind when I believed that this man loved Geneviève."

"So," said Geneviève, "it is settled; therefore, Morand, the dreamer, remember it is Thursday next. Do not commence on Wednesday any chemical experiment which will detain you twenty-four hours, as usually happens."

"Be quite at your ease," said Morand; "but from this time to the day appointed you will remind me of the engagement."

Geneviève arose from the table; Maurice followed her example. Morand was about to follow them, when one of the workmen brought a small phial of liquid, which attracted his full attention.

"Make haste," said Maurice, dragging away Geneviève.

"Don't alarm yourself," said she; "he will be occupied at least a full hour."

The young woman gave him her hand, which he tenderly pressed. She felt remorse for her treachery, but repaid it in happiness.

"Do you see," said she to him when crossing the garden, and pointing to the carnations which had been carried into the open air to revive them, "my flowers are dead."

"Who killed them?—your negligence," said Maurice. "Poor flowers!"

"It was not my negligence, but your desertion."

"However, they required but little, Geneviève; a little water, that was all, and my absence ought to have left you that time."

"Ah!" said Geneviève, "if flowers were nourished with tears, those poor carnations would not have died."

Maurice embraced her, and before she could resist he applied his lips to hers; but as she had much wherewith to reproach herself she was indulgent.

Dixmer returned late, and when he came he found Morand, Geneviève, and Maurice discoursing upon botany in the garden.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

THE famous Thursday on which Maurice mounted guard at length arrived. It was in the beginning of the month of June. The sky was of a deep blue, on which background the flags usually erected on all new houses were drawn with their tall white staffs in distinct relief. People began to feel the approach of the dog-days, the ancients representing them as ruled by a terrible animal, whose thirst was inextinguishable, and which the Parisian rabble considered as well adapted for licking the streets. Paris was everywhere as clean as a carpet, and the odorous breeze fanning the trees and circulating around the flowers brought its perfumes to cause a sleepy forgetfulness to the inhabitants of the capital the sanguinary vapours of which smoked unceasingly on the public places.

Maurice had to enter the Temple at nine o'clock. His colleagues were Mercevault and Agricola. At eight o'clock he was in the old street St. Jacques, in grand costume as citizen municipal, that is to say, with a tricolored scarf twined around his nervous and elastic frame. He came as usual, on horseback, to see Geneviève, and during his journey he was greeted with flattering approbation, by no means dissembled on the part of the good patriots who saw him pass.

Geneviève was already dressed. She wore only a simple muslin dress, a light kind of taffeta mantle, and a small bonnet ornamented with the tricolor cockade. In this simple dress she was resplendent in her beauty.

Morand, who, as we have seen, allowed himself to be much pressed before he would go, had, doubtless to escape being suspected for an aristocrat, resumed his every-day dress. It was half citizen, half artizan, in character. He had just returned home, and his countenance expressed great fatigue. He pretended that he had been occupied the whole night with some pressing duty.

Dixmer had also gone out the moment his friend Morand arrived.

"Well," asked Geneviève, "have you decided, Maurice, how we shall see the Queen?"

"Hear me," said Maurice. "My plan is arranged. I shall arrive at the Temple with you. I will recommend you to my friend, Lorin, who commands the guard, then take my post, and at a favourable moment I shall come in search of you."

"But," asked Morand, "where shall we see the prisoners, and how will they see us?"

"During breakfast or dinner, if this is agreeable, and through the glass door."

"Perfectly so," said Morand.

Maurice then saw Morand approach the sideboard at the bottom of the room, and hastily swallow a glass of wine. That circumstance surprised him much; Morand was very sober, and in general only drank coloured water.

Geneviève saw Maurice observing the drinker with astonishment.

"Look," said she, "how this poor Morand kills himself at his work. He has taken nothing since yesterday morning."

"He did not dine here, then?" asked Maurice.

"No; he has been making some experiments in town."

Geneviève took altogether unnecessary precaution. Maurice, like a true lover, that is, a selfish one, had only remarked Morand's action with the superficial attention which amorous persons direct to everything that does not concern the woman they love. To the glass of wine Morand added a morsel of bread, which he also hastily swallowed.

"And now," said he, "my dear citizen Maurice, I am ready whenever you think proper to set out."

Maurice, who had plucked the petals of a carnation which he gathered as he passed, presented his arm to Morand, and said "Let us go."

They departed. Maurice was so happy that he could scarce

contain himself. He would have shouted for joy if he could have allowed himself to do so. In truth, what more could he desire? Not only did she not love Morand, of which he was sure, but she loved him, of which he had hope. God had granted them a splendid day. Geneviève's arm trembled in his, as the public criers announced the triumph of the Jacobins, and the fall of Brissot and his accomplices, proclaiming the country saved.

There are indeed moments during life when the heart of man is too narrow to contain the grief and joy concentrated within it.

"Oh! what a splendid day," exclaimed Morand.

Maurice turned with astonishment. That was the first involuntary ejaculation of pleasure he had ever heard escape from that spirit always wandering or retiring,

"Oh, yes! very beautiful," said Geneviève, allowing herself to lean on Maurice's arm; "may it remain pure and cloudless until night as it is now."

Maurice applied both the words and the happiness to himself.

Morand looked at Geneviève through his green spectacles with an expression of gratitude. Perhaps he also had applied the expression.

They passed the small bridge, the street of the Juverie, and the bridge of Nôtre Dame. They then passed the Place de l'Hotel Ville, Rue Bar-du-bec, and the Rue Saint Avoye. As they progressed Maurice's footsteps became lighter, whilst on the other hand those of his companions lingered more and more. They had thus reached the street Des Vielles Haudriettes, when suddenly a flower-girl stopped the passage, presenting her flat flower-basket before them.

"What magnificent carnations!" exclaimed Maurice.

"Beautiful indeed!" said Geneviève. "It seems as if those who reared them had no other occupation, for these are not dead."

This remark produced a soft impression on Maurice's heart.

"Ah! my fair municipal," said the flower-girl, "buy a bouquet for the pretty citizen; she is dressed in white; these are superb red carnations; white and purple answer well together. She will put the bouquet over her heart, and as her heart is very near your blue dress, you will have the national colours."

The flower-girl was young and pretty. She addressed her

little compliment with peculiar grace. It was, besides, well chosen; and might have been purposely made, for it could not have applied better to circumstances. The flowers were besides symbolical. They were carnations similar to those dead in the mahogany case.

"Yes," said Maurice, "I will buy some from you because they are carnations; do you understand? I detest every other kind of flower."

"Oh! Maurice," said Geneviève; "it is useless. We have so many in the garden."

Notwithstanding this refusal of the lips, the eyes showed that she died to possess a bouquet. Maurice took the finest of the lot. It was, besides, that one which the flower-girl presented. The bouquet consisted of twenty carnations, of an acrid, healthy odour. In the middle towered, like a king, an enormous carnation.

"There," said Maurice to the merchant, throwing on her basket an *assignat* (note) for five francs; "there is something for you."

"Thanks, my fair municipal; five times thanks;" and she went towards a couple of other citizens, in the hope that a day so well begun might continue.

During this, to all appearance, simple scene, lasting only a few seconds, Morand wavered on his feet and wiped his brow, whilst Geneviève was pale and trembling. She took the bouquet from Maurice, and carried it to her head, less for the purpose of breathing the odour than concealing her emotion.

The remainder of the journey was made gaily, at least as far as Maurice was concerned. With Geneviève her gaiety was constrained. As for Morand, his was made apparent in an odd manner, viz., by suppressed sighs, by loud laughter, and by formidable pleasantries, scattered about like a shower of shot.

At nine o'clock they reached the Temple. Santerre called the roll of municipals, among which was that of Maurice Lindey.

"Here I am," said Maurice, leaving Geneviève under Morand's protection.

"Ah! you are welcome," said Santerre, holding out his hand to the young man.

Maurice took care not to refuse the offer. The friendship of Santerre was certainly one of the most precious acquisitions of the epoch.

On seeing the man who had commanded the celebrated beating of drums when the King wished to be heard on the scaffold, Geneviève shuddered, and Morand grew pale.

"Who is this beautiful citizen?" asked Santerre of Maurice; "and what has she to do here?"

"It is the excellent Dixmer's wife. You must have heard, citizen general, of this excellent patriot?"

"Yes, yes; a master tanner; captain of the chasseurs of the legion Victor."

"The same."

"Good, good! Faith, she is pretty; and that dirty baboon to whom she gives her arm?"

"That is citizen Morand, the husband's partner; also a chasseur in Dixmer's company."

Santerre approached Geneviève.

"Good day, citizen," said he.

Geneviève made an effort within herself. "Good day, citizen general," said she, smiling.

Santerre was at once flattered by the title and smile.

"And what has brought you here, fair citizen?" continued Santerre.

"The citizen," resumed Maurice, "has never seen widow Capet, and she wishes to be gratified so far."

"Yes," said Santerre, with an atrocious grimace, "before she——"

"Precisely," coldly answered Maurice.

"Well," said Santerre, "only endeavour to prevent them seeing her enter the keep; it would be a bad example; besides, I rely much on you."

Santerre again shook hands with Maurice, nodded amicably and with the air of a protector to Geneviève, and went to fulfil his functions.

After many evolutions of grenadiers and chasseurs, after several manœuvres with artillery, whose heavy reverberations they thought might produce a salutary intimidation in the neighbourhood, Maurice took Geneviève's arm, and, followed by Morand, advanced to the post where Lorin was craning his neck to watch the manœuvres of his battalion.

"Good," cried he, "there is Maurice. *Peste!* along with a woman, who seems to me rather agreeable. Is it possible the rascal will make any opposition to my goddess of reason. If it is so, alas, poor Arthémise!"

"Well, citizen adjutant," cried the captain,

"Ah! true. Attention!" cried Lorin. "File to the left! Good day, Maurice. Quick march!"

The drums beat, the companies took their positions, and when each was placed Lorin ran to join them.

The first compliments exchanged, Maurice presented Lorin to Geneviève, and Morand then commenced explanations.

"Yes, yes; I understand," said Lorin.

"You wish the two citizens to enter the keep. It is quite easy. I am about to plant the sentinels, and I can tell them to allow you and your company to pass.

Ten minutes later Geneviève and Morand entered after three municipals, and took their places behind the glass door.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RED CARNATION.

THE Queen had just arisen. Having been indisposed during several days she lay in bed later than usual. Her sister having apprised her that the day was magnificent, she made an effort to get up to take an airing with her daughter on the terrace, that liberty having been granted according to her request; besides, she had another reason. Once, only once it is true, she had from the summit of the tower seen the Dauphin in the garden, but at the first symptom of recognition Simon interposed and drove in the child. At all events she had seen him, and that was much. It is true the poor little prisoner was very pale, and greatly altered. He was clad like the child of a labourer, with his *carmagnole* and large pantaloons: they had left his beautiful curling fair hair, which, like a crown, God intended, doubtless, the martyred child to wear in heaven. If she could only see him once more, what joy to the mother's heart! There was another besides all these.

"Sister," Madam Elizabeth here remarked, "you know that we found in the corridor some straw piled in the corner; according to the language of our signs that would signify that we must be on our guard, and that a friend approaches."

"True," answered the Queen, regarding her sister and daughter with compassion, encouraging them at the same time not to despair of their safety.

The exigencies of the service having been fulfilled, Maurice was so much the more master within the keep of the Temple since the chance had decided that he should be on guard during the day, whilst Agricola and Mercevault were to be on duty during the night.

The municipals exchanging guard had departed, leaving their report with the Council of the Temple.

"Well, citizen municipal," said Tison's wife, coming forward to salute him, "you bring some society to view our cooped up pigeons. I am the only one condemned never to see my poor Heloïse."

"These are friends of mine," said Maurice, "who have never seen the woman Capet."

"They could not be better than behind the glass."

"Certainly not," remarked Morand.

"Only," said Geneviève, "we have the air of cruel curiosity of those who look through the bars to enjoy the prisoners' torments."

"Ah! why do you not see them on their way to the tower, since the woman walks out to-day with her sister and daughter, for they have left her her child, whilst they have taken away mine who am not guilty. Oh, the aristocrats! they will always do as they please—the poor receive no favour, citizen Maurice."

"But they have taken away her son," replied he.

"Ah, if I had a son," murmured the woman, "I believe I should not regret my daughter so much."

Geneviève had in the meantime exchanged several glances with Morand.

"My friend," said the young woman to Maurice, "the citizen is right. If you will place me in some manner in the way of Marie Antoinette, that would produce less repugnance within me than to see her here. It seems that this mode of seeing the prisoners is humiliating at once to them and to ourselves."

"Excellent Geneviève," said Maurice, "you are full of delicacy."

"Ah! *Pardieu!* citizen," exclaimed one of the municipals on duty, who were breakfasting on bread and sausages in the antechamber, "if you were a prisoner and the widow Capet felt any anxiety to see you, she would not, *coquine*, make so much ceremony about satisfying her fantasy."

Geneviève, by a movement rapid as lightning, turned her

MARIE ANTOINETTE ACCEPTING A CARNATION FROM GENEVIÈVE.

eyes towards Morand to observe the effect of such insults. In fact he started, a strange light flashed from his eyes, and his hands were knitted together for an instant; but all these signs passed so rapidly that they were not observed.

"Who do they call this municipal?" asked she from Maurice.

"Citizen Mercevault," answered the young man; then he added, as if to excuse his rudeness, "he is a stone-cutter."

Mercevault heard it, and looked towards Maurice.

"Come, come," said Tison's wife, "finish your sausage and your pint, that I may clear the table."

"It is not the Austrian's fault that I live to finish my repast," grumbled the municipal; "if she could have caused my death on the 10th of August she would certainly have done so; but on the day when she sneezes into the sack I shall be in the front ranks firm at my post."

Morand became pale as death.

"Come, come, citizen Maurice," said Geneviève, "lead us where you promised. Here I feel as if I were a prisoner. I am suffocated."

Maurice led out Morand and Geneviève. The sentinels, instructed by Lorin, let them pass without any difficulty. He placed them in a small passage on the upper story so that the instant the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royal, ascended to the gallery, these august personages could not do otherwise than pass before them.

As the promenade was fixed for 10 o'clock, and as there were a few minutes to spare, Maurice not only did not leave his friends, but lest the slightest suspicion might attach to this visit, however little illegal, he, having encountered Agricola, took him along with him.

Ten o'clock struck.

"Open," cried a voice at the bottom of the tower, which Maurice recognised as that of Santerre. Then the guard took arms. The gates were closed. The sentinels shouldered arms. There was a thunder of iron, stone, and footsteps, which made a strong impression upon Morand and Geneviève, for Maurice saw them both grow pale.

"What precautions," murmured Geneviève, "to guard three women."

"Yes," said Morand, attempting to laugh; "if those who attempt to carry them off were in our place, and saw what we now see, it would disgust them with their trade."

"In fact," said Geneviève, "I begin to believe they will not escape".

"And I," said Maurice, "hope so."

He leaned as he spoke on the railing of the stair.

"Attention," said he; "here are the prisoners—the two who ascend first are the sister and daughter of Capet, the last one, preceded by a lap-dog, is Marie Antoinette."

Geneviève stepped forward; but Morand, on the other hand, instead of looking pressed close to the wall. His lips were more livid and death-like than the stone of the keep. Geneviève, with her white dress and her fine eyes, seemed an angel attending the prisoners to soften their bitter journey, and give a passing joy to their hearts. Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royal went on, after casting a look of astonishment upon the stranger. Doubtless, the first supposed it was those whom the signs had announced, for she quickly turned to Madame Royal and squeezed her hand, letting fall her handkerchief as if to warn the Queen.

"Take care, sister; I have dropped my handkerchief," and she ascended with the young princess.

The Queen, her short breath and dry cough indicating her complaint, stooped to pick up the handkerchief; but the little dog, quicker than she was, seized it and ran with it after Madame Elizabeth. The Queen still ascended, and after mounting several steps she stood before Geneviève, Morand, and the young municipal.

"Ah! flowers," said she. "It is a long time since I have seen any; how sweet they smell. Oh! but you are fortunate to have flowers, madam."

Quick as the thought produced by these words, Geneviève offered the bouquet to the Queen. Marie Antoinette then raised her head, looked at her, and an almost imperceptible flush appeared on her brow.

But by a kind of natural movement, which habitude produces, Maurice stretched out his hand to retain Geneviève's arm. The Queen hesitated, looked at Maurice and recognized the young municipal, who was accustomed to address her with firmness, but at the same time with respect.

"Is it forbidden, sir?" asked she.

"No no, madam," said Maurice.

"Geneviève, you may present the bouquet."

"Thanks, thanks, sir," exclaimed the Queen with gratitude.

Bowing with graceful affability to Geneviève, Marie Antoinette stretched out a thin hand, and gathered as if by hazard a carnation from the mass of flowers.

"Take them all, madam; take them," said Geneviève, timidly.

"No," said the Queen, with a charming smile. "This bouquet comes perhaps from a person whom you love, and I will not deprive you of it."

Geneviève blushed, which caused the Queen to smile.

"Come, come, citizen Capet," said Agricola; "you must pass on."

The Queen bowed, and passed on, but before she disappeared she turned once more, murmuring—

"What a sweet carnation! What a pretty woman!"

"She has not seen me," murmured Morand, who, almost on his knees within the shade of the corridor, had not attracted the Queen's attention.

"But you, you have seen them. Is it not so Morand? Is it not so Geneviève?" said Maurice, doubly rejoiced; first at the sight he had procured his friends, and again at the pleasure which he had, at such a trifling expense, procured the prisoner.

"Oh! yes, yes," said Geneviève, "I have now seen her, and if I lived an hundred years, I should see her still."

"How do you find her?"

"Very beautiful."

"And you, Morand?"

Morand joined his hands without reply.

"Tell me," said Maurice in a low voice, and laughing to Geneviève, "is Morand in love with the Queen?"

Geneviève started, but governing herself, replied, laughing in turn, "On my faith it seems so."

"Well," insisted Maurice, "you do not say how you liked her, Morand?"

"She was very pale," answered he.

Maurice took Geneviève's arm and descended to the court. In the dark stair-case, Maurice thought she kissed his hand.

"Well," said Maurice; "what is the meaning of this?"

"It signifies that I never shall forget that you have from a caprice of mine risked your head."

"Oh! that is exaggeration, Geneviève. Between you and I, you know that gratitude is not what I want."

Geneviève softly pressed his arm.

Morand almost staggered along. They reached the court. Lorin recognised the two visitors, and they left the Temple. But before parting, Geneviève caused Maurice to promise that he would dine next day in the old street, St. Jacques.

CHAPTER XIX.

SIMON THE CENSOR.

HIS heart filled with a celestial joy, Maurice returned gaily to his post. He found Tison's wife weeping.

"What is the matter with you, mother?"

"I am furious," answered she.

"Why?"

"Because all in this world are unjust to the poor."

"In short—"

"You are rich; you are a bourgeois; you are here only during one day, and they permit you to be visited by pretty women who present flowers to the Austrian. As for me, they deny me the sight of my poor Sophie."

Maurice took her hand and slipped into it an *assignat* of ten francs.

"There, good Tison, take that and have courage; eh! *mon Dieu,* the Austrian will not remain here always."

"An *assignat* of ten francs? It is kind on your part, but I would rather have one of my poor daughter's curl-papers."

As she concluded these words, Simon, who was ascending, heard her, and saw her stuff into her pocket the note Maurice had given her.

We need not say in what disposition Simon was. He had just returned from the court where he had encountered Lorin. There was evidently a strong antipathy between these men; not so much caused by the scene of violence we recorded, as

by a difference in race and instinct. Simon was ugly—Lorin was good looking. Simon was dirty—Lorin was perfumed. Simon was a ferocious republican—Lorin was one of those ardent patriots who in the revolution made nothing but sacrifices. Besides, if it came to blows, Simon instinctively felt his own inferiority to the dandified soldier. Simon perceiving Lorin, stopped, and grew pale.

"Still this battalion," grumbled he, "that mounts guard."

"Well! What more?" answered a grenadier, to whom the apostrophe was displeasing. "It seems to me as good as another."

Simon took a pencil from his pocket and pretended to trace a note on a slip of paper which was about as black as his hands.

"Eh! Simon," said Lorin, "you can write since you have become the preceptor of Capet. Look ye, citizens; on my word of honour he takes notes. It is Simon the censor."

A universal roar of laughter burst from the ranks of the young national guards, who being all well educated young men, quizzed the wretched cobbler.

"Good, good," said he, grinding his teeth, and burning with rage. "They say you have permitted two strangers to enter the keep, and that without the permission of the Commune. Good, good; I shall go and draw up a statement for the municipal."

"At least, he knows how to write," answered Lorin. "It is Maurice, you know, good Simon—it is Maurice with the iron hand, you know."

At this very moment, Morand and Geneviève came out.

At this sight, Simon darted into the keep at the very moment, as we have stated, Maurice was consoling Tison's wife with a present of ten francs.

Maurice took no notice of the wretch's presence, whom, besides, he avoided instinctively, every time he met him, as one would a venomous and disgusting reptile.

"Ah! Ah!" said Simon to the woman who was drying her eyes with her apron; "you are determined to be guillotined, citizen?"

"Me! and why so?"

"Why, you are paid by the municipals for admitting aristocrats to see the Austrian."

"Me! silence," said the woman; "you are a fool."

"That shall be consigned to my report," said Simon with emphasis.

"Get along. They were friends of Maurice, the municipal, one of the best patriots living."

"Conspirators, I tell you. The Commune shall be informed, and shall judge for themselves."

"Come, you wish to denounce me as a spy."

"Exactly, if you do not denounce in turn."

"Denounce what? What would you have me denounce?" asked she.

"What has just occurred," said Simon.

"But since nothing has occurred—"

"Where were these aristocrats?" asked Simon.

"There, on the staircase."

"When widow Capet ascended the tower?"

"Yes."

"And they spoke to her?" asked Simon.

"A few words," answered Tison's wife.

"A few words? See you—something smells of aristocracy here."

"Rather say of a carnation."

"A carnation! Why a carnation?"

"Because the lady had a bouquet which scented the place."

"What citizen was that?" asked Simon.

"She who saw the Queen pass," answered she.

"Do you not see, woman, that you say Queen? Association will destroy you. Well—what's this I am trampling upon?" continued Simon bending down.

"Eh! decidedly," said the woman Tison, "it is a flower—a carnation. It must have fallen from Madame Dixmer, when Marie Antoinette took one from the bouquet."

"Capet's wife took a flower from the bouquet of citizen Dixmer?" asked Simon.

"Yes; and, do you hear, it was I who gave it to her," said Maurice in a menacing voice, after having listened for some time with impatience to the conversation.

"'Tis well—'tis well one sees what they do see, and one knows what they say," grumbled Simon who held in his hand the carnation, bruised by his large foot.

"I," replied Maurice, "know one thing, and I am about to tell it you. It is that you have nothing to do in the keep—your post as executioner is below, beside the little Capet, whom, however, you shall not beat to-day, seeing that I am here to forbid it."

"Ah! you threaten, and call me executioner," exclaimed

Simon, crushing the flower between his fingers. "Ah! we shall see whether aristocrats are permitted. Eh! well; what is this?"

"What?" asked Maurice.

"What I feel in the carnation! Ah! Ah!" and, before the stupified eyes of Maurice, Simon pulled from the cup of the flower, a small piece of paper, rolled with exquisite care, and which had been artistically introduced into the centre.

"Ah! *mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Maurice.

"What is that?"

"We shall soon know, we shall soon know," said Simon, approaching the window. "Ah! your friend Lorin said I could not read—we shall see."

Lorin had calumniated Simon. He could read every kind of print and writing, when of a certain size. But the note had been written so very fine that Simon was obliged to have recourse to his spectacles. He therefore placed the note on the window-sill to take an inventory of his pockets. In the middle of his occupation, the citizen Agricola opened the door of the antechamber, which was facing the little window, and a current of wind swept away the thin paper like a feather, so that when Simon, after exploring his pockets for a moment, discovered his spectacles, put them on his nose, and turned round, the paper had vanished! He searched for it, but in vain. Simon upon this emitted a deep growl.

"There was a paper here," exclaimed he. "There *was* one, but take care, citizen Maurice; mark me, it *must* be found."

He rapidly descended the stairs, leaving Maurice completely stupified.

In ten minutes three members of the Commune entered the keep. The Queen was still upon the terrace, and orders were given to leave her in perfect ignorance of what had happened. The members of the Commune were conducted to her. The first object which struck them, was the red carnation which she still held in her hand. They looked at each other with surprise, and approached her.

"Give us that flower," said the president of the deputation.

The Queen, who did not expect such an interruption, started, and hesitated.

"Give up the flower, madam," exclaimed Maurice, with a kind of terror; "I beg of you to do so."

The Queen held out the carnation. The president took it and retired, followed by his colleagues into a neighbouring chamber, to make an examination and draw up a report.

They opened the flower; it was empty! Maurice breathed.

"A moment, a moment," cried one of the members. "*The heart has been removed!* It is true the cavity is empty, but, most assuredly, there has been a note concealed within."

"I am ready," said Maurice, "to supply every necessary explanation in my power; but in the first place, I demand to be arrested."

"We shall," replied the president, "record your proposition, but shall not avail ourselves of the right. You are known, citizen Lindey, to be a good patriot."

"And I will," said Maurice, "answer on my life for the friends whom I had the imprudence to bring with me here."

"Answer for no one," said the procurator. At this moment a dreadful noise was heard in the court-yard. It was Simon, who having fruitlessly sought for the note, had gone to Santerre, and recounted the attempt made to rescue the Queen, with all the accessory circumstances which his vivid imagination could add. Santerre hastened out. The Temple was immediately invested, and the guard changed, to the great chagrin of Lorin, who loudly protested against the insult offered to his battalion.

"Ah, you wretched cobbler," said he, menacing Simon with his sabre. "I owe this pleasantry to you; but be easy, I will pay it back again."

"I rather think you will pay for it all to the nation," said the cobbler, rubbing his hands.

"Citizen Maurice," said Santerre; "hold yourself ready at the call of the Commune, who will interrogate you."

"I am at your service, commandant, but I have already demanded to be arrested, and I do so again."

"Wait, wait," murmured Simon, sullenly. "Since you are so anxious for that, we shall manage the affair for you." And he went to find Tison's wife.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GODDESS OF REASON AND THE FLOWER GIRL.

DURING the whole of the day they searched in the court, garden, and neighbourhood for the piece of paper which had caused all the disturbance, and which they had no doubt contained some conspiracy. The Queen was examined apart from her sister and daughter, but she made no other reply except that she had encountered a young woman on the stairs, bearing a bouquet; that the latter had presented her with the flowers, and that she contented herself with taking one. Besides, had she not taken the flower with the consent of the municipal Maurice? She had nothing more to state. It was the truth in all its simplicity and force. All was repeated to Maurice when his turn came, and he corroborated the Queen's deposition as faithful and exact.

"Then," said the president, "there was no conspiracy?"

"It is impossible," replied Maurice. "It was I who proposed, when dining with Madame Dixmer, that she should see the Queen, whom she had never beheld. But nothing was arranged as to the day or the means."

"But they were provided with flowers," said the president; "and the bouquet must have been previously prepared."

"Not at all; I myself purchased them from a flower-girl, who offered them to us at the corner of the street Vielles Haudriettes."

"At least this-flower girl presented you the bouquet?" interrogated the president."

"No, citizen, I chose it myself out of a dozen: it is true I picked out the prettiest."

"During the remainder of your walk, a note might have been introduced among them?"

"Impossible, citizen; I did not leave Madame Dixmer a single minute. If it is true what Simon says, each of the flowers must have enclosed a note, and that operation would have occupied at least half-a-day."

"In short, might not two notes, prepared before-hand, have been slipped amongst the flowers?" suggested the president.

"The prisoner in my presence, took one at a hazard, after having refused the whole of the bouquet."

"Then, according to your opinion, citizen Lindey, there has been no conspiracy?"

"Certainly, there has been a conspiracy," resumed Maurice; "and I am the first, not only to believe it, but to affirm it; only I assert that this conspiracy did not proceed from my friends. However, as it is necessary that the nation should not be exposed to any danger, I offer myself, as a precaution, a prisoner."

"Not at all," answered Santerre; "we do not deal thus with tried men like you. If you constitute yourself a prisoner to answer for your friend, I shall constitute myself, also, a prisoner to answer for you; thus, the thing is simple enough: there is no positive denunciation. Is it not so? No one shall know what has passed. Let us redouble our surveillance—you above all—and we shall soon unriddle the mystery by avoiding publicity."

"Thanks, commandant," said Maurice; "but I shall answer as you would in my place; we ought not to rest here. We must discover the flower-girl."

"The flower-girl is doubtless far enough away, but rest satisfied they shall seek for her; you watch your friends, and I shall guard the correspondence of the prison."

They did not think of Simon, but he had his own project. He arrived at the close of the examination to ask the news, and learned the decision of the Commune.

"Ah! we must have a denunciation according to rule," said he, "to settle this business. Wait five minutes and I will bring it."

"What is it then?" asked the president.

"It is," answered the cobbler, "the courageous citizen Tison, who denounces the hollow practices of that partisan to the aristocracy, Maurice, and the ramifications to one of his friends, the false patriot Lorin."

"Take care! take care, Simon!" said the president; "your zeal for the nation perhaps leads you astray: Maurice Lindey and Hyacinth Lorin are tried men."

"We shall see that on trial," replied Simon.

"Think better of it, Simon; this may prove a scandalous prosecution to all sound patriots."

"Scandalous or not, what is that to me? Do you think I fear scandal? The whole truth at least shall be known concerning the traitors."

"So you persist in your denunciation in the name of the woman Tison?"

"I shall myself, citizen president, denounce them at the Cordeliers, and you amongst the rest, if you do not instantly decide the arrest of the traitor Maurice Lindey."

"Well, be it so," said the president, who yielding to the custom of that wretched epoch, trembled before him who made the loudest outcry. "Well, be it so; they shall be arrested."

During the time that judgment was given against him, Maurice had returned to the Temple, where a letter awaited him, thus conceived—

"Our guard having been violently interrupted, I shall not, in all probability, be able to see you before to-morrow morning; come and breakfast with me, and put me in possession of those schemes and conspiracies discovered by Simon.

'The evil from carnation springs,
So Simon says he can depose;
'Tis my resolve, whate'er it brings,
To go interrogate the rose.'

To-morrow I shall inform you what answer Arthémise has made.

"Your Friend,

"LORIN."

Maurice answered

"Nothing new. Rest in peace this night and breakfast without me to-morrow, seeing that on account of the incidents of the day I may not go out before noon. I wish I was a zephyr,

to be entitled to send a kiss to the rose of whom you speak—you may whistle down my prose as I do your verse.

"Your Friend,

"MAURICE."

"P.S. I believe after all, that the conspiracy was merely a a false alarm."

Lorin had, indeed, thanks to the brutal motive of the cobbler—departed about eleven o'clock with the whole of his battalion. He consoled himself in the midst of his humiliation by a ditty, and as he stated he had set out to visit Arthémise.

Arthémise was delighted to see Lorin arrive. The weather being beautiful, she proposed a promenade along the quays, which was accepted. They proceeded along conversing on politics; Lorin recounting his expulsion from the Temple, and wondering what circumstance could have provoked it, when, on reaching the summit of the street des Barres, they perceived a flower-girl, who like themselves was ascending the right bank of the Seine.

"Oh, citizen Lorin," said Arthémise, "I hope you will present me with a bouquet?"

"Certainly, two," said Lorin, "if it is agreeable to you."

The couple increased their pace to overtake the flower-girl, who proceeded onwards very rapidly; on reaching the Pont Marie, the young girl paused, and leaning over the parapet emptied her basket into the river. The scattered flowers whirled in the air for an instant, but the bouquets, inclined by their weight, rapidly descended, and then both swam on the surface, following the course of the stream.

"Hold!" said Arthémise, addressing the flower-girl, who made such a strange market of her goods: "one might declare—yes—no—yes—ah! all this is very strange!"

The flower-girl put her finger on her lips to enjoin silence, and disappeared.

"What is it?" asked Lorin. "Do you know this mortal goddess?"

"No! I believed I did at first; but I am assuredly deceived."

"How was it, then, that she made a sign to you?" questioned Lorin.

"Why is she a flower-girl this morning?" inwardly asked Arthémise, interrogating herself.

"You admit, then," resumed Lorin, "that you know her?"

"Yes," answered Arthémise: "she is a flower-girl, from whom I make purchases at times."

"At all events," said Lorin, "she has a singular mode of disposing of her merchandize."

Both paused for a moment and watched for the last time the flowers, which had already reached the wooden bridge, where they received a fresh impulse from the arm of the river passing through its arches. Then our couple continued their journey, intending to dine together at la Rapée. The incident was attended with no immediate result; only as the event seemed of a such a strange and mysterious character, it was implanted in the poetic imagination of Lorin.

In the meantime, the denunciation of the woman Tison; directed against Maurice and Lorin, created a great commotion in the Jacobin club; and Maurice received notice at the Temple that his liberty was menaced by public indignation. He was advised to conceal himself, if guilty; but, strong in conscious rectitude, Maurice remained at the Temple, where he was found at his post when they came to arrest him. Maurice was immediately examined. Remaining firm to his resolution not to implicate any of his friends in whom he had confidence, Maurice, who was not a man to sacrifice himself ridiculously by his silence, like an hero of romance, demanded the accusation of the flower-girl.

It was five o'clock when Lorin returned home. He instantly heard of the arrest of Maurice, and was informed of the demand he had made.

The flower-girl of the Pont Marie, throwing her bouquets into the Seine, instantly recurred to his mind. The revelation was sudden. This strange flower-girl, the coincidence of the neighbourhood, the half avowal of Arthémise, all instinctively pointed out to him the revelation of the mystery which Maurice demanded. He sprang out of his chamber, rushed down the stairs, and hastened to the Goddess of Reason, who was embroidering golden stars upon a blue gauze robe. It was her robe of divinity.

"A truce to the stars, my dear friend," said Lorin; "Maurice has been arrested this morning, and I shall be most probably this evening."

"Maurice arrested?"

"Oh! *mon Dieu!* yes. In these times nothing is so common as great events. No attention is paid to them, because they

SIMON DENOUNCING MAURICE LINDEY.

occur in crowds, that is all. But as all these great events spring from trifles, let us not neglect trifles. Who was that flower-girl whom we encountered this morning, my dear friend?"

Arthémise started.

"Which flower-girl?"

"*Par dieu!* She, who with such prodigality threw her flowers into the Seine."

"Eh! My God!—is this circumstance so grave that you return with such a request?"

"So serious, my dear friend, that I beg you will answer me without hesitation."

"Alas, my friend, I cannot!"

"Goddess! nothing is impossible to you."

"I am bound in honor to be silent."

"And I am, for the same reason, compelled to make you speak."

"But why do you insist so much?"

"Why! *Morbleu!* that Maurice may not have his head cut off."

"Oh! my God! Maurice guillotined!" exclaimed the young woman, becoming dreadfully alarmed.

"Yes. Without speaking of myself, who, in fact, dare not now answer for my own head remaining on my shoulders."

"Oh! no, no!" said Arthémise, "I would certainly destroy her first."

At that moment Lorin's domestic precipitated himself into the room.

"Ah, citizen!" cried he, "fly! fly!"

"And why so?" asked Lorin.

"Because the gensdarmes have presented themselves at your house, and whilst they beat in the door I gained the neighboring house by the roof and ran to warn you."

Arthémise uttered a terrible cry. She really loved Lorin.

"Arthémise," said Lorin, "place the life of a flower-girl against that of Maurice and your lover. If it is thus, I declare that I cease to consider you as the Goddess of Reason, and may proclaim you the goddess of folly."

"Poor Heloise!" exclaimed the opera dancer; "it is not my fault if I deceive you."

"Good, good, my dear friend," said Lorin, presenting a paper to Arthémise, "you have already gratified me with the baptismal, give me now the family name and address."

"Write it?—oh! never, never!" exclaimed Arthémise. "To speak it is enough."

"Speak it, then, and feel perfectly satisfied that I shall not forget it."

She then quickly gave the name and address of the pretended flower-girl.

"She is called Heloise Tison, and lives in the street Nonandières, No. 24."

Lorin uttered a cry and ran off as quick as he could. He had not reached the end of the street when a letter arrived for Arthémise. It contained only three lines.

"Dear Friend—Not a word about me. The revelation of my name would infallibly ruin me. Wait until to-morrow before you give my name, because this evening I shall leave Paris. "Thy Heloise."

"Oh! my God!" exclaimed the future goddess, "if I could have divined it I should have waited until to-morrow."

She sprang to the window to recall Lorin, if there was still time, but he had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXI.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

IT has already been stated that the news of this event was spread, in a few hours, all over Paris.

In fact the indiscretions of the government of that period may be easily understood, when it is recollected that its policy was unfolded and discussed in the streets. The rumour had reached in a terrible and menacing form, the old street St. Jacques, for within two hours after Maurice's arrest they were acquainted with it.

Thanks to Simon's activity, the details of the conspiracy had soon started forth from the Temple, only as each person adorned the tale in his own way, the truth had been perverted a little before it arrived at the master tanner's house. It concerned, said they, a poisoned flower which was transferred to the Queen, and with which the Austrian was to set her guards asleep, with the view of escaping from the Temple. Independent of these rumours, certain suspicions were spread derogatory to the fidelity of the battalion dismissed by Santerre, so that many victims were already marked out for popular hatred.

In the old street, St. Jacques, they did not deceive themselves (and for a good reason) as to the nature of the event. Morand and Dixmer set out together, leaving Geneviève a victim to the most violent despair. In truth, if any evil reached Maurice, Geneviève was without doubt the cause of it. She had conducted the blind young man into the cell where he was confined, and which in all probability he would never leave,

except to march to the scaffold. But in any case, Maurice should not pay with his head the devotedness he showed to Geneviève's caprice. If Maurice was condemned, Geneviève resolved to accuse herself before the Tribune, and avow all. She took all the responsibility upon herself, and be it understood, at the expense of her life, she determined to save Maurice. Geneviève, instead of shuddering at the idea of dying for Maurice, experienced a bitter felicity. She loved the young man, and loved him deeper than was consistent with her condition. That love was become a medium of worship, in which her soul was offered to God, as pure as she had received it. On leaving the house, Morand and Dixmer separated. Dixmer proceeded to the Rue de la Corderie, and Morand hastened to the street des Nonandières; on reaching the end of the Pont Marie, the latter perceived a crowd of idlers, and curious persons, who assembled in Paris during and after every important occurrence, and remained stationary on the spot like ravens on a field of battle. At this sight, Morand suddenly paused; his limbs failed him, and he was obliged to lean against the parapet of the bridge. Then, after a few seconds, he resumed that marvellous power which he on important occasions retained over himself. He mixed with the groups, questioned them, and ascertained that only ten minutes previously they had carried off from 24, des Nonandières, a young woman, guilty of the crime of which she was accused, as they discovered her preparing her luggage to depart.

Morand also ascertained the club in which she would be interrogated, and proceeded thither. The club was crowded to excess. However, by the aid of elbows and fists, Morand got into a seat. The first thing he saw was the lofty and noble figure of Maurice, standing with disdainful look before his accusers, and withering Simon, who was speaking.

"Yes, citizen," shouted Simon; "yes, the citizen Tison accuses citizens Lindey and Lorin. The citizen Lindey speaks of a flower-girl, upon whom he throws the crime; but I inform you in the outset that she will not be discovered. It is a conspiracy formed by a society of aristocrats, who bowl into each others hands like cowards, as they are. Besides, have you not observed that the citizen Lorin has decamped, nor will he be found any more than the flower-girl."

"You are a liar, Simon!" said a furious voice. "He *will* be found, for he is here."

Lorin rushed into the chamber.

"Make room for me!" said he, pushing aside the crowd; "make room!" and in an instant he stood beside Maurice. This entrance of Lorin, made quite naturally and without study, with all the inherent frankness and vigour of his character, produced the greatest effect, and elicited the bravoes of the assembly. Maurice smiled and held his hand to his friend, as if he meant to say, "I was sure I should not long stand at the bar alone."

The spectators regarded with visible interest these two fine young men, whom the dirty cobbler accused, as if he was a demon, jealous of youth and beauty. He at once perceived the bad impression which began to press upon him, and resolved to strike another blow.

"Citizens," thundered he; "I demand that the excellent citizen Tison be heard. I demand that she may speak, and that she may accuse."

"Citizens," said Lorin; "I demand that in the first place, the young flower-girl who has been arrested, and whom they no doubt are about to bring before you, may be heard."

"No," said Simon: "it is some other false witness and partisan of the aristocracy. Besides, the citizen Tison burns with a desire to assist justice."

During this time, Lorin spoke in a low voice to Maurice.

"Yes," exclaimed the crowd in the galleries; "yes, the deposition of the woman Tison: yes, yes, let her depose."

"Is the citizen Tison in the hall?" asked the president.

"Doubtless she is," cried Simon. "Citizen Tison, say if you are here."

"Here I am, president; but if I depose will they not restore to me my daughter?"

"Your daughter has nothing to do," said the president, "with the affair in which we are now engaged. Depose first, then address yourself to the Commune and demand your child."

"Do you hear, ?" cried Simon; "the citizen orders you to depose immediately."

"Stay a moment," said the president, turning towards Maurice, astonished at the calmness of a man so commonly fiery, "stay a moment. Citizen municipal, have you nothing to say?"

"No, citizen president, except that before calling a man like me a traitor and a coward, he should have waited until he was better instructed."

"You say so! you say so!" said Simon, in that ridiculous accent peculiar to the Parisian rabble.

"I say, Simon," resumed Maurice, more in sadness than in anger, "that you will shortly be most cruelly punished when you see what is about to occur."

"And pray what is about to happen?" asked Simon,

"Citizen president," continued Maurice, without answering his hideous accuser, "I, along with my friend Lorin, request that the young girl who has been arrested, may be heard previous to the deposition of this poor woman, whose evidence no doubt has been prepared for her."

"Do you hear, citizen," exclaimed Simon, "do you hear, they say you are a false witness?"

"Me a false witness?" said the woman Tison. "Ah! you shall soon see! wait! wait!"

"Citizen, for mercy's sake, bid this unfortunate creature be silent."

"Ah!" cried Simon; "you are afraid! you are afraid! Citizen president, I insist upon the deposition of the citizen Tison."

"Yes, yes, the deposition!" was shouted from the galleries.

"Silence!" cried the president; "here is the Commune returned."

At this moment they heard a carriage without, amidst howls and clashing of arms. Simon turned uneasily towards the door.

"Leave the tribune (or rostrum)," said the president to him, "you are no longer entitled to speak." Simon sulkily descended.

At this moment the gensdarmes entered, accompanied by a crowd of curious persons, who pressed forward a woman towards the judgment-seat.

"Is it her?" asked Maurice, from Lorin.

"Yes, yes, it is she," said he. "Oh! the wretched woman—she is lost!"

"The flower-girl! the flower-girl!" murmured those in the galleries, whose curiosity was now powerfully excited. "It is the flower-girl."

"I demand, before everything else," shouted Simon, "the deposition of the woman Tison. President, you have ordered her to depose, and you see she does not."

The woman Tison was called, and built up a terrible denunciation, founded on circumstantial evidence; according to her, the flower-girl was guilty, and Maurice and Lorin were her accomplices.

This denunciation produced an indescribable effect upon the audience.

Simon now triumphed.

"Gensdarmes, bring forward the flower-girl!" ordered the president.

"Oh! this is frightful," murmured Morand, hiding his head between his hands.

The flower-girl was called, and placed below the tribune (a sort of rostrum or pulpit for the speakers), and face to face to the woman Tison, whose evidence rendered the crime of the accused capital. She raised her veil.

"Heloise!" screamed the woman Tison: "my daughter! *you* here?"

"Yes, mother," answered the young woman, softly.

"And why are you placed between two gensdarmes?"

"Because, mother, I am accused."

"You accused?" exclaimed the woman Tison, with agony; "and by whom?"

"By you, mother!"

A frightful silence, like that of death, calmed at once the excited mass, and the painful sentiment which this horrible scene excited oppressed every heart.

"Her daughter!" was muttered in low distant voices. "Her daughter! unfortunate woman!" Maurice and Lorin regarded the accuser and accused with feelings of profound commiseration and grief, whilst the brutal Simon, anxious to witness the termination of a scene, in which he hoped Maurice and Lorin would be compromised, endeavoured to escape the looks of the woman Tison, who gazed around her with a wild and wandering eye.

"What is your name, citizen?" asked the president, much moved at the calmness and resignation of the flower-girl.

"Heloise Tison," citizen.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Where do you live?"

"In the street Nonandières, No. 24."

"Did you sell to the citizen municipal Lindey, who is here at the bar, a bouquet of carnations this morning?"

Heloise turned towards Maurice, and after having looked at him,

"Yes, citizen; it was me," said she.

The mother looked upon her with eyes dilated to the utmost with terror.

"Are you aware that each of those carnations contained a note addressed to widow Capet?"

"I do know it."

A movement of horror and admiration spread itself over the hall.

"Why did you offer the carnations to Citizen Lindey?"

"Because I perceived his municipal scarf, and I imagined he was going to the Temple."

"Who are your accomplices?"

"I have none."

"What! you conspired alone?"

"If it is a conspiracy, I alone formed it."

"But did the citizen Maurice know—"

"That the flowers contained the notes?" interrupted the girl.

"Yes," said the president.

"The citizen Maurice," answered Heloise, "is a municipal. He could converse with the Queen any hour of the day or night. If the citizen had desired to say anything to the Queen, he had no occasion to write. He could speak to her."

"And you did not know Citizen Maurice?"

"I have seen him come to the Temple when I was there with my poor mother, but I only knew him from sight."

"Do you see, wretch!" exclaimed Lorin, menacing Simon with his fist, who held his head down completely annihilated by the change of affairs, and who endeavored to slink away, "Do you see what you have done?"

Every look was turned upon Simon with an expression of profound indignation.

The president continued—

"Since you remitted the bouquet, and were aware each flower contained a note, you ought to know what the notes contained."

"Undoubtedly I do."

"Well, then, tell us what was written in it."

"Citizen," said the young girl, firmly, "I have stated all that I can or will."

"You refuse to answer?"

"Yes."

"You know what you expose yourself to?"

"Yes."

"You trust, perhaps, to your youth and beauty?"

"I only trust in God."

"Citizens Maurice Lindey and Hyacinth Lorin you are free. The Commune recognises your innocence, and renders justice to your patriotism. Gensdarmes, conduct the citizen Heloise to the prison of the section."

At these words the mother seemed suddenly to awake; she uttered a frightful cry, and threw herself forward to embrace her daughter, but the gensdarmes prevented her.

"I pardon you, mother," calmly exclaimed the young woman, as they dragged her onwards.

The mother uttered a savage howl and fell as if dead.

"Noble girl!" muttered Morand, with a most heartfelt emotion.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LETTER.

UCCEEDING the events we have recorded, another scene presented itself as the complement to this drama, whose gloomy changes were being gradually unfolded.

The woman Tison was thunderstruck by what had occurred. She was abandoned by those who had escorted her, for there is something odious even in involuntary crime, more especially when a mother, through excess of patriotic zeal, kills her own child. She remained motionless during a considerable period, then raised her head, cast a wandering look around her, and perceiving herself alone, she uttered a loud cry and rushed towards the door.

Several curious persons who were more provoked than the mass, were stationed at the door. They separated when they perceived her approaching, and pointing their fingers at her, said to one another—"Do you see that woman? It was she who denounced her own daughter!" The woman Tison uttered a cry of despair, and darted off in the direction of the Temple.

Having traversed about a third of the street Michel-le-Comte, a man stood before her and obstructed the passage, at the same time concealing his figure within his cloak.

"Are you satisfied?" said he; "you have killed your child."

"Killed my child, killed my child!" exclaimed the wretched mother. "No, no. It cannot be possible."

"It is so, however, for your daughter is arrested."

"And where have they led her?" asked she.

"To the *Conciergèrie*. From thence she will be taken before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and you know what becomes of those who pay a visit there."

"Stand aside," said the woman, "and let me pass."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Conciergèrie."

"What do you intend doing there?"

"To see her once more."

"You will not be permitted to enter."

"They will let me lie down at the door, live there, sleep there. I will remain there until she comes out, and thus, at least, I shall see her once more."

"Suppose any one promised to restore you your daughter."

"What do you mean?"

"I ask you, supposing some one promised to restore your daughter, would you do whatever you were ordered to do?"

"Everything for my daughter, everything for my Heloise," exclaimed the woman tossing her arms in despair; "everything, everything, everything."

"Hear me," continued the unknown; "it is heaven that punishes you."

"And wherefore?"

"For the torments you have inflicted on a poor mother, like yourself."

"Of whom do you speak? What do you mean?"

"You have often brought your prisoners to the brink of despair, where you are being hurried yourself at this moment, through your own brutality and disclosures. God punishes you in taking away the daughter whom you love."

"You said there was one who could save her; where is the man? What does he wish? What does he ask?"

"He wishes you to cease persecuting the Queen, and to ask pardon for the outrages of which you have been guilty. Moreover, if you perceive that this woman, who as a mother herself suffering and weeping in despair, should attempt to escape as she may do, under cover of some miracle, instead of opposing her flight, assist it as much as lies in your power."

"Hear me, citizen," said the woman; "you are the man yourself. Is it not so?"

"Well."

"You promise to save my daughter?" The unknown remained silent.

"Will you promise to do this? Will you engage to do it? Will you swear to do it? Answer me."

"I shall do everything that man can do to save a woman—to rescue your child."

"He cannot save her," exclaimed the woman Tison, uttering howls. "He lied when he promised to do so."

"Do whatever you can for the Queen, and I shall do my utmost for your daughter."

"What is the Queen to me? She is a mother, and her daughter is beside her, that is all. But should any one happen to be beheaded, it will be my child, not her. They may guillotine me if they will only save my daughter. Let them lead me to the scaffold, on condition that not a single hair of her head shall fall; and on my way to the guillotine, I shall sing—

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Each aristocrat drag to the lamp-post."

The woman commenced singing in a frightful voice, then all at once she broke through her song with a loud burst of laughter. The unknown seemed alarmed at these incipient symptoms of madness, and stepped backwards.

"Oh! you shall not escape me in that way," said the woman, desperately seizing him by the cloak; "you must not say to a mother, do this, do that, and I will save your child, and afterwards remark, *perhaps* I will rescue her."

"Yes, I will."

"When, then?"

"On the day they conduct her from the Conciergèrie to the scaffold."

"But why wait? Why not do it to night? This very evening, even this very moment?"

"Because I cannot."

"Ah! you know it well; you know it well," exclaimed the woman Tison; "you know you cannot do it. But I can—"

"What can you do?" interrupted the man.

"I can persecute the prisoner as you call her. I can spy upon the Queen as you call her—aristocrat that you are. I can visit her at any hour, day or night, and I will do all that. As for her escaping, we shall see. Ah! we shall see, since my daughter is not to escape, whether she shall or not; Madame Veto has been a queen, I know it well: Heloise Tison is only a poor girl, but beneath the guillotine we are all equal. Will you weigh head against head?"

"Well, be it so," said the unknown; "save the Queen and I will save your daughter."

"Swear it."

"I do swear."

"Upon what?"

"Upon anything you please."

"Have you a daughter?"

"No."

"Well," said the woman dropping her arm by her side, much discouraged. "In that case, upon what can you swear?"

"Hear me; I swear before God."

"Bah!" answered the woman Tison. "You know well enough that the old one is dethroned, and they have not yet made a new one."

"I swear by my father's grave."

"Never swear over the tomb. That is bad. Oh God! oh God! when I think that perhaps in three days I may have to swear over the grave of my daughter, my poor Heloise;" and the miserable woman uttered the last words in such an agonised yet echoing voice that several windows were suddenly opened.

No sooner had this occurred than a man glided from the shade and advanced towards the unknown.

"You can make nothing of this woman," said the last comer; "she is mad."

"No," said the other, "she is a mother;" and he led away his companion.

The woman perceiving them retiring, recovered herself.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed she. "Are you going to rescue Heloise? Wait, then, for I will accompany you. Wait, will you?—wait for me, then."

The poor mother pursued them, howling all the time, but on turning the corner of a street she lost sight of them. She remained an instant undecided as to the direction she should take. Gazing around her on every side and perceiving that she was left alone in the silence of the night, whose gloom appeared to her like the symbol of death, she uttered a piercing cry, and fell senseless upon the pavement.

At that moment it struck ten. As the same hour sounded from the Temple clock, the Queen was seated beside a lamp in that chamber so familiar to the reader, having her daughter and sister on either side. The latter, feigning to embrace her, concealed the Queen from the view of the municipals. She was reading a small note, the paper being the thinnest that

could possibly be found, and the writing so delicate that the Queen, whose eyes were drenched with tears, could with difficulty decipher it.

The note contained the following:—

"To-morrow (Tuesday) ask leave to descend to the garden. Permission will be readily granted, seeing that orders are given to accord you that favour whenever it is demanded. After taking a few turns pretend to be fatigued, approach the canteen, and ask Madame Plumeau to permit you to rest yourself. When seated there a few moments, feign increased illness, and pretend to faint. The doors will then be closed to procure you assistance, and you will be left with Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royal. At that moment the trap-door of the cellar will open. You, your sister, and daughter must precipitate yourselves into the opening and all of you will escape."

"Good God!" said Madame Royal, "can our unfortunate destiny at length be exhausted?"

"Or may not this note," remarked Madame Elizabeth, "be some snare?"

"No, no," said the Queen; "these characters have always revealed to me the presence of a mysterious, but brave and faithful, friend."

"Is it from the Chevalier?" asked Madame Royal.

"From himself," answered the Queen.

Madame Elizabeth folded her hands together.

"Let us each read over the note again," resumed the Queen, "so that if one of us should forget anything, another may remember it."

They all read it over. Just as they finished they heard some one opening the chamber door. The two princesses turned round. The Queen alone remained as she was; only by an imperceptible movement she raised the piece of paper to her head and concealed it amongst her hair.

It was a municipal who opened the door.

"What do you want, sir?" asked Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royal together.

"Hum!" said the municipal. "It seems to me that you are very late in going to bed to night."

"Is there, then," asked the Queen, turning towards him with her accustomed dignity, "a new communal decree which decides at what hour I shall go to rest?"

"No, citizen," replied the municipal; but if it was necessary one could be made."

ANTOINETTE AND THE MAD WOMAN.

"In the meantime, sir," observed Marie Antoinette, "I ask you to respect the chamber, I will not say of a queen, but at least of a woman."

"The fact is," grumbled the municipal, "these aristocrats always speak as if they were something."

He nevertheless retired, subdued by that dignified bearing which was so haughty during the days of her prosperity, but which three years of suffering had so considerably calmed. Shortly afterwards the light was extinguished, and the three women, as was customary with them, undressed in the dark, so that the obscurity might become a veil to their modesty.

The following morning, at nine o'clock, the Queen, inclosed within her bed-curtains, re-perused the letter, so that none of the instructions it contained should escape her. She then tore it in pieces, and reduced those to impalpable atoms. Having dressed, and awoke her sister, she entered her daughter's chamber.

Immediately afterwards she came out and called the municipals on guard.

"What do you desire, citizen," asked one of them, appearing at the door, whilst his companion discussed his breakfast perfectly unconcerned at the royal summons.

"Sir," said Marie Antoinette, "I have just left my daughter's chamber. The poor child is very ill, indeed. Her limbs are swelled and painful from want of exercise. You are aware, sir, that I myself condemned her to this inactivity. I was authorised to take exercise in the garden, but on descending, I had to pass the door of the chamber formerly inhabited by my husband. My heart failed me, and I returned, restricting myself afterwards to a walk upon the terrace. Now, I find this limited exercise to be insufficient to my daughter's health. I therefore beg you, citizen municipal, in my name, to request General Santerre to grant me the liberty I was formerly permitted to enjoy. I shall feel grateful if you do so."

The Queen spoke with such a sweet and attractive accent, and avoided so studiously every term that was calculated to wound the republican pride of the municipal, that he, although remaining covered, according to custom, gradually raised his cap of liberty from his head as she was speaking, and gravely saluted her as she concluded, remarking—

"Remain perfectly at your ease, madam, the permission you desire shall be requested from the citizen general;" then as he retired, to convince himself that he ceded to equity and not to weakness, he repeated—"'Tis just—'tis very just, indeed."

"What is just?" asked the other municipal.

"That this woman should take an airing with her sick child."

"What, then—what does she want?"

"She wishes to walk in the garden for an hour."

"Bah!" remarked the other municipal. "Let her beg to go on foot from the Temple to the Place de la Revolution (place of execution), she will then have a better airing."

The Queen heard the observation, and grew pale; but she derived from that remark increased courage to meet the great event which was at hand.

The municipal finished his breakfast, and descended. The Queen, on the other hand, requested leave to take hers in her daughter's chamber, which was permitted.

Madame Royal, to confirm the report of her illness, remained in bed, whilst the Queen and her sister sat by her bedside. At eleven o'clock, according to his habit, Santerre arrived. His approach was as usual announced by the drums, and the entrance of the relief battalion, and the municipals. When Santerre had inspected the battalions, retiring from and entering upon duty, he paraded his heavy squat-footed horse in the court of the Temple, and then paused. This was the moment to prefer any request, or make any denunciation or report. The municipal took advantage of it, and advanced towards him.

"What do you want?" said Santerre, abruptly.

"Citizen," said the municipal, "I come to inform you, in behalf of the Queen."

"The Queen? What's that?" interrupted Santerre.

"Ah! true," said the municipal, astonished at himself that he had gone so far. "What am I saying? Am I a fool? I mean on behalf of Madame Veto."

"Very good," replied Santerre, "I understand that. Well, let us see. What have you got to say?"

"I have to inform you that the little Veto is sick, in consequence, as it would seem, of want of air and exercise."

"Well, is there any necessity to trouble the nation about that? Has she not been allowed to walk in the garden? She refused. Good day."

"That is the very thing; she now repents, and requests you will allow her to descend to the garden."

"I see nothing to prevent that. Do you hear, there!" said Santerre, addressing the battalion; "widow Capet is going to

walk in the garden. The nation permits it; but take care she does not get over the walls, for if she does I will cut every one of your heads off."

A peculiar laugh answered the general's pleasantry.

"And, now," said Santerre, "that you are warned, adieu! I am going to the Convention. It seems they have attacked Roland and Barbaroux, and it is rumoured they will receive a joint passport to the other world."

It was this news which had put the citizen general into such a pleasant humour. Santerre galloped away, followed by the battalion off guard. The municipals on duty exchanged, the relief guard having received their instructions relative to the Queen. One of them presented himself before Marie Antoinette, and informed her of the decision.

The Queen thanked the municipal, and in doing so, perceived that her daughter blushed, whilst her sister mentally returned thanks to God.

"Oh!" ruminated Marie Antoinette, looking towards heaven through the window, "oh, Lord, is your wrath appeased, and is your terrible right arm at length wearied with pressing upon us?—Thank you, sir," said she, turning towards the municipal, with that charming smile which lost Bernare, and drew so many out of their senses; "thanks." Then, turning towards her little dog which capered before her on its hind legs, as if it understood from her looks that something extraordinary had occurred, said, "Come along, Black, come along, we are going out to walk."

The little dog began to bark, and bounded about playfully; then, having steadily scanned the municipal, it doubtless attributed to him the joyous news which rendered his mistress so happy, for it approached in the same sportive manner, waving its graceful tail, and even hazarded to caress him.

This man who, most probably, would have remained insensible to the prayers of the Queen, was moved by the caresses of the little dog.

"If it was only for this little dog's sake, citizen Capet," remarked he, "you ought to go out more frequently; humanity requires us to protect every creature."

"At what hour do we go, sir," asked the Queen. "Do you not think the noonday sun will do us good?"

"You may go when you think proper," answered the municipal, "there is no particular instruction on that head. However, if you wish to go out at noon, it is the appointed time

for changing guard, and will cause less disturbance in the Tower."

"Well, mid-day be it," said the Queen, pressing her hand upon her heart to restrain its beating. She then looked at the municipal who was less harsh than his companions, and who in return for his condescension to his prisoner, might lose his life in the struggle which the conspirators meditated. But at the very moment when a certain compassion softened the heart of the woman, the soul of the Queen awoke, and she thought of the 10th of August, when the corses of her friends were strewn over the carpets of her palace. She thought of the 2nd of September, and of the Princess de Lamballe's head dancing on the summit of a pike before her own window. She thought of the 21st January, when her husband perished on the scaffold, his voice being drowned amidst the thundering of drums. Finally, she thought of her son, poor child, whose cries of suffering more than once had reached her chamber, without the chance of her protecting him, and her heart was hardened.

"Alas!" murmured she, "misfortune is like the blood of the ancient hydras, it is fruitful in increasing evils."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIMON AND THE SPANIEL.

THE municipal retired to call his colleagues and read the report left by the previous municipal guards. The Queen remained with her sister and daughter, and all three looked significantly at each other. Madame Royal threw herself into the Queen's arms and embraced her, whilst Madame Elizabeth approached her sister, and presented her hand.

"Let us pray to God," said the Queen, "but in such a manner that no one may suppose we are praying."

There are fatal periods when prayer, that natural hymn which God has planted in the heart of man, might excite surprise in the minds of gaolers, for prayer expresses either hope or gratitude. In the eyes of her guardians, either feeling exhibited by the Queen would excite their uneasiness, for she could only hope for one thing—that would be an escape; and if she was grateful for any one thing, that could only be for the means of securing her flight.

Their mental prayer concluded, the three ladies remained perfectly silent.

Eleven o'clock struck. Twelve o'clock succeeded. As the last stroke of twelve rang from the bronze bell, a rattle of armour was heard on the stair-case ascending even to the Queen.

"They are changing sentinels," said she; "they will soon come for us." She perceived her sister and daughter grew dreadfully pale.

"Have courage," said she, turning pale herself.

"It is noon," shouted some one below: "let the prisoners descend."

"Here we are," answered the Queen, who with a feeling of mingled regret cast a last glance over the dark walls and simple furniture which had been her companions in captivity. The first door was now thrown open. It led into the corridor, which was dark, and in which the three captives could easily dissemble their emotions. The spaniel, Black, ran on before them. But when they reached the second door, that is to say, the one from which Marie Antoinette averted her eyes, it being the entrance to her late husband's apartment, the faithful animal pressed its muzzle against the large nails, uttered some plaintive cries, and then a prolonged and dolorous howl. The Queen passed rapidly without having power to recall the dog, and sought the support of the wall; but after having advanced several paces, her limbs failed her, and she was forced to stop. Her sister and daughter approached, and for an instant the three remained motionless, forming a painful group, the mother supporting her own on Madame Royal's head. The spaniel, Black, rejoined them.

"Well," shouted the voice below; "will she, or will she not descend?"

"We are here," said the municipal, who had stood still, respecting a grief which was so great in its simplicity.

"Let us go," said the Queen, and she descended.

When the prisoners had reached the bottom of the turnpike stair, and came in front of the last door, beneath which glittering beams of sunshine had penetrated, the drums beat, and the guard turned out. A profound silence, caused by curiosity, succeeded, and then the heavy door turned on its creaking hinges. A woman was seated on the ground, or rather reclining in a corner near to the doorway. It was Tison's wife, whom the Queen had not seen during twenty-four hours, and whose absence had excited her surprise the previous evening, and even that very morning. The Queen already looked upon the sunshine, the trees, the garden, and beyond the barrier which enclosed the garden. Her eye settled with avidity on the little canteen where her friends awaited her approach, when at the sound of footsteps, the woman Tison removed her hands from her face, and exposed to the Queen's view a pale and haggard countenance, rendered more frightful by her disordered and scattered gray hairs. The change was so remarkable, that the

Queen stood still in astonishment. With that dulness of perception characteristic of insane people, the woman kneeled before the door, barring the passage to Marie Antoinette.

"What do you want, good woman?" asked the Queen.

"He said you must pardon me."

"Who did?" asked the Queen.

"The man with the cloak," replied Tison's wife.

The Queen looked with astonishment at her sister and daughter.

"Get along, get along," said the municipal, "and let widow Capet pass. She has permission to walk in the garden."

"I know that well enough," said the old woman. "It is for that reason that I awaited her here. Since they would not permit me to ascend, and as I must beg her pardon, I was compelled to attend here."

"Why were you prevented from seeing me?" asked the Queen.

The woman began to laugh.

"Because," said she, "they pretend that I am mad."

The Queen looked at her, and perceived the strange light that shone in the eyes of the unfortunate woman, a light so strange as at once to indicate the absence of mind.

"My God!" said she, "poor woman! what has occurred?"

"Occurred! you do not know then? but you ought, since it was on your account she was condemned."

"Who?"

"Heloise."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes; she—my poor child."

"Condemned—why? by whom? for what?"

"Because she sold the bouquet."

"What bouquet?"

"The bouquet of carnations. She is not, however, a flower-girl," continued Tison's wife, as if she was struggling to recollect herself; "how, then, could she have sold this bouquet?"

The Queen shuddered. An invisible link seemed to connect this scene with her peculiar position, and she comprehended the danger of a long dialogue.

"My good woman," said she, "I beg you will allow me to pass; you can by-and-bye relate all to me."

"No; immediately. You must pardon me now. I must assist you in your escape, or my daughter will not be saved."

The Queen became as pale as death.

"My God!" exclaimed she, uplifting her eyes towards heaven. Then, turning to the municipal, she said—

"Sir, will you have the goodness to remove this woman; you may perceive she is insane."

"Go along mother, go along," said the municipal; "decamp."

But the woman clung tenaciously to the wall.

"No;" continued she. "It is necessary for her to pardon me, or he will not save my daughter."

"Who?"

"The man with the cloak."

"Sister," said Madame Elizabeth, "console her in a few words."

"Oh! willingly," said the Queen; "indeed I think it will be the shortest way;" and she turned towards the mad woman.

"Good woman, speak; what do you wish?"

"I wish you to pardon me all the sufferings I have inflicted upon you, through insult or denunciation, and when you see the man with the cloak command him to save my daughter, since he will do anything you desire."

"I do not know what you mean by the man with the cloak," answered the Queen; "but if it will tranquillise your conscience to obtain from me a pardon for any offence you believe to have offered me, oh! my poor woman, from the bottom of my heart I sincerely pardon you, and may those whom I have offended do likewise."

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman Tison, with an indescribable access of joy, "he will save my daughter since you have pardoned me. Your hand, madam—your hand—"

The astonished Queen held out her hand, without comprehending a word of what she meant. The woman seized it with ardour and raised it to her lips.

At this moment the harsh voice of a hawker was heard in the street du Temple. "Here is the trial and sentence of Heloise Tison, condemned to death for the crime of conspiracy."

Scarcely had these words struck the ears of the woman Tison before her whole appearance changed; she raised herself on one knee and stretched out her arm to debar the Queen's passage.

"Oh! God," murmured the Queen, who had heard every word of the terrible annunciation.

"Condemned to death!" exclaimed the wretched woman. "My daughter condemned—my Heloise lost! He has not, then,

rescued her, and may not be able to do so! Ah! he has been too late!"

"Poor woman," said the Queen; "believe me, I pity you."

"*You!*" said she, her eyes becoming suffused with blood. "*You* pity me!—*you!* Never, never!"

"You are deceived—I pity you with all my heart; but let me pass."

"Let you pass?" and the mad woman burst into a shout of laughter. "No, no; he said if I asked pardon and let you escape, my daughter would be saved; but since my child is condemned to death, you shall not fly."

"Help! gentlemen!" exclaimed the Queen. "Assist me! *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* Do you not perceive that this woman is insane?"

"No; I am not mad. I know what I am saying. Do you see, there has been a conspiracy. Simon discovered it. My daughter, my poor daughter, sold the bouquet. She avowed it before the revolutionary tribunal. It was a bouquet of carnations, and contained papers within."

"Madam," said the Queen, "in the name of Heaven—"

Again the voice of the hawker was heard—"Here is the trial and sentence of Heloise Tison, condemned to death for the crime of conspiracy."

"Do you hear that?" screamed the mad woman, around whom the national guards had gathered. "Do you hear that?—condemned to death. It is for you—it is for you—do you hear, Austrian, that my daughter is about to suffer?"

"Gentlemen," said the Queen, "in the name of Heaven, if you will not relieve me of this woman, permit me, at least, to ascend again. I cannot bear this woman's reproaches; unjust as they are they afflict me."

The Queen turned away her head, sobbing violently.

"Ay, ay, weep, hypocrite, weep," cried the mad woman. "Your bouquet cost dear to her; besides, she ought to have mistrusted you. It is thus that all die who attempt to serve you; you bear evil with you, Austrian. They have killed your friends, your husband, your defenders, and now my daughter. When will it be your turn to die, so that no more may perish in your service?"

The wretched woman howled out the concluding words, and accompanied them with a menacing gesture. The Queen covered her face with her hands.

"Wretch!" hazarded Madame Elizabeth.

"Do you forget that she to whom you speak, is the Queen?"

"She the Queen?—the Queen!" repeated the woman, the excess of whose madness seemed every instant on the increase. "If it is the Queen let her forbid the executioners to slay my daughter; let her pardon my poor Heloise. Kings can grant pardon; come, then, restore my child, and I will acknowledge you as Queen. But you are only a woman—a woman whom evil attends—who kills."

"For mercy's sake," exclaimed Marie Antoinette, "consider my grief; look at my tears."

The Queen attempted to pass, more by a mechanical movement than from any hope of success, her object being to escape from the frightful scene.

"Ah! you shall not pass!" roared the old woman; "you wish to fly, Madame Veto. I know it well; the man with the mantle told me so; you are going to join the Prussians, but you shall not escape," continued she, clinging to the Queen's dress. "I shall prevent you. To the *lanterne* with Madame Veto! To arms, citizens! Let us march; let blood imp——"

She tossed her arms in the air, and her hair was scattered about, then her eyes became bloodshot, and her countenance purple, when she fell, carrying with her a portion of the Queen's dress, to which she had clung. The Queen, although dismayed, was no sooner freed from the mad woman, than she was about to fly towards the garden, when all at once a terrible cry was heard, mingled with barking, and a singular rumbling which aroused the national guard from their stupor.

"Treason! to arms! to arms!" shouted a man, whose voice the Queen recognized as being that of the cobbler, Simon. Besides, this man, who sabre in hand guarded the threshold of the canteen, the little spaniel, Black, was barking with fury.

"To arms! the whole guard!" shouted Simon. "We are betrayed! lead back the Austrian! To arms! to arms!"

An officer ran forward; Simon spoke to him, and with flashing eyes pointed to the interior of the canteen. The officer then also vociferated "To arms!"

"Black! Black!" called the Queen, advancing several paces, but the dog took no notice, continuing to bark with great fury. The national guards ran to arms, and then rushed towards the canteen, whilst the municipals seized the Queen, her sister and daughter, and forcing them within the door, closed it behind them.

"Look to your arms," shouted the municipals to the sentinels, and the rattle of the muskets resounded.

"There it is, there it is!" cried Simon; "beneath the trap-door. I saw it stir; I am sure of it. Besides, the Austrian's dog, an excellent little animal not in the secret, commenced barking at the conspirators, who were most probably in the cellar. Eh! look! he barks again!" In fact, Black, animated by Simon's cries, redoubled his barking. The officer seized the ring of the trap-door. Two powerful grenadiers seeing he could not raise it, went to his assistance, but with no more success.

"Do you not see," said Simon; "that they have fastened the trap-door within? Fire through the door! fire, friends!"

"Eh! what!" cried Madame Plumeau; "are you going to break my bottles?"

"Fire!" repeated Simon; "fire,"

"Silence, brawler!" said the officer. "Bring the axes and smash the boards. Let a platoon be ready; attention. Fire into the cellar the moment the trap-door is opened." The groaning and shaking of the planks announced a movement beneath. Immediately afterwards, a subterranean noise was heard, resembling the banging of an iron gate.

"Courage, my lads," said the officers to the sappers who rushed in.

The axe soon demolished the planks, and twenty muskets were lowered and pointed towards the increasing opening; when fairly broken up, no one appeared at the opening. The officer lighted a torch and threw it into the cellar. It was empty! The remainder of the trap-door was, on trial, easily raised.

"Follow me!" cried the officer, boldly plunging down the steps.

"Forward! forward!" cried the national guards, rushing after their officer.

"Ah! Madame Plumeau," said Simon, "do you let your cellar to aristocrats?"

The wall was pierced; numerous footsteps marked the humid soil, whilst a tunnel three feet wide and five in height was bored in the direction of the street la Corderie. The officer ventured into the opening, determined on pursuing the aristocrats even into the bowels of the earth; but he had not advanced four paces before he was stopped by a strong iron gate.

"Halt!" cried he to those who were pressing upon him.

"We cannot proceed further, there is a barrier here to our progress."

"Well," said the municipals who, after looking up their prisoners, ran back to hear the news; "what is the matter? Let us hear."

"*Parbleu*," said the officer, reappearing; "there is a conspiracy. The aristocrats wished to carry off the Queen during her promenade, and most probably there has been some connivance between them."

"Stop," cried the municipal: "let some one run after the citizen Santerre, and let the Commune be informed."

"Soldiers," said the officer; "remain in the cellar, and kill any one that appears." And the officer having given his orders ascended to make his report.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Simon, rubbing his hands; "ah! ah! will they say again that I am a fool? Excellent Black; Black is a famous patriot. Black has saved the republic. Come here, Black; come here."

The wretch who had by friendly looks enticed the poor dog, no sooner brought it close beside him, then he gave it such a tremendous kick that it flew twenty paces off.

"Oh! I love you, Black," said he; "you will cause your mistress's head to be cut off. Come here, come here, Black." But instead of obeying, Black this time betook himself, howling, towards the keep.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAURICE, LORIN, SIMON, AND THE MARSAILLES TROOP.

TWO hours had elapsed, during the occurrence of those events we have just recorded. Lorin was pacing backwards and forwards in Maurice's chamber, whilst Agiselas was brushing his master's boots in the ante-chamber, the door of communication being left open for the convenience of conversation. Lorin paused before the door as he passed and repassed to address his questions to the domestic.

"Did you say, citizen Agesilas, that your master went out this morning?"

"Yes, *mon Dieu*, yes."

"At his usual hour?"

"I cannot say whether it was ten minutes sooner, or ten minutes later."

"And you have not seen him since?"

"No, citizen."

Lorin continued his exercise, and made two or three turns in silence, after which he paused again.

"Did he take his sabre with him?" asked he.

"He always does when he goes to the section."

"Are you sure he is gone to the section?"

"At least, he said so."

"In that case I shall join him," said Lorin; "if we happen to miss each other, tell him that I have been here, and will return again."

"Stop," said Agesilas.

"What is it?"

"I hear his footstep on the stair-case."

"Do you think so?"

"I am quite sure of it."

At the same moment the outer door opened, and Maurice entered. Lorin threw a rapid glance upon him, but observing nothing unusual, he remarked—

"Ah! so you have arrived at last; I have waited two hours for you."

"So much the better," replied Maurice smiling; "you would have time enough to prepare some of your distiches and *refrains*."

"Ah! my dear Maurice," said the rhymester, "I shall make no more."

"What! no more distiches and rhymes?"

"No," replied Lorin, somewhat sadly.

"The world is coming to an end."

"Friend Maurice, I am very sad."

"You sad?"

"I am miserable."

"You miserable!"

"Yes, I am filled with remorse."

"Remorse!"

"Yes, *mon Dieu*," said Lorin; "between you and her there was no choice; or if there had been, I should never have hesitated: but poor Arthémise is plunged in despair, because she was her friend."

"Poor girl!"

"And as she gave me the address——"

"It would have been infinitely better had you allowed matters to take their own course."

"And at this very hour you would have stood condemned in her place. It is well reasoned, my dear friend. Besides, I came to ask your advice, thinking to find you more firm than you seem to be."

"Well, never mind, let us hear the question."

"Well; you must understand that I should like to do something to save the poor girl, and if I either gave or received some sound blows in her behalf, I should feel more at ease."

"You are a fool, Lorin," replied Maurice, shrugging his shoulders.

"What; suppose I sought some interest with the Revolutionary Tribunal?"

DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY.

"It is too late, she is condemned."

"But still it is truly frightful," said Lorin, "to see such a young creature perish."

"Much more so, since my safety led to her death. But after all, Lorin, there is one consolation for us; she did conspire."

"Good God! do not all the world, in the present day, conspire more or less; she only followed the example of others, poor thing."

"Do not pity her too much, my friend; or at least not too loudly. We ourselves bear a portion of her sentence, for believe me, the stain of complicity has not yet been washed away from our names. I was, even to-day, in the section, termed a Girondin by the captain of the chasseurs of St. Leu, and was compelled to undeceive him by a sabre cut."

"That is what has kept you so late, then?"

"Precisely."

"And why did you not inform me of this affair?"

"Because in such matters as those, you cannot control yourself; besides, it was necessary to settle the affair at once, so as to prevent its being noised abroad. Each took the first second he could put his hand upon."

"And that rascal called you a Girondin? You, Maurice, so pure——"

"Eh! *mon Dieu!*" interrupted Maurice, "that ought to prove to you, my dear friend, the danger of our position; such another adventure, and we become unpopular: you know, Lorin, that to be unpopular in these times, is to be suspected. There is no other synonyme for unpopularity."

"I know that well," said Lorin; "such a word makes the bravest tremble. But, nevertheless, I feel great repugnance in thinking that the poor Heloise will be guillotined without pardoning me."

"In short, what do you wish?"

"I wish you, Maurice, who have nothing to reproach yourself with in respect to her, to remain where you are. With me it is another affair, since I can do nothing more for her, I can, at least, place myself in her way. I shall go, friend Maurice, and if I can merely procure a passing wave of her hand—"

"I will, in that case," interrupted Maurice, "accompany you."

"Impossible! reflect, my dear friend. You are the secretary of a section involved in the charge. You would be sus-

pected. I, on the other hand, have only been your defender. Remain, then. I can risk nothing by going."

Everything Lorin had advanced seemed so just, Maurice had nothing to say. One single interchange of signs between Maurice and Tison's daughter, whilst on her way to the scaffold, would infallibly establish complicity between them.

"Go, then," said he, "but act prudently."

Lorin smiled, squeezed Maurice's hand, and departed.

Maurice ran to the window, opened it, and bade a sad adieu to his friend. But before Lorin had turned the corner of the street, he more than once returned to the window, and the former, as if from some magnetic sympathy, also looked back and smiled. Finally, when Lorin had entirely disappeared, Maurice closed the window, threw himself into a chair, and was soon plunged in one of those reveries peculiar to vigorous and strong organizations. He experienced a sad presentiment of evil, that was felt like some dead calm before a tempest. He was aroused from his dreamy reflections by the return of his domestic from some commission he had been sent to execute out of doors. From the expression of his countenance, it was evident that he was burning with impatience to relate some news. Perceiving the abstractedness of Maurice, he did not like to disturb him, but obstinately passed and repassed without any obvious motive.

"What is the matter?" asked Maurice negligently. "Speak, if you have anything to say."

"Ah! citizen, there has been another famous conspiracy."

Maurice shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"A conspiracy," continued Agesilas, "that would make one's hair stand on end."

"Indeed," replied Maurice, with the manner of one perfectly accustomed to the daily report of such oft-recurring events.

"Yes, citizen," resumed Agesilas, "it makes one shudder, do you know, only to think of it. It will make every good patriot feel goose-flesh all over."

"Let us hear all about the conspiracy."

"The Austrian has very nearly escaped."

"Bah!" exclaimed Maurice, paying, however, more attention.

"It seems," said Agesilas, "that the Austrian had intimate relations with the daughter of Tison, whom they are going to guillotine to-day."

"And how could the Queen possibly have any relations with this girl?" asked Maurice, feeling the perspiration burst upon his brow.

"Would you credit it, citizen? by a carnation, through which the plan of the affair was to be forwarded to the Austrian."

"In a carnation! and how so?"

"The Chevalier of—stop a bit. The name is, however, well known; but I have a bad memory for such things. The Chevalier of the château—what a fool I am. There are no more châteaux."

"Of the Red House?"

"That's it."

"Impossible!"

"How impossible, since I tell you they have found a trap-door and a tunnel?"

"That is different; but you never said a word about that."

"Well, I was going to tell you."

"Say away. If it is a tale, it is at least a good one."

"No, citizen, it is not a tale, and the proof is that I had it from our citizen porter. The aristocrats sank a mine, beginning in the street la Corderie, and ending in the canteen of citizen Plumeau. She has narrowly escaped being accused of complicity. I suppose you know her?"

"Yes," said Maurice; "what next?"

"Well, the widow Capet was to escape through this tunnel. She had her foot on the first step when the citizen Simon pulled her back by her dress. They are beating the *générale* throughout the town, and summoning all the sections. You may hear the drums. There. They say the Prussians are at Dammartin, and have pushed their advanced guard on to the frontiers."

In the midst of this flow of words, mingled with truth and falsehood, with the possible and the impossible, Maurice had gradually caught the leading thread. It evidently began with the carnation purchased by himself from the unfortunate flower-girl, and presented under his own eyes to the Queen. This carnation must have contained the plan of the conspiracy which had just burst out in all its details, whether true or false, as just related by Agesilas.

At this moment the sound of a drum was heard in the street, and the public crier proclaimed the—

"Great conspiracy discovered in the Temple by the citizen Simon. The great conspiracy in behalf of the widow Capet, discovered in the Temple."

"Ay, ay," said Maurice, "it is indeed as I thought. There is some truth in this, and Lorin, in the middle of this popular excitement, may possibly extend his hand to this girl, and be cut in pieces."

Maurice seized his hat, buckled on his sabre, and was speedly in the streets.

"Where can he be?" thought Maurice; "on the road to the Conciergerie, no doubt."

He hurried forthwith towards the Quai Mégisserie; pikes and bayonets tossing above the crowd were exposed to his view. It seemed to him as if he could distinguish in the midst of the mass the uniform of a national guard, about whom hostile movements were being made. With an oppressed heart he ran to the crowd clustering on the edge of the river. This national guard, who seemed to be hard pressed by a cohort of the Marseillais, was Lorin. He looked pale, his lips were compressed, his eye menacing, whilst his hand grasped his sword, and he seemed calculating where he would strike.

About two paces from Lorin stood Simon. The latter laughing ferociously, pointed out Lorin to the Marseillais and the crowd, exclaiming—

"Hold! hold! You see that fellow. He is one of those whom I caused to be driven from the Temple yesterday, as an aristocrat. He is one of those who aided the correspondence through the medium of a carnation. He is the accomplice of Tison's daughter, who will shortly pass by. Well, do you see him. He is coolly walking on the quay, while his companion is about to march to the guillotine. He was perhaps more than an accomplice. Perhaps she was his mistress, and he came here to bid her adieu, or try to save her."

Lorin was not the man to listen to more. He drew his sabre. At that moment the crowd gave way before a man whose head towered above the crowd, and whose broad shoulders overthrew three or four of the spectators, who were preparing to become actors.

That man was Maurice. Having reached Lorin, he threw his left arm around his neck.

"You are fortunate, Simon," said Maurice. "You no doubt regretted my absence when in your character of chief denunciator, you denounced my friend. Denounce, Simon, denounce. Here am I."

"My faith!"—yes," said Simon, with a hideous chuckling.

"You have just come in time; this is the fine gentleman, Maurice Lindey, who was accused at the same time with Tison's daughter, but who got off, because he was rich."

"To the *lanterne!*"—(lamp-post, then the most convenient gallows). "To the *lanterne!*" shouted the Marseillais.

"Ha! so—you must try that,"—cried Maurice, and, striding a pace forwards, he made a pass at the forehead of one of the most furious cut-throats—merely by way of trial. The fellow was instantly blinded with his blood.

"Murder! murder!" roared he.

The Marseillais lowered their pikes, raised their axes, and handled their muskets. The crowd broke and fled in alarm, whilst the two friends remained isolated, as marks for every blow.

They looked at each other, and smiled sadly, but proudly, for they expected to be devoured by the whirlwind of steel and fire which menaced them. They stood with their backs against a house door. In an instant it opened, and a swarm of young men, fashionably dressed, each of whom was armed with a sabre and a brace of pistols, poured upon the Marseillais, when a terrible *mellée* ensued.

"Hurra!" cried Maurice and Lorin together, both being reanimated by this unexpected succour, and never reflecting that if they fought in the ranks of the new comers, Simon's accusations would be strengthened. "Hurra!" cried they again.

If they did not think of their safety, another person seemed to do so for them. A young man of small stature, about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, having blue eyes, and who unceasingly, and with infinite vigour and address, wielded a heavy sabre (which one would have imagined his effeminate-looking hand could not raise), perceiving Maurice and Lorin fighting by his side, instead of taking advantage of the open door, turned round and said in a low voice—

"Fly through that door; what we are doing here does not concern you, and you compromise yourselves needlessly."

Then, perceiving that the two friends hesitated, he suddenly cried—

"Back, with you! No patriots here, municipal Lindey, we are all aristocrats!"

When the word was uttered, the crowd uttered a furious cry at the audacity of a man who would announce a rank, the possession of which, at that period, was equivalent to a sentence of death.

The young man, assisted by three or four friends, without being alarmed at the cry, pushed Maurice and Lorin into the alley, the gates of which they closed upon them. They then returned, and threw themselves into the combat, which was rendered still more furious by the approach of the executioner's cart.

Maurice and Lorin, perceiving themselves so miraculously saved, looked at each other astonished and confounded. But they saw no time was to be lost in seeking another issue. It seemed to have been expressly designed. They entered a court, at the bottom of which they found a small marked door, opening upon the street St. Germain l'Auxerrois, at this moment a detachment of gens-d'armes filed for the bridge au Change, which must speedily sweep the quay, although from the transverse street, where the two friends were, they heard for a short space of time the uproar of a frightful struggle. These gens-d'armes preceded the cart which conducted poor Heloise to the guillotine.

"Gallop!" shouted a voice, "gallop," and they set off full speed.

Lorin saw the unfortunate young girl standing up, with a smile on her lips and a fire in her eye; but he could not exchange even a gesture with her. She passed without seeing him, in the midst of a perfect whirlwind of people, who shouted—

"To death, to death with the aristocrat."

The sound died away in the distance as it swelled near the Tuileries; about the same period, the little door by which Maurice and Lorin had escaped opened, and three or four of the gentlemen combatants came forth, their dresses torn and bloody. These were probably the remnants of their little troop.

The fair-complexioned young man came out last.

"Alas," said he, "this cause is accursed," and he threw his notched and red-stained sabre towards the street Lavandiers.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CHEVALIER DISCOVERED.

MAURICE hastened to the section to prefer a complaint against Simon. Lorin had, however, previously proposed a more expeditious method, which was to assemble several of the Thermopylites to await Simon at the Temple and kill him in open contest.

Maurice firmly opposed this plan.

"We should be lost if we proceeded in that manner; let us crush Simon, but let us crush him legally. The matter ought to be very simple to lawyers."

It was with that view Maurice proceeded to his section, to make a formal complaint. He was greatly astonished when the president of the section turned a deaf ear to his complaint, excusing himself by saying that he could not interfere between two such good citizens, both of whom were animated with a love of their country.

"Good," replied Maurice. "I now understand what is necessary to be done, to merit the reputation of a good citizen. Ah! indeed. Do you call it being animated with a love of

country, when a man assembles the people to assassinate one whom he dislikes. In that case I return to Lorin's opinion, which I had the misfortune to oppose. Beginning from to-day I will practise the patriotism you teach, and my first experiment shall be on Simon."

"Citizen Maurice," said the president, "Simon has been perhaps less to blame than you in that affair. He discovered a conspiracy out of the love of his duty, which you ought to have detected, but of which you perceived no trace whatever; moreover, you have connived by chance or design with the enemies of the nation; of the nature of that connivance we are totally ignorant."

"I?" said Maurice. "Ah! that is something new. Citizen president, may I ask with whom I have connived?"

"With the Chevalier of the Red House."

"I!" said Maurice utterly stupified. "I have combined with the Chevalier? I do not know him. I have never seen him."

"You have been seen conversing with him."

"*I!*"

"Shaking hands with him."

"*I!*"

"Yes."

"Where was it? When did it occur, citizen president?" said Maurice, urged beyond reason by the conviction of his innocence. "Citizen president, you have lied."

"Your zeal for your country, citizen Maurice," said the president, "causes you to forget yourself, you will regret by-and-bye that hasty expression, when I have proved to you that my information is perfectly correct. Three different reports bear the same accusation."

"Come, come," said Maurice. "Do you really believe me such a fool as to believe in your Chevalier of the Red House?"

"And why not believe in him?"

"Because he is the spectre conspirator, held always in readiness to contrive some new conspiracy by which your enemies may be conveniently crushed."

"Read the denunciations."

"I shall read nothing," said Maurice; "I protest that I have never seen the Chevalier, and that I never spoke to him. Let him who does not believe my word of honor, only say so, and then I shall know how to deal with him."

The president shrugged his shoulders; and Maurice, who

did not wish to be behindhand in anything, followed his example.

During the remainder of the sitting a general reserve and gloom pervaded the assembly.

The meeting having been dismissed; the president, who was a good patriot, and raised to the first rank by the votes of his fellow citizens, approached Maurice, and said—

"Come with me, Maurice, I wish to speak with you." Maurice followed him, and was conducted into a small room attached to the place of meeting. When they had entered, the president turned round and putting his hand on Maurice's shoulder, remarked—

"Maurice, I knew and esteemed your father. The same feelings I entertain towards you, because I love you; Maurice, believe me, you encounter very great danger in exhibiting a want of faith, which is the first symptom of the decline of a revolutionary spirit. Maurice, my friend, when faith is lost, fidelity follows. You do not believe in the existence of the enemies of your nation. From thence it follows that you pass them without seeing them, and even become an instrument in their plots without knowing it."

"Diable! citizen," replied Maurice; "I surely know myself. I am a man whose heart is zealous in patriotism; but whilst my zeal does not make me blind, my patriotism does not render me fanatical. There have been twenty pretended conspiracies attributed to the same person. I should only like to see the responsible editor."

"You do not believe in the existence of conspirators?" said the president. "Well, tell me,—do you believe in the red carnation, for which they yesterday guillotined Tison's daughter."

Maurice started.

"Do you believe in the tunnel worked under the Temple gardens, communicating between the cellar of citizen Plumeau and a certain house in the street la Corderie?"

"No," said Maurice.

"Then act like Thomas the Apostle, go and see it."

"I am not on guard at the Temple, and they would not allow me to pass."

"Everybody may now enter the Temple."

"How so?"

"Read this report," said the president, "since you are so incredulous. I shall proceed step by step with official documents alone."

"What!" exclaimed Maurice, reading the report. "Has it arrived at this?"

"Proceed."

"The Queen is to be removed to the Conciergerie!"

"Well," answered the president.

"Ah! ah!" muttered Maurice.

"Do you believe," said the President, "that the Committee of Public Safety would have adopted such a serious measure upon the authority of a mere dream of the imagination, or idle rumour?"

"The measure is adopted, but not executed, like a host of others which I have known."

"Read on to the end," said the president, presenting another paper.

"The receipt by Richard the gaoler of the Conciergerie," exclaimed Maurice.

"She has been confined there since two o'clock."

Maurice remained for some time thoughtful.

"The Commune, you know," continued the president, "act profoundly. She ploughed a wide and deep furrow. Her measures are no child's play. She has put into execution Cromwell's principle, viz., 'That kings can only be struck upon the head.' Read this private note of the minister of police."

"Seeing that we have a positive assurance of the presence of the Chevalier of the Red House in Paris; that he has been seen in various places; that he has left behind him proofs of his connection with various conspiracies, most fortunately averted, we request every sectional leader to redouble his vigilance."

"Well," asked the president.

"I must believe you, citizen president," exclaimed Maurice, continuing to read—

"Description of the Chevalier of Red House: five feet three inches in height (better than five feet and a half English), fair hair, blue eyes, straight nose, chesnut-coloured beard, round chin, soft voice, and a woman's hands; age, from thirty-five to thirty-six."

"*Mon Dieu!*" murmured Maurice, "could it be him? In that case the denunciation which represents me as having spoken to him is not false; only I do not remember ever having shaken hands with him."

"Well, Maurice," asked the president, "what do you say to that, now?"

"That I believe you," answered Maurice, amidst a sad meditation, for during some time, without knowing what malign influence affected him, he imagined everything darkened and lowered around him.

"Do not sport thus with your popularity, Maurice," continued the President. "In these times popularity is life itself. Beware of unpopularity. It is the suspicion of treason, and the citizen Maurice Lindey must not be suspected to be a traitor."

Maurice had no reply to make to a doctrine which he acknowledged to be his own. He thanked his old friend and left the section.

"Ah!" murmured he, "Let us breathe a little. Here are too many struggles with suspicion all at once. Let me proceed at once straightway to repose, innocence, and joy; to Geneviève."

Maurice accordingly took the direction of the old street, St. Jacques. When he reached the master-tanner's, Dixmer and Morand were supporting Geneviève, during a violent nervous attack. Instead of admitting him as usual, a servant stood in his way.

"Announce me," said Maurice, uneasily, "and if Dixmer cannot receive me just now, I shall retire."

The servant entered the pavilion, whilst Maurice remained in the garden. It seemed to him, as if something unusual was passing within the house. The workmen were not at their employment, but crossed the garden with an uneasy look. Dixmer himself came to the very door.

"Come in, dear Maurice," said he; "come in, you are not one of those against whom my door is closed—

"What is the matter?" asked the young man.

"Geneviève is very poorly, more than indisposed, for she is delirous."

"Oh! my God," exclaimed the young man with emotion. "What is her complaint?"

"You are aware, my dear friend," resumed Dixmer, "nobody can fathom women's affections, and still less the husband."

Geneviève was extended in a kind of long easy chair; beside her stood Morand holding smelling salts to her nose.

"Well?" asked Dixmer.

"Still the same," replied Morand.

"Heloise, Heloise," muttered the young woman through her clenched teeth.

"Heloise!" repeated Maurice, astonished.

"Eh! good God! yes, Geneviève unfortunately went out this morning and saw an unfortunate girl of that name being conducted to the scaffold; since that she has had five or six nervous attacks, and always repeats the same name."

"And what affects her more," said Morand, "is the circumstance of her recognising in this girl, the flower-dealer, who sold the carnations, with which you are acquainted."

"Most certainly, since they nearly cost me my head."

"We were made acquainted with all that," said Dixmer; "and believe me, dear Maurice, none could feel greater alarm than we did. Morand was at the meeting, however, and saw you depart at liberty."

"Silence," said Maurice, "I believe she speaks again."

"Half-uttered unintelligible words," resumed Dixmer.

"Maurice," murmured Geneviève. "They are going to kill Maurice. Help him, help him, Chevalier."

A profound silence followed these words.

"Chevalier of the Red House," murmured Geneviève. "Chevalier."

Maurice felt a flash of suspicion crossing his mind, but it was merely a flash. Besides, he was too much moved with Geneviève's suffering to comment on her words.

"Did you call a doctor?" asked he.

"Oh! it is nothing," said Dixmer; "a little delirium, that is all."

And at the same time he squeezed his wife's hand so violently that Geneviève recovered, and, uttering a cry, opened her eyes.

"Ah! are you there?" said she, "and Maurice with you? I am happy to see you, my friend. If you knew how I have—" She paused—"How much we have suffered these two days."

"Yes," said Maurice, "but we are all here. Recover yourself, and let us alarm ourselves no longer. There is one word, however, which you must not accustom yourself to utter, seeing that it does not possess at present much esteem or sanctity."

"Which is that?" asked Geneviève, quickly.

"It is that of the Chevalier of the Red House."

"Have I named him?" asked Geneviève, thunderstruck.

"Undoubtedly," answered Dixmer, with a forced laugh; "but there is nothing surprising in that, Maurice, as it was publicly stated that the Chevalier was the accomplice of the girl Tison, and likewise that it was he who superintended the attempt made for her rescue, which fortunately failed yesterday."

"I do not say," answered Maurice, "that there is anything astonishing in that; I only remark that he had better conceal himself as well as he can."

"Who?" asked Dixmer.

"The Chevalier of the Red House; *parbleu!* the Commune is searching for him, and their blood-hounds have keen noses."

"It is to be hoped they will arrest him," said Morand, "before he can accomplish some new attempt which may succeed better than the others."

"At all events," said Maurice, "it will not be in the Queen's behalf."

"And why so," asked Morand.

"Because for the future the Queen is removed beyond the reach of his attempts."

"Where is she, then?" asked Dixmer.

"In the Conciergerie," answered Maurice, "where she was transferred recently."

Dixmer, Morand, and Geneviève uttered a cry which Maurice mistook for an exclamation of surprise.

"So, you observe," continued he, "farewell to the plan of the Chevalier concerning the Queen. The Conciergerie is safer than the Temple."

Morand and Dixmer exchanged a look which escaped Maurice.

"Ah! good God," cried the latter, "there, Madame Dixmer grows pale again."

"Geneviève," said Dixmer, "go to bed, child, you are very ill."

Maurice took the hint to retire, kissed her hand, and departed. Morand went out with him, and accompanied him as far as the old street St. Jacques. When there, he left him to address a few words to a servant who held a saddle-horse. Maurice was so plagued in thought, that he never addressed a single word to Morand, and therefore never asked who the man was, or what the horse did there. He took the direction of the street of the Fosses, St. Victor, and reached the quays.

"It is strange," said he, as he walked. "Has my mind become weaker, or events more serious. They begin to magnify before my eyes as if under a microscope."

To restore himself to a greater calmness, Maurice exposed his brow to the evening breeze, and supported himself on the parapet of the bridge.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PATROL—THE SPIES AND SEARCH.

AS Maurice finished mentally his gloomy reflection, and was leaning over the parapet, regarding the stream with melancholy attention, he was aroused by the regular march of a patrol approaching his position. He looked round: it was a company of the national guards marching towards him. Maurice, amidst the obscurity, imagined he saw Lorin. It was certainly him; and the moment Lorin perceived his friend, he ran to him with open arms.

"So I have you at last," he exclaimed. "Morbleu we do not encounter each other without difficulty."

"What are you doing here in patrol?" asked Maurice, uneasily.

"I am heading an expedition, my friend. The point at issue is to re-establish on its primitive base our shattered republic." Then turning to his company, he said—

"Carry arms—present arms—pile arms. It is not yet dark enough; converse over your own affairs, whilst we talk of ours." Then facing his friend, he said,

"I have learned two important things to-day, at the section."

"What are they?"

"The first is, that you and I begin to be suspected."

"I know that. What next?"

"Ah! you do know it."

MAURICE'S INTERVIEW WITH LORIN,

"Well."

"The second is, that the whole conspiracy of the carnation was directed by the Chevalier of the Red House."

"I know that, too."

"But you do not know that the carnation and the tunnel only formed one conspiracy?"

"I also know that."

"Then let us proceed to a third affair. You do not know that, I am certain. We are going to arrest the Chevalier this very night."

"Arrest the Chevalier?"

"Yes."

"You are then becoming a gend'armes?"

"No; but, on the other hand, a patriot who owes something to his country. This Chevalier makes dreadful ravages with conspiracy after conspiracy. The country orders me as a patriot to relieve them of this Chevalier, who annoys them beyond expression, and I merely obey my country."

"It is quite the same," said Maurice, "and still it seems strange you engage yourself in such an enterprise."

"I did not undertake it. It was forced upon me; besides, I should have sued for it, because it is absolutely necessary, by some striking action, to establish our reputation. That is, not only the security we have for our lives, but it establishes our right to give that frightful Simon six inches of steel."

"How did they know that the Chevalier of the Red House headed the conspiracy of the tunnel?"

"It is not yet certain. It is only presumed."

"Ah! you reason from deduction."

"No; we proceed upon a certainty."

"How do you account for that? Let us see."

"Hear me, then."

"Go on."

"I had scarcely heard the crier proclaim the conspiracy discovered by Simon—the wretch, Simon, who seems to be everywhere—than I determined to judge of the truth myself."

"But they spoke of a tunnel; does it exist?"

"Oh! certainly, it exists."

"You say that you have seen it?"

"I repeat that I have seen the tunnel, and that it communicates between the cellar of Madame Plumeau and a house in the street la Corderie. The number is 12, or 14, I do not remember which."

"Truly, Lorin; have you been through it."

"My faith, throughout its whole length. I assure you it was exceedingly well contrived and executed. It was intersected by three iron gates, which they were compelled to break down. Had the conspirators succeeded, they would have had time enough through the sacrifice of three or four men to have placed the widow Capet in safety. Fortunately it was not so, and the villanous Simon again discovered it."

"But it seems to me," said Maurice, "that those who inhabited the house ought to have been the first to be arrested."

"That would have been done, but not a single person was found in it.

"Still the house belonged to some one?"

"Yes, but he was a new proprietor, whom no one knew. It was known that the house had changed hands, about three weeks previous; that was all. The neighbours had heard noises, but as the house was old it was thought to be undergoing repairs; as for the original proprietor he had left Paris. I arrived during the discussion of these facts." 'It seems,' said I, to Santerre, drawing him aside, 'that you are all embarrassed.' 'True,' replied he, 'we are.' 'This house has been sold, has it not?' 'Yes.' 'About three weeks ago?' 'Yes.' 'Sold before a notary?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' said I, 'inquire at all the notaries of Paris, and you will discover who has sold it. He will produce the instrument of sale, and upon it will be found the name of the purchaser of this house.' 'Capital, that is advice,' said Santerre, 'and from a man whom they charge with being a bad patriot. Lorin, Lorin, I shall re-establish you, or may the devil burn me.'"

"In short," continued Lorin, "what was said was done. The notary was found, as well as the instrument of sale, and on that was written the name and abode of the buyer. Then Santerre kept his word. He appointed me to arrest him."

"And this man was the Chevalier of the Red House?"

"Not at all, only his probable accomplice."

"Then why do you state that you were going to arrest the Chevalier?"

"We are going to arrest both of them together."

"In the first place, do you know the Chevalier?"

"Perfectly."

"You have his description?"

"*Parbleu!* Santerre gave it to me. Five feet three inches, fair hair, blue eyes, strait nose, chesnut beard; besides, I have seen him."

"When?"

"To-day."

"You saw him?" said Maurice.

"And you also."

Maurice started.

"You know the fair looking little man who saved us this morning? He who commanded the troop of aristocrats, and who struck so hard?"

"Was it him?" asked Maurice.

"Himself. He was followed, but was lost in the neighbourhood of our proprietor's house, of the Rue Corderie, so that we presume he lodges there."

"Indeed, it is probable."

"It is certain."

"But it seems to me, Lorin, that if you arrest in the evening him who saved our lives in the morning, you will be wanting in gratitude."

"Go along," said Lorin, "do you think they saved us with the intention of doing so?"

"And why so, then?"

"The troop were lying in ambush to rescue poor Heloïse Tison as she passed. Our cut-throats inconvenienced them, and they fell upon them. We were saved by a mere fortunate occurrence. Since I think all depends upon intention, and as the motive was here absent, I cannot reproach myself with ingratitude. Besides, do you not see, Maurice, the chief point here is the necessity which exists for our re-establishing ourselves by some grand stroke; besides I have become responsible for you."

"To whom?"

"To Santerre. He knows you command the expedition."

"How so?"

"'Are you sure,' said he, 'of arresting the criminals?' 'Yes,' replied I, 'if Maurice was present.' 'But,' replied he, 'are you sure of Maurice? He has been very lukewarm for some time.' 'Those who say so,' I remarked, 'are deceived. Maurice has cooled down no more than I have done.' 'And you will be answerable for him,' said he. 'As for myself,' I replied. I then went in search of you, but could not find you. I then took this route because it was mine, and because you ordinarily pursue it. Finally, I found you. There, go forward, let us march."

"My dear Lorin, I am amazed at it, but I do not feel the

least desire for this expedition. You may say you did not meet me."

"Impossible, all my men have seen you."

"Well, you may say that we met, but that I declined joining you."

"Again impossible."

"And why so?"

"Because in that case you would no longer be a lukewarm patriot, but a suspected one. Such persons are conducted to the Place de la Revolution, and invited to salute the statue of liberty, with this difference, that instead of doing it with one's hat, they do it with one's head."

"Well, Lorin, any thing may arrive that chooses. What I am about to say may surprise you." Lorin stared at Maurice. "Well," continued Maurice, "I am tired of life."

Lorin burst into a loud laugh.

"Good," said he, "out of sorts with your sweetheart, and filled with melancholy? Come, good Amadis, become a man again, and from thence change to a citizen; as for me, on the other hand, I never am a better patriot than when embroiled with Arthèmise. Bye-the-bye, the goddess utters a thousand kind things in praise of you."

"Thank her for me, Lorin. Adieu."

"Why adieu?"

"Because I am going."

"Where to?"

"Parbleu! home."

"Maurice, you are lost.'

"I laugh at it."

"Maurice, my friend, reflect."

"It is done."

"I have not told you all."

"All what?"

"All that Santerre told me."

"What did he say?"

"When I requested that you should head the expedition, he said, 'take care.' 'Of whom?' asked I. 'Maurice,' said he. 'He goes often into that neighbourhood.' 'Which quarter?' 'Where the Chevalier resides.'"

"What!" exclaimed Maurice; "does he live about here?"

"It is presumed so, at least, since his accomplice resides here; he who is the purchaser of the house in the street la Corderie."

"Faubourg Victor?" asked Maurice.

"Yes."

"In which street?"

"The old street St. Jacques."

"Good God!" murmured Maurice; and as if blinded by a flash of lightning, he covered his eyes with his hands. After a short interval, and as if he had summoned courage; "His condition?" asked he.

"Master Tanner."

"His name?"

"Dixmer."

"You are right, Lorin," said Maurice; suppressing, to all appearance, by a powerful effort, the emotion he experienced. "I will go with you."

"You are right. Are you armed?"

"I have my sabre as usual."

"Take in addition these brace of pistols."

"And you—"

"I have my carbine. Carry arms! shoulder arms! forward! march!"

The patrol advanced, accompanied by Maurice, who marched beside Lorin, preceded by a man in plain clothes, who guided them. He was a police spy.

From time to time a figure detached itself from the angles of the streets, and the doors of the houses, exchanging a few words with the guides. These were spies on the watch.

They reached a narrow lane; the spy did not waver a moment. He seemed well instructed. He entered the lane, at the very garden-gate through which Maurice had once been led manacled.

"It is here," said he.

"Here? What?" asked Lorin.

"Where we will discover the two leaders."

Maurice supported himself against the wall as if he was about to fall.

"There are three entrances," said the spy. "This one, another opening into the pavilion, and a third, the principal one. By the latter I shall enter with six or eight men; guard this entrance with four or five men, and put three trusty ones at the pavilion door."

"As for me," said Maurice, "I shall get over the wall, and watch in the garden."

"Capital!" said Lorin; "more especially as you can admit us from the interior."

"Willingly," said Maurice; "but do not quit the passage, or approach until I call you. Whatever passes within I can perceive from the garden."

"You know the house, then?" asked Lorin.

"At one time I wished to purchase it."

Lorin concealed the men in the nooks and corners, whilst the spy retired with, eight or ten national guards to force the principal entrance. In a short time the sound of their footsteps ceased, without having, in this deserted place, excited the slightest attention. Maurice's men were at their post, concealed as much as possible. One might have sworn that nothing extraordinary was passing in the old street, so profound was the tranquillity that reigned.

Maurice began climbing the wall.

"Wait," said Lorin.

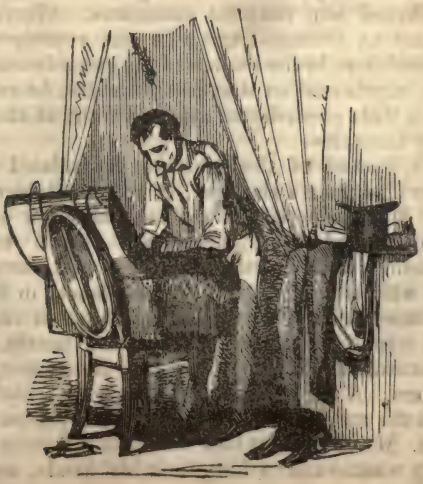
"What?"

"The pass words."

"Right."

"'The Carnation and Tunnel:'—arrest all who do not pronounce these words; pass all who do. Such are the watch-words."

"Thank you," said Maurice, as he leaped from the wall into the garden.



CHAPTER XXVII.

MAURICE AND THE CHEVALIER.

THE information Maurice received, proved such a blow to him, that it required the utmost exercise of self control to conceal from Lorin the mental anguish which overcame him. But, when he was once alone in the garden, amidst the silence of night, his mind became calmer; his ideas, no longer disorderly, flowed through his brain in a more regulated form, and were more under the command of his reason. What! could this house, which Maurice had so often visited with the purest pleasure, could this house, which he considered his paradise upon earth, be the mere resort of conspirators? Was all that fine response made to his ardent friendship mere hypocrisy? Was Geneviève's love converted into the passion of fear? Our readers know the disposition of the garden where they have so often followed our youthful characters. Maurice glided from abutment to abutment until he was entirely concealed from the moon's rays by the shadow of the green-house in which he had been imprisoned on that day when first he entered the house. This little green-house stood in front of the pavilion inhabited by Geneviève.

This night, instead of the light shining isolated and fixed from the young woman's chamber, it wandered from window to window. Maurice perceived a person through one of the curtains which had been accidentally drawn half aside hastily pressing several articles into a portmanteau, and he observed with astonishment that arms glanced in his hands. He raised himself upon a buttress to gain a better view of the interior. A strong fire blazed up from the hearth, and attracted his attention. He then perceived Geneviève, who was burning papers. A door opened at that moment, and a young man entered the room, upon which the other person immediately quitted. Maurice's first idea was, that it mustbe Dixmer.

The young woman ran to him, took his hands, and for an

instant each gazed on the other, apparently a prey to violent emotion. What species of emotion was it? Maurice could not divine, nor did the murmur of their conversation reach him.

Suddenly Maurice scanned the figure of the visitor.

"It is not Dixmer," murmured he.

In fact Dixmer was tall and stout built, whilst this person was thin and of low stature.

Jealously is an active stimulant, and in a second Maurice had made his comparison.

"It is not Dixmer," murmured he, as if he had been obliged to repeat it so as to convince himself of Geneviève's perfidy. He drew nearer to the window; but the nearer he approached the less he could see, whilst his brain was on fire.

He struck his foot against a ladder, and in an instant raised it against the wall. He cautiously ascended and put his eye close to the opening in the curtain.

The unknown was a man about twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, his eye was blue, and his form elegant. He still retained the young woman's hands in his, and addressed her, at the same time that he wiped away the tears which veiled Geneviève's eyes.

A slight noise made by Maurice caused the young man to turn his face towards the window. Maurice could scarcely restrain an exclamation of surprise when he recognised his mysterious protector of the Place du Chatelet.

Geneviève, at the same time, withdrew her hands from the unknown, and advancing to the chimney-piece, assured herself that all the papers were consumed.

Maurice could restrain himself no longer: all those terrible passions which torture man—love, vengeance, jealousy, gnawed at his heart with their teeth of fire. Seizing his opportunity he violently burst open the wings of the insecure window and leaped into the room.

At the same moment a couple of pistols were presented to his breast. Geneviève turned round at the noise, and perceiving Maurice, remained mute with astonishment.

"Sir," said the young Republican, coolly, to him who doubly held his life in his hands, "sir,—you are the Chevalier of the Red House."

"And if it may be so?"

"Oh! if it is so—You are a brave man, and consequently a cool one. I have a few words to say to you."

"Speak!" said the Chevalier—without, however, lowering his pistols.

"You can kill me, but you cannot kill me before I have uttered a cry, or, rather, I shall not die without doing so. If I utter a cry there are a thousand men surrounding this house who, in ten minutes, would reduce it to ashes. So lower your arms and hear what I have to say to madam—"

"To Geneviève?" asked the Chevalier.

"To me!" murmured the young woman.

"Yes; to you."

Geneviève, as pale as a statue, seized Maurice's arm, but he repelled her.

"Madam, you are aware of what you affirmed to me," said Maurice with profound contempt. "I now perceive you have spoken the truth. In fact, you do not love M. Morand."

"Maurice, hear me," exclaimed Geneviève.

"Madam, I have nothing to hear. You have deceived me. You have severed with one blow all the ties which united my heart to yours. You said you did not love Morand; but you did not say you loved another."

"Sir," said the Chevalier, "why do you speak of Morand, or rather to what Morand do you allude?"

"To Morand the chemist."

"Morand the chemist stands before you. Morand the chemist and the Chevalier of the Red House are one and the same person." He stretched forth his hand to a neighbouring table, and in a moment assumed the black wig which had so long deceived the eyes of the young Republican.

"Ah! yes," said Maurice with increased disdain. "Yes, I understand. It is not Morand whom you love, since he no longer exists. But the subterfuge, although more adroit, is not the less contemptible." The Chevalier made a threatening motion. "Sir," continued Maurice, "will you permit me to converse a little with madam? Join in our conversation if you please. It will be brief, I assure you." Geneviève made a movement to the Chevalier to be patient. "So," continued Maurice, "you—you, Geneviève, have made me the laughing-stock of your friends, and caused me to be execrated by mine. You have made me, blind as I was, an accomplice in all your plots. You have employed me as a tool. Do you hear? It is an infamous action—but, madam, you will be punished. This gentleman will slay me before your eyes; but in five minutes he also will be a corpse at your feet, or if he survives, it will only be to lose his head on the scaffold."

"He die!" exclaimed Geneviève. "His head fall upon the scaffold? Maurice, you do not know that he is the protector of my family, and for him I would readily sacrifice my own life. If he die, I die; for you are my love, he is my religion!"

"Ah!" said Maurice. "You perhaps mean to say you still love me. Indeed, women are so weak and cowardly."

Then turning round, he said to the young royalist, "Come, come, sir, you must either kill me or die yourself."

"Why so?"

"Because if you do not kill me I will arrest you." And Maurice extended his hand to grasp his collar.

"I will not dispute my life with you," said the Chevalier. "Behold!" And he threw his weapons into an arm chair.

"And why not dispute your life with me?"

"Because my life is not worth the remorse I should experience in killing a gallant man; besides—besides, Geneviève loves you."

"Ah!" exclaimed the young woman, folding her hands together. "Ah! you are always the good, great, loyal, and generous Armand."

Maurice looked at both with a kind of stupified astonishment.

"Hold!" said the Chevalier. "I shall retire to my chamber; but, I give you my word of honour, that it is not to escape, but only to conceal a portrait."

Maurice quickly cast his eyes on Geneviève. Whether the Chevalier divined Maurice's thoughts, or whether he wished to push generosity to the utmost, he said. "Come, I know you are a Republican, but, I know also, that you have a pure and loyal heart. I shall trust in you to the utmost. Look."

And he drew from his breast a miniature, which he presented to Maurice. It was a likeness of the Queen!

Maurice held down his head and pressed his brow.

"I await your order, sir," said the Chevalier. "If you still desire my arrest, knock at this door when the time is come to deliver me up. I care no longer for life from that moment that my existence ceases to be upheld by the hope of saving the Queen."

The Chevalier retired without Maurice making one single gesture to retain him.

He had scarcely disappeared, ere Geneviève threw herself at the young man's feet.

"Pardon, pardon me, Maurice, for all the evil I have wrought you. Pardon my deceptions. For the sake of my tears and suffering, pardon me, for I have wept and borne much. My husband departed, I know not where, this morning. I do not know that I shall ever see him more. Now there is but one friend left me—no, not a friend, but a brother; and you seek to kill him. Pardon, Maurice, pardon me."

Maurice raised her up.

"What would you?" said he. "It is fate. Every one now plays for his life. The Chevalier has staked his and lost. Now he must pay the forfeit."

"That is to say he dies—if I understand you?"

"Yes."

"He must die, and you tell me so!"

"It is not me, Geneviève. It is fate."

"But Fate has not yet pronounced her sentence in this case, since you—you can save him."

"At the expense of my word, consequently of my honour. I understand that, Geneviève."

"Close your eyes, Maurice. That is all I ask you to do, and as far as the gratitude of woman can go, I promise you mine will reach it."

"It would be useless, madam, to shut my eyes. There is a password given, without which no one can leave the house; for, as I informed you, it is surrounded."

"And you have the password?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Maurice!"

"Well."

"My friend, my dear Maurice. The password. Tell it me—I must have it."

"Geneviève!" exclaimed Maurice. "Geneviève! What do you ask of me?—'Maurice, in the name of that love which I bear you, be without faith and honour, betray your cause, and renounce, deny your principles!'—Geneviève, what do you, who tempt me so, offer me in return for all that?"

"Oh! Maurice, save him; save him in the first place, and then ask even my life."

"Geneviève," replied Maurice, with a sad voice, "hear me. I have placed one foot in the gulf of infamy. If I must descend altogether, I wish at least to have a good argument against myself. Geneviève, swear to me that you do not love the Chevalier."

"I love the Chevalier as a sister or a friend should love; not otherwise, I swear."

"Geneviève, do you love me?"

"Maurice, I love you as sure as God now hears me."

"If I do as you wish, will you forsake parents, friends, and country, to fly with the traitor."

"Maurice—Maurice—"

"She hesitates—oh! she hesitates!" and Maurice drew back with all the violence of disdain.

Geneviève, who was supporting herself against him, felt him yield and sank on her knees.

"Maurice," said she, throwing her head back and clasping her hands, "Maurice, whatever you wish I will swear—order me, I shall obey."

"You will be mine, Geneviève?"

"When you exact it."

"Swear by the name of Christ."

Geneviève raised her arm

"My God," said she, "you pardoned the adultress—I hope also to be pardoned."

Big tears rolled down her cheeks upon the long tresses which fell over her bosom.

"Oh! not so—not so," said Maurice; "or I will not receive your oath."

"I swear," resumed she, "to consecrate my life to Maurice; to die with or for him, if necessary, if he will only save my friend, protector, brother, the Chevalier of the Red House."

"It is well," said Maurice. "He shall be saved." He proceeded toward the chamber. "Sir," said he, "resume the attire of the tanner, Morand. I restore your parole. You are free. And now, madam," said he to Geneviève, "the password is the 'carnation and tunnel.'"

Then, as if he were afraid to remain any longer in the room where he had pronounced the words which made him a traitor, he opened the window and leaped into the garden.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ESCAPE.

MAURICE resumed his post in the garden, in front of Geneviève's window, which was now dark. She had entered the Chevalier's room. It was high time for Maurice to leave the chamber, for he had scarcely posted himself at the corner of the green-house, before the garden-door opened, and the man in the gray dress appeared, followed by Lorin and five or six grenadiers.

"Well?" asked Lorin.

"You perceive," said Maurice, "that I am at my post."

"No one has uttered the password?"

"No one," replied Maurice, fortunate to escape a falsehood by the manner in which the question had been put.

"No one. What have you done?"

"We," said the man in gray, "have ascertained to a certainty that the Chevalier entered the house, an hour ago, and has not since gone out."

"You know his chamber?" asked Lorin.

"His apartment is only separated from that of Madame Dixmer by a corridor."

"Ah, ah!" remarked Lorin.

"*Par Dieu!* there was no need of any separation; this chevalier seems to be a gay fellow."

Maurice felt the blood rush towards his head. He closed his eyes and sparks of fire seemed to burst from his eyelids.

"Eh! well," said Lorin. "But what does Dixmer say to that?"

"He perhaps considers it an honour."

"Let us see," said Maurice in a suffocating voice, "what decision have you arrived at?"

"We decide," said the police officer, "to take him in his own room, and most probably in bed."

"Does he suspect anything?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"What is the plan of the building?" asked Lorin.

"We have one perfectly exact," answered the police agent. "A pavilion situated at the angles of the garden; there it is. You ascend four steps; there they are. You then reach a landing place, on the right is the door of Madam Dixmer's apartment. It is most likely that one with the window facing us. In front of the window there is another door opening into a corridor, and in this corridor we shall find the traitor's door."

"Good," said Lorin. "That is a carefully arranged plan. Provided with that we may go forward blindfolded, and with perfect certainty with our eyes open. Forward, then."

"Are the streets well guarded?" asked Maurice with an interest which those present conceived to arise from his anxiety to prevent the Chevalier's escape.

"The streets, passages, and lanes," said the spy, "are all so well guarded that I defy a mouse to escape without the password."

Maurice shuddered, for so many precautions taken might render his treason useless.

"Now," said the police agent, "how many men do you require to arrest the Chevalier?"

"How many men?" said Lorin. "I expect that Maurice and myself are enough. Is it not so, Maurice?"

"Yes," stammered he. "Certainly we shall be sufficient."

"Hear me," said the spy. "Let there be no romancing make a point of taking him."

"*Morbleu!*" exclaimed Lorin. "If we decide on that, I believe we can. Is it not so, Maurice? *We* must take him."

Lorin laid emphasis on that. He formerly said that suspicion was gathering around them, and it was necessary to arrest it in its progress before it assumed consistence. Lorin, however, easily understood that no one would dare to suspect the patriotism of two men who might succeed in arresting the Chevalier of the Red House.

"Well," said the spy, "if you really intend it, let us take three men rather than two, four rather than three. The Chevalier sleeps always with a sword under his pillow and two pistols on the night table."

"Eh! *Morbleu*," said one of the grenadiers of Lorin's company, "let us enter without granting the preference to any one. If he yields we will reserve him for the guillotine. If he resists we can cut him down."

"Well said," remarked Lorin. "Forward! Shall we enter by the door or window?"

"By the door," said the police agent. "Perhaps the key may be accidentally there, whilst if we entered by the window, several squares would be broken and make a noise."

"Go to the door, then," said Lorin. "Provided we enter it matters not how. Come on, sabre in hand, Maurice."

Maurice mechanically unsheathed his weapon. The little troop advanced to the pavilion.

As the spy had indicated, they encountered the steps, then reached the landing and entered the vestibule.

"Ah!" said Lorin joyfully, "the key is in the door."

In fact he had stretched out his hand in the dark and, as he related, felt the cold metal touch his fingers' ends.

"Open it, then, citizen lieutenant," said the police agent.

Lorin cautiously turned the key and the door opened. Maurice passed his hand across his humid brow.

"Here we are," said Lorin.

"Not yet," said the spy. "If our information is exact we are in Madame Dixmer's apartment."

"We can soon convince ourselves," said Lorin. "Let us light the candle, the fire is still in."

"Let us rather," said the police agent, "light torches, they are not so soon extinguished as candles."

He took two torches from a grenadier, and lighted them at the dying flame. He gave one to Maurice, the other to Lorin.

"You see," said he, "I do not deceive myself—here is Madame Dixmer's bed-chamber door. There is the other entering upon the corridor."

"Forward to the corridor," said Lorin.

They opened the door, which was no better closed than the other, and found themselves facing the Chevalier's door. Maurice had observed this door twenty times, but had never asked whence it led. As far as he was concerned, the world was concentrated within the chamber where Geneviève received him.

"Oh, oh!" said Lorin, in a low voice; "here matters are altered, no key and a closed door."

"But," asked Maurice, speaking with difficulty, "are you sure it is the right one?"

"If the plan is exact it ought to be," answered the spy; "besides we shall soon see. Grenadiers force the door;

and you, citizens, hold yourselves ready to rush into the chamber."

Four men raised the buts of their muskets, and on a signal given by the police agent, they struck one blow together, smashing the door to atoms.

"Yield, or you are a dead man!" shouted Lorin, rushing into the chamber.

No one answered;—the bed curtains were closely drawn.

"Mind the bed—take care of the bed," cried the spy; "make ready, and, on the first movement of the curtain, fire.

"Stop," said Maurice, "I will open them."

And doubtless believing that the Chevalier was concealed behind the curtains, and that the first blow of a poniard, or the first shot of a pistol would do for him, Maurice rushed towards them, and drew them back with a rattling noise.

The bed was empty.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Lorin, "No one!"

"He must have escaped," stammered Maurice.

"Impossible, citizen, impossible!" exclaimed the man in gray. "I tell you, he was seen entering an hour ago; no one has gone out, and all the issues are guarded."

Lorin opened the doors of the presses and closets, and searched everywhere, even where it was impossible for any man to be concealed.

"Nobody!—you see plainly there is no one."

"No one!" repeated Maurice with an emotion easily understood. "Indeed, it is evident there is no one."

"He may be," said the spy, "in Madame Dixmer's room."

"Oh!" said Maurice, "respect a woman's bed-room."

"What?" said Lorin. "Certainly! let it be respected, and Madame Dixmer also; but, let it be searched."

"Then," said Maurice, "let me enter first."

"Go on," said Lorin, "You are captain, and let every leader be honoured."

Two men were left to guard the apartment; they left and then returned to that in which they had lighted their torches. Maurice approached the door opening into Geneviève's bed-room. It was the first time he entered it. His heart beat violently. The key was in the door. Maurice put his hand upon it, and hesitated.

"Well!" said Lorin, "Open the——"

"But," said Maurice, "if Madame Dixmer is in bed?"

"We will, then," said Lorin, "look into the bed, under the

bed, in the chimney, and in the cupboards; after which, if there is no one save herself, we will wish her good night."

"Not so," said the spy, "we shall arrest her. Madame Geneviève Dixmer is an aristocrat who has been recognised as the accomplice of Tison's daughter and of the Chevalier of the Red House."

"Open the door, then," said Maurice, delivering the key; "I arrest no woman." The police agent looked keenly at Maurice, and the grenadiers murmured.

"Ho, ho!" said Lorin, "you murmur do you? I am of Maurice's opinion," and he accordingly stepped back. The spy seized the key—turned it violently—the door yielded and the soldiers rushed into the room.

Two wax candles were burning on a small table, but Geneviève's chamber, like that of the Chevalier, was empty.

"Empty!" exclaimed the spy.

"Empty!" repeated Maurice, becoming pale. "Where is she then?"

Lorin looked at Maurice with astonishment.

"Let us search," said the police agent; and, followed by the soldiers, he ransacked the house from top to bottom.

Their backs were scarcely turned, before Maurice, who had impatiently gazed after them, rushed into the chamber, opening the presses which had been opened already, and called in an anxious voice, "Geneviève! Geneviève!"

She did not, however, answer, and the room was really vacated.

Maurice, then proceeded to search the house, in a state of frenzy. Every dependence belonging to the house, was also searched, with the same result.

Suddenly, they heard a great noise. A troop of armed men had presented themselves at the gate, exchanged the password, invaded the garden, and spread themselves over the house. Santerre, himself, was at the head of the reinforcement.

"Well!" said he to Lorin. "Where is the conspirator?"

"What! Where is the conspirator?"

"Yes. I wish to know what you have done with him?"

"I ask you the same thing. If your detachment has properly guarded the issues, he ought to be arrested, since he was not in the house when we entered."

"What do you say?" exclaimed the general, furiously. "You have, then, allowed him to escape?"

"We could not do so, since we never had him."

"In that case, I understand nothing of the matter," said Santerre.

"Of what?"

"Of what the messenger stated when you sent to me."

"Have we sent any one to you?"

"Certainly. A man in a brown dress, black hair, and green spectacles, who came from you to inform us that you were on the point of arresting the Chevalier; but that he was defending himself like a lion. Upon that I hastened to your aid."

"A man in a brown dress, with dark hair, and green spectacles?" repeated Lorin.

"Undoubtedly; with a woman on his arm."

"Young, pretty?" exclaimed Maurice, springing towards the general.

"Yes; young and pretty."

"It was he, and Madame Dixmer."

"Who is he?"

"The Chevalier of the Red House. Oh! wretch that I am, not to have killed both of them."

"Come, come, citizen Lindley," said Santerre, "they will be retaken."

"But how the devil did you allow them to pass you?" asked Lorin.

"*Par Dieu!*" said Santerre, "I allowed them to pass because they had the password."

"They had the password!" exclaimed Lorin. "There must, then, be a traitor amongst us."

"No, no, citizen Lorin," said Santerre." We know you all, and there are no traitors amongst you."

Lorin gazed around, as if to discern the traitor, whose presence he had announced. He encountered the frowning brow and wandering eye of Maurice.

"Oh!" murmured he, "what does that mean?"

"This man cannot have gone far," said Santerre. "Let us search the neighbourhood. Perhaps he may have fallen in with some patrol more adroit than we, and who may not have been imposed upon."

"Yes, yes," said Lorin, "let us search;" and seizing Maurice by the arm, under the pretext of joining the others, he led him away from the garden.

"Yes; let us search," said the soldier; "but in the first instance—"

And one of them cast his torch into an outhouse filled with dry faggots.

"Come," said Lorin, "come."

Maurice offered no resistance. He followed Lorin like a child, and both went as far as the bridge without speaking. There they paused, and Maurice looked back.

The heavens were red over the faubourg they had left, and they perceived a shower of sparks mounting over the house tops.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GENEVIÈVE DISCOVERED.

MAURICE shuddered and extended his arm toward the old street Saint Jacques.

"Fire!" said he, "fire!"

"Well," remarked Lorin; "well what of the fire?"

"My God! my God! should she have returned!"

"Who?"

"Geneviève."

"Geneviève is Madame Dixmer. Is it not so?"

"Yes she is."

"There is no danger of her returning; she did not leave for that."

"Lorin, I must discover her. I must have revenge."

"Oh! oh!"

"Will you not assist me to find her, Lorin?"

"*Par Dieu!* that will not be difficult."

"How so?"

"Doubtless if you interest yourself so much, as I believe you do, in Madame Dixmer's fate, you ought to be acquainted with her most intimate friends, since you know her so well. She has not quitted Paris. Women have a rage to remain there—she must have taken refuge in the house of some confidential friend, and to-morrow you will receive a note re-

questing you to present yourself at the door of such a house, in such a street, at such a number, and inquire for madame. That is all."

Maurice shrugged his shoulders. He knew that Geneviève had no place of refuge.

"We shall never find her," murmured he.

"Permit me to make one remark," said Lorin.

"What is it?"

"That it will, perhaps, be no great misfortune if we never discover her."

"If we do not, Lorin, I shall die."

"The devil! It is this very love, then, that has brought you so near death's door?"

"Yes," answered Maurice.

Lorin reflected for a moment.

"Maurice," said he, "it is somewhere about eleven o'clock. The neighbourhood is deserted. There is a stone bench expressly made to receive two friends. Permit me the favour of a particular interview, as they said under the old régime."

Maurice gazed around him, and sat down. Lorin followed his example, and took his place beside his friend.

"Speak," said Maurice, leaning his heavy head on his hand.

"Hear me then, my friend. Without any exordium or commentary, I have only to remark that we are ruining ourselves, or rather that you ruin us both."

"How so?" asked Maurice.

"My dear friend, there is a certain proclamation of the Committee of Public Safety, which declares it to be high treason to maintain any intercourse whatever with the enemies of the country. Ha! Are you aware of that?"

"Undoubtedly," answered Maurice.

"You do know it?"

"Yes."

"Well, it seems to me you *are* a great traitor to the country. What say you to that?"

"Lorin!"

"Doubtless—at least you do not consider those as altogether worshipping the country who give bed and board to the Chevalier of the Red House, who is no exalted Republican, as I may presume? He is not accused of having taken part in the days of September."

"Ah! Lorin," said Maurice sighing.

"Which proves," continued the moralist, "that you have been and are still friendly to the enemies of the country. Come, come, do not revolt, my dear friend. I repeat it, do not revolt, but avow candidly that you are not a zealot any longer."

Lorin uttered these words with all the softness imaginable, gliding them in with perfect Ciceronic tact.

Maurice merely protested against them by a gesture.

"Oh! If we lived in a temperature where the barometer stood at 16 degrees I should say it was just as it ought to be. Let us be a little aristocratical from time to time. That looks well and acts well. But we are now at 35 or 40 degrees of heat, as it were luke warm. We seem to be cool and are necessarily suspected. You know, that, Maurice; and once suspected, you are too intelligent, Maurice, not to know what we may soon be."

"Well, then," exclaimed Maurice, "let them kill me; that will end the question at all events. I am wearied of life."

"Since the last fifteen minutes," remarked Lorin, "and that is not sufficiently long for me to suffer you to do as you please on that head. Besides, when one dies in these days it is necessary to die republican, whilst you will die an aristocrat."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Maurice, whose blood was burning under the keen sensibility of his crime, "oh! you go too far, my friend."

"I will go further, for I warn you if you turn aristocrat—"

"You will denounce me."

"For shame; no. I will shut you up in some cavern and proclaim you are lost, and that the aristocrats had imprisoned and famished you; so that, like the Provost Elié de Beaumont, Latude, and others, when you are found you will be publicly crowned with flowers by the ladies of the corn exchange and the section Victor. Make haste, then, and return an Aristides, and your business is settled."

"Lorin! Lorin! I feel you are right; but I am dragged on to the very edge of the precipice. It is my fate; abandon me, Lorin, it will be the best way."

"Never."

"Then let me live on at my ease—be a fool or even a criminal; for if I once see her again I feel that I could slay her."

"Oh! you will drop on your knees. Ah! Maurice,

Maurice, you in love with an aristocrat? I never could have believed that."

"Enough, Lorin, I beg of you to cease."

"Maurice, I will cure you, or may the devil take me. As the grocer says in the street des Lombards, I do not wish you to be a winner in the lottery of the holy guillotine. Take care, Maurice, you will exasperate me. I could almost set fire to the Isle Saint Louis." Maurice smiled, in spite of himself.

"You do, indeed," said Lorin, "exasperate me with your folly. Come, Maurice, let us go and get drunk, or study political economy; but, for the love of Jupiter, let us be in love with nothing, save liberty."

"Or the Goddess of Reason."

"Ah! true, the goddess speaks highly of you, and considers you a charming mortal."

"And you are not jealous?"

"Maurice, to save my friend, I am capable of making any sacrifice."

"Thanks, my poor Lorin. I appreciate your devotion, but the best consolation is to leave me to my grief. Adieu, Lorin. Go and visit Arthémese."

"And you, where are you going?"

"Home." And Maurice moved towards the bridge.

"Do you reside now near the old street Saint Jacques?"

"No; but it pleases me to pass that way."

"To visit once more the habitation of your cruel mistress?"

"To see if she returned to the place where she knew I would await her. Oh! Geneviève, Geneviève, I could not have believed you capable of such treason."

Maurice sighed; and the two friends proceeded towards the old street Saint Jacques. As they drew near the place, they heard a great noise, and perceived the flames increasing. They distinguished patriotic songs, which in open day, and amidst smoke of battle, resemble heroic hymns; but which, at night and before the glare of the fire, assumed the character of infuriated cannabalism.

"Good God!" exclaimed Maurice, forgetting that the Deity was abolished. He went forward, his brow bedewed with perspiration.

All Paris seemed to have assembled at the theatre of events. Maurice had to pass a hedge of grenadiers, the ranks of the sections, and hurrying crowds of that furious and ever-watchful

populace, who, at that period, rushed howling from spectacle to spectacle.

In proportion as he advanced, Maurice increased his pace. Lorin followed him with difficulty, but he loved him too much to leave him alone at that awful moment.

All was nearly over. The fire had communicated from the outhouse, where the soldier had thrown his torch, to the workshops, erected so as to permit the breeze through the drying lofts of the tannery. The stock was consumed, and the house was beginning to take fire.

"My God!" said Maurice. "If she may have returned, and should be in some of the rooms, enveloped in flames, awaiting me, calling me!"

Maurice, half mad with grief, and believing more in the folly than in the treachery of her he loved, rushed, with his head bent down, through the door which he perceived through the smoke.

Lorin still followed him, and would have done so into the infernal regions.

The roof was on fire, and was fast reaching the stairs.

Maurice, in a breathless state, reached the first apartment, the saloon, and Geneviève's chamber, then the Chevalier's, and the corridor, exclaiming, with a suffocating voice, "Geneviève! Geneviève!"

No one answered.

Turning back, the two friends perceived the flames bursting in at the door.

In spite of Lorin's cries and motions to the window, Maurice passed through the flames. He then ran towards the house, traversing the court, which was covered with broken furniture, and entered the dining-room, Dixmer's saloon, and the closet occupied by Morand, the chemist. All were full of smoky ruins and broken glass. The fire had approached this division of the house, and began to devour it.

Maurice acted here as he had done in the pavilion. He did not leave a single corridor or chamber unsearched. He even descended to the cellars, lest Geneviève might have sought refuge there.

"No one!" sighed Maurice.

"*Morbleu!*" said Lorin, "You may easily perceive that no one remains here except salamanders, and surely you are not searching for that fabulous animal—come along. We will make inquiries. Perhaps some one may have seen her."

It required no little strength to drag Maurice from the house. Hope only led him on by a single hair.

Then began their investigation. They visited the neighbourhood, arrested every woman who passed, and searched in the alleys without any result, until one o'clock in the morning. Maurice, notwithstanding his athletic frame, was worn out, and finally ceased his search, his wanderings, and perpetual conflicts with the crowd.

A hackney-coach passed, which Lorin stopped.

"My dear friend," said Lorin, "we have exhausted all human means possible to discover Geneviève. We have worn ourselves out, burned ourselves, pounded our bodies for her. Cupid can exact no more from any man in love, and more especially from a man who is not. Let us get into this coach and go home."

Maurice made no answer but complied, and they reached Maurice's door without exchanging a syllable.

The moment Maurice descended, they heard the window of his apartment closing.

"Ah! good, they are waiting for you; now I am at ease—knock at the door."

Maurice did so, and it was opened.

"Good night," said Lorin, "I will visit you to-morrow morning."

"Good night," said Maurice, mechanically, as the door closed behind him.

He encountered his servant on the first steps of the stairs.

"Oh! citizen Lindey," exclaimed he, "what uneasiness you have caused us."

The plural word struck Maurice.

"Us?" said he.

"Yes, myself and the little lady who is waiting for you."

"The little lady!" repeated Maurice, considering the time badly chosen for a visit from any of his former friends. "You did well to tell me. I shall go and sleep with Lorin."

"Impossible! she was at the window and perceiving your arrival, she exclaimed: 'Here he is.'"

"What does that signify. Go up and tell her she has made a mistake."

The servant made a movement to obey; but paused.

"Ah! citizen" said he, "you are wrong, the little lady has been very sad, and the answer may drive her to despair."

"In short," said Maurice, "who is this woman?"

"Citizen, I did not see her face—she was enveloped in a mantle and was weeping; that is all I know."

"Weeping!" said Maurice.

"Yes; but very subdued. She suppressed her sobs."

"Weeping! There is, then, some one in the world that loves me sufficiently to be uneasy at my absence."

And he slowly followed his servant.

"Here he is, citizen, here he is," exclaimed the latter rushing into the room.

Maurice came behind him.

He then perceived in a corner of the saloon a convulsed figure hiding her face in the sofa cushions: she might have been dead but for the convulsive startings of her frame.

He moved to the servant to withdraw, who obeyed and closed the door behind him.

Maurice then ran to the young woman who, at the same time, raised her head.

"Geneviéve!" exclaimed the young man. "Good, good Geneviève in my house! Am I delirious?"

"No; you are in the possession of all your faculties, my friend," said the young woman. "I promised to be yours if you saved the Chevalier of the Red House. You have saved him and I am here."

Maurice's heart smote him at these words. He stepped back and looked sadly at the young woman.

"Geneviève," said he softly, "Geneviève, you do not then love me?" Geneviève's eyes filled with tears, she turned her head, and leaning on the back of the sofa, sobbed aloud. "Alas!" said Maurice, "it is evident you no longer love me, and not only have you ceased to love me, but you must have entertained towards me a species of hatred to be thus distracted."

Maurice expressed so much grief by these words and seemed so excited that Geneviève started up and took his hand.

"My God!" said she. "He whom I considered as the best of men is still selfish."

"Selfish, Geneviève? What do you mean?"

"You do not seem to understand my feelings, or know how much I endure. My husband has fled, my brother is proscribed, my house burned down, and that all in one night, independent of the horrible scene between you and the Chevalier."

Maurice listened to her enchanted, for it was impossible for

any one, even enthralled by the maddest passion, not to admit that the emotions arising from such accumulated causes would reduce Geneviève to the condition in which he then found her.

"So you are come, you are here. I now have you, and you shall leave me no more."

Geneviève started.

"Where could I have gone to?" asked she with bitterness. "Have I any place of refuge or shelter, any other friend than him who has attached a price to his protection. Oh! Maurice, when I, distracted and mad, passed the new bridge, I paused to gaze upon the stream rippling against the arches. I was attracted, fascinated. There, said I, inwardly, there for poor woman, there is an inviolable repose—there is eternal forgetfulness."

"Geneviève! Geneviève!" exclaimed Maurice, "you tell *me* so. Then you do not love me?"

"I have said I do," answered Geneviève, in a low voice. "I have said so, and therefore I came."

Maurice breathed freely, and then fell on his knees before her.

"Geneviève," murmured he, "do not weep any more; Geneviève, console yourself, and forget all your misfortunes, since you love me. Geneviève, in the name of Heaven, tell me that my violence and menaces have not forced you here—tell me that you have come here this night, finding yourself alone, isolated, and unprotected because of the oath I wrung from you. For if it is so, I relieve you of it."

Geneviève turned upon the young man a look expressive of everlasting gratitude.

"Generous! generous!" said she. "Oh! my God, I thank you that he is generous."

"Hear me, Geneviève," said Maurice. "That God whom they have chased from his temple still finds a refuge in our hearts, where he implanted love. God has made this night to all appearances sad and dismal, but in reality sparkling with joy and felicity. God has brought you here, Geneviève. He has committed you to my arms. He speaks to you in my breath, and, in short, seeks to recompense us for the great sufferings we have endured, and the virtues we have shown in battling against a love which only seems illegitimate; for how can a sentiment so pure and profound become a crime? Geneviève, do not weep any more; Geneviève, give me your

hand. Do you wish to be in a brother's house? Do you wish that brother to kiss the hem of your garment, to retire with submission and turn not back upon the threshold? Well —say one word—make but one sign, and you will see me depart. You will be as free and as safe as a virgin in a church. On the other hand, my adored Geneviève, remember how much I have loved you—even unto the death; and that for this love, which you may render either fortunate or fatal, I have betrayed my friends and become odious and vile to myself. Think also of the happiness prepared for us in the future, and of the power and energy of our youth, which can become a safeguard to that happiness against all assaults. Oh! Geneviève, you who are an angel of kindness, will you, tell me, will you confer upon me that happiness which will make a paradise upon earth? Then, instead of repelling me, smile upon me, my own Geneviève, and trust him who invokes you with all his heart, with all his strength, and with all his soul. Geneviève, my love, my life, Geneviève, do not retract your oath."

The young woman's heart filled at these words. The langour of love, the fatigue and sufferings she had endured, entirely exhausted her strength. Tears no longer flowed from her eyes, still deep sobs racked her burning breast.

Maurice saw that she had no longer the courage to resist and seized her in his arms. Her head fell upon his shoulder, and her long tresses partially concealed her lover's face. Maurice, at the same time, felt her bosom rise and fall like the restless waves after a storm.

"You weep, Geneviève," said he, with profound sadness. "You weep—compose yourself. No, no, no! I shall never impose my affection upon disdainful grief; nor shall my lips ever be polluted by a kiss that has been poisoned by the tears of regret."

He withdrew his arm and turned slowly away. Geneviève, by one of those reactions which are so natural to women, threw her trembling arms around Maurice's neck, and pressing her cheek, moist with tears, upon the burning brow of her lover, she murmured—

"Oh! Maurice, do not abandon me, for I have no one else in the world save you!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BREAKFAST.

THE rays of the sun streamed through the green blinds, gilding the rose-trees growing in wooden boxes on the window of Maurice's chamber. The perfume of these flowers, more precious on account of the lateness of the season, filled the small breakfast parlour, which shone with neatness, and in which a table was laid out elegantly, but without profusion, at which sat Geneviève and Maurice.

The door was closed, for the table contained everything which the guests required, and any one might have understood by a glance that it meant, "We will help ourselves."

The movement of the servant was heard in the neighbouring room.

The sunshine of the last of the fine days of the season quivered in golden lines across the room and upon the furniture.

Geneviève allowed the golden fruit she held to fall upon her plate, and smiled in a dreamy manner. Her eyes were languishing with melancholy. She thus remained silent, inert, enraptured, basking in the sun of love, like beautiful flowers in the sunshine.

Her eyes speedily sought those of Maurice, and she found them fixed upon her. He, too, gazed and dreamed.

She placed her soft and fair hand on the young man's shoulder. He started. She then leant her head there with that confidence and freedom which argues more than love.

Geneviève looked at him without speaking, and blushed as she gazed.

Maurice had only to bend his head a little to press the half-opened lips of his mistress. He bent down his head. Geneviève grew pale and her eyes closed like the petals of a flower in whose calics the rays of light are concealed.

They thus sat enraptured, dreaming in the midst of unaccustomed felicity, when the sharp sound of the bell made them start.

They hastily separated.

The servant entered and mysteriously closed the door.

"It is citizen Lorin," said he.

"Ah! that dear Lorin," said Maurice.

"Pardon me, Geneviève, I must excuse myself."

Geneviève stopped him.

"What, show your friend the door, Maurice?" said she. "A friend who has assisted, sustained, and consoled you? No; I will not dismiss such a friend from your house, any more than from your heart. Let him come in, Maurice; let him come in."

"What! you will permit it?" said Maurice.

"I not only do permit it, but wish it," said Geneviève.

"Oh! then it seems you have discovered that my love is not sufficient for you," exclaimed Maurice, ravished with her delicacy of taste. It is idolatry from all you seek."

Geneviève offered her burning brow to the young man to be kissed. The door was opened, and Lorin entered, smart as possible, in his dandy uniform. On perceiving Geneviève, he seemed astonished, but immediately made a respectful bow.

"Come, Lorin, come," said Maurice, "and look at madame. You are dethroned, Lorin. There is another now whom I prefer. I should have given my life for you—for her, Lorin; and to you that is no news. I have given my honour."

"Madame," said Lorin, seriously, and which for him argued a profound emotion, "I shall endeavour to love Maurice more than you, so that he may not forget me altogether."

"Take a seat, sir," said Geneviève, smiling.

"Yes, sit down," said Maurice; who having shaken hands on his right with his friend, and on his left with his mistress, felt his heart overflowing with as much happiness as a man could feel upon earth.

"So," said Lorin, "you have no desire now to die? You don't want to kill yourself now?"

"What is that?" asked Geneviève.

"Oh! my God," said Lorin, "how versatile man is? Philosophers have good reason to despise his weakness. Here is one, will you believe it, madame, who yesterday wished to cast himself into the fire, or throw himself into the water, and who declared there was no more happiness for him on earth; and now I find him in the morning extremely gay and

MARIE ANTOINETTE CONVEYED TO PRISON.

happy, with a joyous smile upon his lips, happiness shining in his face, life in his heart, and seated before a capital breakfast. It is true he does not eat; but that is no proof that he is not happy."

"What!" said Geneviève, "he wished to do all that?"

"All that, and much more. I will relate it all to you another time, but at present I am very hungry. It is Maurice's fault. He made me search the whole neighbourhood of St. Jacques last night. Allow me, then, to make free with your breakfast, as I perceive neither of you have touched it."

"Hold! he is right," exclaimed Maurice, with joy. "Let us breakfast, I have not eaten a morsel, nor you neither, Geneviève." He watched Lorin's eye; but it exhibited no impression. "Ah! so you," said Maurice, "guessed it was her?"

"*Parbleu!*" answered Lorin, cutting a large slice of ham.

"I am hungry, too," said Geneviève, holding out her plate.

"Lorin," said Maurice, "I was very ill last night."

"You were more—you were a fool."

"Well, I believe you suffer most this morning," said Maurice.

"How so?" asked Lorin.

"You have perpetrated no verses."

"I will think of that by and by."

"Good," said Maurice.

"In the meantime," remarked Lorin, "we will converse on matters much more serious."

"What next?" asked Maurice, uneasily.

"Simply that I am shortly to be a guard at the Conciergerie."

"At the Conciergerie," said Geneviève; "near the Queen?"

"I believe so, madame."

Geneviève turned pale, whilst Maurice frowned and made a sign to Lorin, who cut a slice of ham double the size of the former.

The Queen, in fact, had been conducted to the Conciergerie, where we shall now follow her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CONCIERGERIE.

T the junction of the Pont au Change and the Quai aux Fleurs, arose the ruins of the old place of St. Louis, which was called, *par excellence, the* Palace, as Rome was called *the* Forum, and which still preserves the name, although the only monarchs who now occupy it are judges, pleaders, and law officers.

The Palace of Justice is a large gloomy-looking building, which causes one to dread more than love the stern goddess. There one sees the trappings and attributes of human vengeance concentrated in one narrow spot. Here we have cells where the accused are confined—a little further on the court of justice—lower down there are the condemned cells—at the door there is a little square, where they mark them with the red-hot iron as infamous. Finally, about one hundred and fifty paces from the last, there is another larger square, where they kill them—that is to say, the Place de Grève, where they finish what has been commenced at the Palace.

Justice, accordingly, has all under its rigid paw. All that mass of building, one part leaning against the other, sad, solitary, gray with age, and pierced with small grated windows composes the Conciergerie.

This prison has cells which the waters of the Seine moisten and where they leave their dark sludge. It possesses also mysterious passages which, in former times, conducted to the silent wave those victims whom it was necessary to remove.

In 1793 the Conciergerie was the jackall of the scaffold. It was choked full of prisoners who in one hour became condemned. At this epoch the old prison of Saint Louis was, in reality, the hotel of death. Under the vaulted gate swung, at night, a lantern throwing out a red light, the sinister ensign of this place of horror.

On the evening of that day when Maurice, Lorin, and Geneviève breakfasted together, a rumbling noise was heard shaking the quay and the window of the prison.

The rolling ceased opposite the gate. The gendarmes struck at the door with the hilts of their sabres. The door opened and the carriage entered the courtyard. When the heavy hinges turned again the folding doors closed, the lock creaked, and a woman descended from the coach. The gaping wicket door swallowed her instantly. Three or four curious heads were pushed forward into the light of the torches to gaze at the prisoner. They were instantly plunged in obscurity; but their vulgar laugh and gross abuse could be heard when they were no longer seen.

The person who was thus escorted to prison, remained in the lodge with the gendarmes, behind the first wicket. She saw that there was a second one to be passed, but she forgot that it was necessary, when passing these wickets, to raise the foot and lower the head, for there was a step below and a vault above.

The prisoner, doubtless, little accustomed to the architecture of prisons, notwithstanding her long imprisonment, forgot to bend her head, and struck it violently against the iron bar.

"Have you injured yourself?" asked one of the gendarmes.

"Nothing can injure me more," answered she, tranquilly. She passed on without uttering a single complaint, although, the dark trace of the iron could be seen over the eyebrow.

Shortly, the governor's chair was seen, a chair more venerated by prisoners, than the throne of a king by courtiers; for the head of a prison can dispense favours, and every favour is important to a prisoner. Very often, the least indulgence converts the gloomy heaven of imprisonment into a luminous firmament.

The gaoler, Richard, installed in his arm-chair, which in the majesty of his importance he had not quitted, notwithstanding the rattling of the carriage, and clanging of gates, quietly took a pinch of snuff, looked at the prisoner, and opened his voluminous register. He took a pen from the black wooden inkstand. The ink incrusted its edges, merely preserving a muddy humidity in the centre, like the lava, still in a state of fusion, in the crater of some miniature volcano.

"Citizen gaoler," said the leader of the escort, "make the entry quickly in your book, for they await us with impatience at the Commune."

"Oh! that will not occupy much time," said the gaoler,

pouring into the inkstand several drops of wine still remaining in his glass. "God be praised, we are always ready. Your christian and surname, citizen?"

He dipped his pen in the ready manufactured ink, and prepared to make his entry at the bottom of the page, which was already nearly filled. Behind his chair stood his wife, who, with a benevolent look, contemplated, with almost respectful astonishment, the woman who stood before her, thus interrogated by her husband, and whose countenance was expressive of sadness, nobility, and pride.

"Marie Antoinette Jeanne Josephe de Lorraine," answered the prisoner, "Arch-Duchess of Austria and Queen of France."

"Queen of France!" repeated the gaoler, rising with astonishment, and supporting himself on the arms of the chair.

"Queen of France," repeated the prisoner in the same tone.

"Otherwise styled the Widow Capet," said the leader of the escort.

"Under which of those names is she to be inscribed?" asked the gaoler.

"Under that which suits you best," said the leader, "provided it be done quickly."

The gaoler reclined in his chair, and with a slightly trembling hand, wrote in the register the names and title given by the prisoner. The inscription is of a reddish colour, in the present day; but the rats of the revolutionary prison have nibbled it at the most interesting parts.

The gaoler's wife still stood behind her husband's chair, whilst a sentiment of religious commiseration impelled her to clasp her hands.

"Your age?" asked the gaoler.

"Thirty-seven years and nine months," answered the Queen.

Richard resumed his writing, detailed the description, and concluded with particular notes.

"Good," said he. "It is done."

"Where is the prisoner to be conducted?" asked the leader.

Richard, the gaoler, took a second pinch, and looked at his wife. "Dame!" said he, "we were not warned of this, so we don't know at all."

"Find some place, then."

"There is the council chamber," said the gaoler's wife.

"Hem! It is too large," replied Richard.

"So much the better. It will be more easy to place the guards there."

"Let it be the council chamber, then," said Richard; "but it is uninhabitable at present. There is no bed."

"True," replied his wife. "I never once thought of that."

"Bah!" said one of the gendarmes, "you can put one there to-morrow. In fact, the morning is near at hand."

"Besides," said Richard's wife, "the prisoner may take our room to-night. Will not that do, my good man?"

"Well, and what are we to do?"

"We won't go to bed, for, as the citizen gendarme says, the night is nearly spent."

"Then," said Richard, "lead the prisoner to my chamber."

"During our absence you will make out the receipt. Is it not so?"

"You will find it ready when you return."

Richard's wife then took up a candle and led the way.

Marie Antoinette followed her without saying a word, looking calm and pale as usual. Two turnkeys followed close behind her. The Queen was shown a bed, on which the gaoler's wife hastened to put clean linen. The turnkeys posted themselves at the entrance. The door was then double-locked, and Marie Antoinette found herself alone.

How she passed that night no one knew, since she passed it face to face with God.

The Queen on the following morning was led to the council chamber. It was entered from a corridor in the prison, and was of a quadrilateral form. It was intersected by a partition, which, however, did not reach the ceiling. One compartment belonged to the men on guard, the other was the Queen's.

A window, protected with thick bars of iron, lighted each of these apartments.

A folding screen was substituted for a door, and filled the opening in the centre of the partition, isolating the Queen from the gaze of her guards.

The whole of the chamber was paved with bricks.

The walls had been formerly decorated with borders of gilded wood from which now hung fragments of paper covered with the fleur-de-lis.

There was a bed in front of the window and a single chair, forming the entire furniture of the royal prisoner.

On entering, the Queen requested them to bring her books and work.

They gave her the English Revolution, which she had begun reading at the Temple, the Travels of young Anarcharis, and her embroidery.

The gendarmes established themselves in the neighbouring division. History has preserved their names, as it records that of the most infamous beings whom fatality associates with great events, and who thus have a portion of light reflected upon them from the thunderbolt of revolution which crushes kings and thrones.

Their names were Duchesne and Gilbert. The Commune had appointed these men, whom it knew to be good patriots, and they were to remain at their post until Marie Antoinette was judged. It was thus expected that the irregularities inevitable in a service which changed many times a day would be avoided, but it conferred a terrible responsibility on the gendarmes.

The Queen learned by the conversation of these men, which she could always overhear, except when no motive induced them to whisper, that such was the arrangement. She felt rejoiced, and at the same time uneasy, for whilst she on the one hand imagined that these men having been chosen from amongst so many must be faithful, on the other hand, she reflected that her friends would find more opportunities to corrupt two men known and fixed at their post, than a hundred unknown persons appointed by chance, and remaining only for brief intervals near her.

The first night, previous to retiring to rest, one of the gendarmes, according to his custom, began smoking. The fumes of the tobacco passed through the openings of the partition and assailed the unfortunate Queen, whose sufferings had irritated, instead of softening, her delicacy.

Presently she was seized with giddiness and sickness. She experienced in her head all the horrors of asphyxia, but true to her indomitable pride, she made no complaint.

Whilst she maintained a painful watch amidst the silence of the night, she imagined she heard a howling without the prison. It was long and melancholy, and came through the deserted passages with ominous sadness, like the sighing of the wind when the tempest borrows a human accent to give being to the passions of the elements.

In a short time she discovered that the cryso doleful and per-

severing which, at first, made her start, proceeded from a dog howling on the quay. She then thought of little Black, whom she had forgotten at the moment she was being removed from the Temple; but whose voice she believed she now recognised. In fact, the poor animal had lost his mistress by being too vigilant. It followed her unseen and kept beside the carriage until they arrived at the gates of the prison, and then only retired when it was about being cut in two by the double gates closing behind the Queen.

The dog, however, returned again, and understanding that its mistress was entombed within that great stone coffin, it called upon her by howling, and awaited, at ten paces distant from the sentinel, some responding caress. The Queen answered by a sigh that attracted the notice of the guards. But as it was the only one and as no other noise succeeded, they resumed their drowsy watch.

The Queen, at daylight on the following morning, was dressed. Seated beside the barred window the sun's rays fell upon her emaciated hands. She was apparently reading, but her thoughts wandered far from her book.

The gendarme Gilbert half opened the screen and looked at her in silence. Marie Antoinette heard the noise of the folding screen, but did not raise her head.

She was so seated as to allow the gendarme to see her head encircled with the morning light. He made a sign to his comrade to approach.

Duchesne obeyed.

"Do you see," said Gilbert, in a low voice, "how pale she is. It is frightful. Her red eyes show she has suffered; one would say she had been weeping."

"You know well enough," said the other, "that Widow Capet never weeps. She is too proud for that."

"Then she is indisposed," said Gilbert, raising his voice he continued, "Citizen Capet, are you poorly?"

The Queen slowly raised her eyes and turned a clear and interrogatory glance upon the two men.

"Are you addressing me, gentlemen," she asked in a voice full of sweetness for she imagined she had detected a slight accent of interest in him who spoke.

"Yes; citizen," said Gilbert, "and we wish to know if you are indisposed."

"Why so?"

"Because your eyes are red."

"And," added Duchesne, "you are also very pale."

"Thank you, gentlemen, I am not indisposed, only I have suffered much during the night."

"Ah! yes—your chagrin."

"No, gentlemen, that is always alike; and religion having taught me to put it at the foot of the cross, I suffer no more from it one day than another. I am indisposed because I have not slept."

"Ah!" said Duchesne, "the new lodging and the change of bed."

"Besides," added Gilbert, "the lodging is not the most pleasant."

"It is not that," said the Queen, bowing her head; "pleasant or unpleasant my lodging is indifferent to me."

"What is it, then?"

"It is—"

"Yes."

"I beg pardon for mentioning it, but I have been much annoyed with the fumes of tobacco which that gentleman is still inhaling."

In fact, Gilbert was smoking, that being his constant habit.

"Ah, my God!" exclaimed he, much moved by the soft accents of the Queen. "Is it that? Why did you not say so?"

"Because I did not conceive I had any right to restrict you in your habits."

"Well, you shall not be inconvenienced any more, by me, at least;" said Gilbert, throwing away his pipe, which was smashed on the ground. "I shall smoke no more."

He turned round and, closing the screen, led away his companion.

"It is possible she may be beheaded—that is the nation's business. But what good does it serve to make this woman miserable. We are soldiers and not executioners, like Simon."

"That is a little aristocratic, comrade," said Duchesne, hanging his head.

"What do you call aristocratic? Let us hear—explain it a little."

"I call everything aristocratic which disturbs the nation, or gives pleasure to its enemies."

"So I disturb the nation, because I do not persist in smoking out the Widow Capet? Come, come—do you see,"

continued the good man, "I remember my oath to the country, and the watchword of my troop. That is all—I know it by heart. 'Do not permit the prisoner to escape, allow no one to visit her, prevent all correspondence which she may seek to establish, and die at your post. I have promised that, and I will keep it. Flourish the nation!'"

"What I have said is not what I wished—quite the contrary; but it would hurt me much to see you compromise yourself."

"Hush! here is some one."

The Queen did not lose a single word of this conversation, although muttered in a low voice. Captivity makes the hearing doubly acute. The noise, which had attracted the attention of the two guards, arose from the sound of many feet approaching the door. It was opened; two municipals entered, followed by the gaoler and several turnkeys.

"Well," said they, "what of the prisoner?"

"She is there," answered the gendarmes.

"How is she accommodated?"

"You can see."

And Gilbert pushed the screen aside.

"What do you want?" asked the Queen.

"It is the visit from the Commune."

"This is a good man," thought Marie Antoinette: "and if my friends really desire it—"

"Good, good—" said the municipal, pushing past Gilbert, and entering the Queen's division; "there is no need of such ceremony."

The Queen did not raise her head, and from her impassability, one would have supposed she neither heard nor saw what was passing, but still believed herself alone. The delegates from the Commune curiously surveyed the details of the chamber, sounded the wainscot, the bed, and the bars of the windows, which looked upon the women's side of the prison. Having recommended the utmost vigilance to the gendarmes they departed without saying a word to the Queen, and without her seeming to be aware of their presence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE HALL OF RUIN.

ON the evening of the same day on which the municipals visited and examined, with such minute care, the Queen's prison, a man dressed in gray, his head covered with black hair, on which he wore one of those bonnets which distinguished the extreme patriots of the period, walked backwards and forwards in the great hall, so philosophically termed the Hall of Ruin.

He seemed to regard with great attention the passing and repassing crowd, which was at that period augmented according to the importance of the trials—a period in which men only pleaded to dispute their heads with the executioner, or with the indefatigable public prosecutor, Fouquier Tinville. The attitude assumed by the man whom we have sketched was in admirable taste. Society, at that epoch, was divided into two classes—the wolves and the lambs. The former devoured the latter, or, in other words, one-half of society destroyed the other.

Our fierce promenader was of small size, although he brandished in a black and dirty hand one of those cudgels which they termed a *constitution*. It is true that the hand which wielded this terrible weapon would have appeared very small to any one who might have amused himself with playing the part of inquisitor, face to face, with the strange personage who assumed that character in regard to others; but no one felt any disposition to control, in any respect, a man of such terrible appearance. In fact, the man with the cudgel created much uneasiness amongst the group of scribes who transacted business in the neighbouring wooden offices, and who now discussed public affairs in the hall. Business had, by-the-by, at that period, proceeded from bad to worse, or from good to better, according as the question of conservatism or revolutionism may be regarded. These excellent people looked sidelong from beneath their bushy eyelids at the terri-

ble patriot, and shuddered each time that he, whilst embracing in his walk the whole extent of the hall, approached them.

Their terror was augmented each time that he drew near, or when they examined more attentively the man with the cudgel, because he struck the flagstones with his heavy instrument, and drew from those on which it alighted sometimes a dull and dead sound, at others a ringing or hollow one.

These worthy scribes, commonly termed the rats of the Hall of Ruin, were not the only persons who received the same impression. The various individuals who entered the hall by its chief entrance or its narrow passages, left it with precipitation on seeing the man with the cudgel obstinately continue his march from one end of the hall to the other, continually finding a pretext to thump his cudgel on the flagstones.

If the scribes had been less afraid, or the passengers more penetrating, they might doubtless have discovered that our patriot, capricious, like all eccentric or extreme natures, seemed to take a preference for certain flagstones, especially those which were situated at a little distance from the wall on the right, and almost in the middle of the hall, as they produced the most pure and echoing sound.

He concluded by concentrating his rage upon some particular flagstones in the centre. For a moment he seemed to forget himself, as if to calculate space with his eye.

It is true that absence of mind did not last long, but was interrupted instantly by that ferocious look which a flash of joy had suddenly displaced.

At the same moment another patriot—for every one at that period had his character written on his brow, or described by his dress—entered by the gallery-door, and without participating in the least with the general terror which the first patriot had inspired, he approached him much in the same pace as his prototype, so that they were sure to meet in the middle of the hall.

The new comer was dressed in the same style, and carried a cudgel. He wore, beside, an enormous sabre, which clashed at his heels; but that which caused the second visitor to appear more alarming than the first was, that while the former had a terrible appearance, the latter possessed a false, disdainful, and cunning expression of countenance.

Now, although these two men appeared to belong to the same cause, and to partake of the same opinions, the specta-

tors looked with anxiety for the result of their encounter, although they did not walk exactly straight towards each other.

At the first turn, however, their expectations were disappointed. The two patriots merely exchanged a look, which made the least of the two turn suddenly pale; only by an involuntary movement of his lips it was evident that that paleness arose not from any sentiment of fear, but from one of disgust.

However, at the second turn, as if the first patriot had made a violent effort with himself, his repulsive countenance brightened up—something like a pleasant smile appeared on his lips, and he directed his footsteps slightly to the left, with the evident intention of encountering the second patriot.

They met about the centre of the hall.

"Eh! *par Dieu!* it is the citizen Simon," said the first patriot.

"Himself. But what do *you* want with the citizen Simon; or, rather, who are you?"

"Pretend you don't know me, then."

"I don't know you at all, for a very excellent reason—I never saw you before."

"Come, then, you do not recognise him who had the honour of carrying the head of the Duchess of Lamballe?"

Simon started at these words, which were uttered with a furious and burning energy.

"You," said he, "you?"

"Well, does that surprise you? Ah, citizen, I imagined you were better acquainted with faithful friends. You injure my feelings."

"It is very good what you say, and better what you have done," said Simon; "but I do not know you."

"You have the advantage in being the protector of little Capet; you know no one else now: but I know you and esteem you."

"Ah! I thank you."

"Not at all. You have, then, come out for a walk?"

"Yes, I await some one here. And you?"

"I am doing the same."

"What is your name? I will mention you at the club," said Simon.

"My name is Theodore."

"What else?"

"That is all. Is it not enough?"

"Oh! certainly. Whom do you await, citizen Theodore?"

"A friend, to whom I have to make a denunciation."

"Indeed! Relate it to me."

"It is concerning a covey of aristocrats."

"What are their names?"

"No, indeed; I will only inform my friend."

"You are wrong, for here is my friend approaching, and it seems to me that he knows sufficiently well how to arrange these matters."

"Ha, Fouquier Tinville!" exclaimed the first patriot.

"Nothing less—my friend."

"Good."

"Good day to you, citizen Fouquier," said Simon.

Fouquier Tinville was pale and calm, as usual. His deep sunk eyes seemed to stare from beneath his black eyelids, as he came out of a lateral passage, carrying his register and bundle of papers under his arm.

"Good day, Simon," said he; "anything new?"

"Plenty. In the first place, a denunciation on the part of citizen Theodore, who carried Lamballe's head, and whom I now introduce to you."

Fouquier quickly turned his intelligent look on citizen Theodore, which seemed to trouble that patriot, notwithstanding the steadiness of his nerves. "Theodore!" said he, "who is this Theodore?"

"I," said the patriot.

"You carried Lamballe's head—you?" exclaimed the public accuser, with a strong expression of doubt.

"Yes, I! in the street Saint Antoine."

"I know another who boasts of it," said Fouquier.

"So do I know ten," boldly answered Theodore; "but as they all ask something, and as I seek nothing, I expect to have the preference."

This remark made Simon laugh, and Fouquier smile.

"You are right," said the latter. "If you have not done it, you ought to have done it. Leave us, citizen, Simon has something to say to me."

Theodore retired, very little offended at the public accuser's bluntness.

"A moment," cried Simon. "Do not send him away in that fashion. Hear his denunciation first."

"Ah!" said Fouquier, with an absent air, "a denunciation?"

"Yes, a covey of aristocrats," added Simon.

"Very good; speak. What is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing. It concerns the Chevalier of the Red House, and some of his friends." Fouquier sprung backwards, and Simon threw his arms in the air.

"Indeed!" said they both together.

"The real truth. Do you wish to take them?"

"Instantly. Where are they?"

"I met the Chevalier in the street La Grande-Truanderie"

"You are deceived," said Fouquier. "He is not in Paris."

"I tell you, I saw him."

"Impossible. A hundred men are on the watch for him. He will not show himself in the streets."

"'Twas him, 'twas him," said the Patriot, "tall, brawny, strong as Hercules, and bearded like a bear."

Fouquier shrugged his shoulders with disdain.

"Another piece of folly," said he. "The Chevalier is little, thin, and has not a hair on his face."

The Patriot let his arm fall in consternation.

"It does not matter. The good intention stands for the deed. Well, Simon, be quick; they await me in court. It is near execution time, too."

"Well, I have nothing very new. The child goes on very well."

The Patriot Theodore turned his back, so as not to appear intrusive; but still so as to hear.

"I shall retire," said he, "if I am burdensome to you."

"Adieu," said Simon.

"Good day," said Fouquier.

"Tell your friend you were deceived," remarked Simon.

"Good. I shall await him here;" and Theodore retired a little, and leaned upon his cudgel.

"So," said Fouquier, "the little one goes on well in person; but the moral treatment?"

"I knead him as I like."

"He does speak, then?"

"When I wish it."

"I believe he may be a witness on the trial of Marie Antoinette," said Fouquier.

"I not only believe it," said Simon; "but I am sure of it."

Theodore leaned against the pillar, his eye turned towards the door of the hall, with a vague expression, whilst his ear

seemed to prick up under his bonnet. If he saw nothing, at all events he heard everything.

"Reflect well," said Fouquier. "Do not make a fool of the commission? Are you sure Capet will speak?"

"He will say everything I desire."

"Has he told you that which we are about to ask him?"

"He has told me," said Simon.

"What you promise, citizen Simon, is very important. That admission of the child is death to the mother."

"I expect so. *Par Dieu!*" said Simon.

"Such a thing has never been heard of," murmured Fouquier, in a hollow tone, "since the days of Nero and Narcissus. Once more, Simon, reflect."

"One would think, citizen, that you take me for a brute, you repeat the same thing so often. Listen to this comparison. When I put leather in water will it become supple?"

"I don't know," replied Fouquier.

"It does become supple. Well, little Capet becomes in my hands as supple as the softest leather. I have my process for that."

"Be it so," stammered Fouquier. "Is that all you have got to say?"

"All. I forget. Here is a denunciation."

"Another. You want to overwhelm me."

"One must serve one's country," said Simon.

Simon then presented a piece of paper as black as the leather of which he spoke, but certainly less flexible.

Fouquier took it and read it.

"Still the citizen Lorin. You must hate that man very much."

"I always," said Simon, "find him at hostility with the law. He said, 'adieu madame,' to a woman who bowed to him from a window last evening. To-morrow, I expect to say a few words concerning another suspected person—that Maurice, who was municipal in the Temple during the carnation affair."

"Cut it short, cut it short," said Fouquier, smiling. He then gave Simon his hand, and hastily turned his back upon him, a movement which testified little in the cobbler's favour.

"What the devil do you mean by cutting it short? They have guillotined many for less."

"Patience, Simon," replied Fouquier, tranquilly. "One cannot do everything at once."

He then unceremoniously quitted Simon, who turned towards Theodore to condole with him; but he was no where to be seen.

Simon had scarcely passed through the western entrance before Theodore appeared at the corner of one of the scribe's boxes. The occupant accompanied him.

"At what hour do they close the gates?' asked Theodore.

"At five."

"What occurs after that?"

"Nothing. The hall is empty until to-morrow morning."

"No patrols—no visits?"

"No, sir. Our offices are locked."

The word, 'sir,' made Theodore frown and look around him distrustfully.

"Are the pistols and crow-bar in your office?"

"Yes; under the carpet."

"Go home, then. By-the-bye, show me once more the

chamber whose window is not barred, and which looks into a court near the Place Dauphine."

"On the left; between the pillars under that lantern."

"Good. Go, then, and keep the horses in the appointed place."

"Good fortune to you, sir; good fortune. Depend upon me."

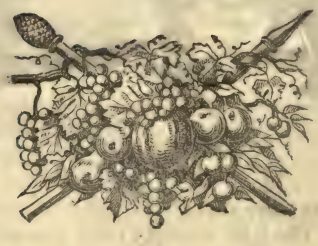
"Now is the time; no one is looking: open your offices."

"It is done, sir. I will pray for you."

"It is not for me you should pray. Adieu."

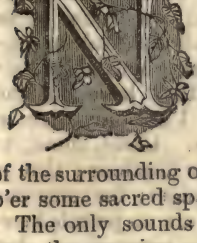
The citizen Theodore, after casting a sweeping glance around, glided so adroitly under the wooden roof of the scribe's office, that he seemed to vanish like a shadow, at the very moment the door was locked.

The worthy scribe pulled out the key, took his papers under his arm, and left the great hall, with some dilatory clerks, whom the stroke of five summoned from the tribunals like the rear guard of a hive.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CITIZEN THÉODORE.



IGHT had enveloped in its gloomy shroud that immense hall whose mournful echoes were only accustomed to repeat the sharp voices of the advocates and the supplicating tones of the pleaders.

From distance to distance, white columns sprung up straight from the depth of the surrounding obscurity, seeming like phantom guardians o'er some sacred spot.

The only sounds that were heard amidst the gloom arose from the gnawing and racing of rats in the offices and amongst the papers belonging to the scribes. At times the rattle of a carriage penetrated to the hall; then followed the jingling of keys, as if issuing from beneath the earth. But all these noises were only like distant murmurs, neither sound nor light materially breaking through the silence or gloom within. Indeed, any one would have been affected with terror on entrusting himself within the great hall of the Palace of Justice at that hour. The outer walls were still sprinkled with the blood of the victims of September. That same day twenty-five persons, condemned to death, had passed through its gates; whilst only a few flagstones divided the visitor from the cells beneath, which were strewed with the bleaching skeletons of those who had entered these fatal precincts: notwithstanding this, in the dead of that frightful night and in the midst of a silence almost awful, a slight creaking noise was heard, and the door of one of the scribe's offices slowly opened on its rusty hinges. A shadow deeper than the shade of night cautiously glided from the wooden office. The excited patriot who was addressed as "Sir," in a low voice, but who loudly proclaimed himself to be called "Théodore," groped his way with a light foot across the flagstones of the hall. He held in his right hand a heavy iron crowbar, whilst with his left he adjusted in his sash a double-barrelled pistol. "I have," murmured he, "counted twelve flagstones from the office. Let me see, here is the

extremity of the first." Still calculating, he felt with the point of his foot for each crevice which time had widened between the stones. "Let me consider," said he, pausing; "have I taken my measures properly, am I sufficiently strong, and does she possess enough of courage? Yes! oh, yes; her courage is familiar to me. My God! when I take her hand and when I tell her, 'Madam, you are saved!'" He paused again, as if crushed under the weight of such a hope. "Oh!" resumed he, "our friends who are lying warm and snug in their beds will call this a rash and madcap project, or will content themselves with spying about the Conciergerie disguised as lackeys; but then they have not the inducement to nerve them that I possess. I not only wish to save the Queen, but, above all, the woman. Come, come, to work, and now to recapitulate. Raise the flagstone; that is nothing. To leave it open,—that is the danger; for some one may come round on duty—but then there are no patrols here, and there can be no suspicion for I have no accomplices. Besides, what time will it take for one so ardent as I am to clear the dark passage? In three minutes I shall be under her chamber. In five more, I raise the hearthstone. She will hear me at work, but she possesses so much firmness, that she will not entertain any fear. On the other hand, she will know that her liberator advances. Two men are guarding her, and doubtless they will hasten forward. Well, after all, two men—what are they? The double-barrel or two blows of the crowbar will settle them. Poor fellows! but many others lie low who were far less culpable. But let us to work." And the citizen Théodore resolutely inserted his crowbar between the flagstones.

At the same moment a vivid light shot like a golden ray across the flagstones, and a noise, multiplied by the echoes of the roof, made the conspirator start and turn his head. By a single bound he regained the scribe's office.

In a short time the feeble murmur of voices, softened still more by that emotion which all men experience on entering vast buildings at night, reached Théodore's ear. He turned his eyes in the direction of the voices, and, at first, perceived a man in military uniform, whose heavy sabre clanked on the flagstones. He was followed by a man, in a grayish dress, holding a foot-rule in his hand and carrying a roll of papers under his arm. The third person wore a heavy vest and a rough cap, and the fourth had wooden shoes and the common dress of the period.

The mercer's gate creaked on its ponderous hinges and clanked against the chain provided to keep it open during the day. The four men entered.

"A patrol," murmured Théodore. "God be praised! Ten minutes later and I should have been lost."

Then with a scrutinising gaze he proceeded to reconnoitre the persons composing the party.

He immediately recognised three of them. The one who took the lead in the general's uniform was Santerre. The man in the heavy vest was the gaoler, Richard. The one in the clogs was a turnkey. But he had never seen the person who carried the foot-rule and roll of paper. Who could he be, and what was he going to do at ten o'clock at night in the Hall of Ruin, accompanied by the General of the Commune, the gaoler, and a turnkey.

The citizen Théodore knelt on his knee and held his pistol ready in one hand, whilst with the other he adjusted his bonnet over his wig, which his hasty movement had too much displaced to appear natural.

Up to that time the four visitors had maintained silence, or at least the words they might have pronounced only reached Théodore's ears like a vague murmur. Santerre, however, spoke when about ten paces distant from the office, and his voice came distinct to citizen Théodore in his concealment.

"Let us see. Here we are now in the Hall of Ruin, citizen architect, you must now guide us; above all take care that your revelation turn not out to be mere trifling, for look you, the revolution has settled all these follies, and we no longer believe in souls or subterranean passages. What say you, citizen Richard?" added Santerre, turning towards him.

"I have never said that a subterranean passage might not exist under the Conciergerie. But there is Gracchus, who has been a turnkey for ten years, and who, consequently, is as well acquainted with the prison as his own pocket, and yet he does not know of the existence of the passage spoken of by citizen Giraud. However, citizen Giraud is an architect, and therefore ought to know better than us—as that is his business."

Théodore on hearing these words trembled from head to foot.

"Fortunately," murmured he, "the hall is immense, and it will cost them at least two days to discover what they seek."

The architect, however, opened his principal roll of paper,

put on his spectacles and knelt before a plan which he examined beneath the fluctuating light of the lantern held by Gracchus.

"I am afraid," said Santerre, sneeringly, "that citizen Giraud has been dreaming."

"You will soon see, citizen general," said the architect. "You will soon see whether I have dreamt. Wait a little, wait a little."

"You may easily perceive we are waiting," said Santerre.

"Good," remarked the architect, proceeding to calculate, "twelve and four make sixteen, and eight make twenty-four, which divided by six give four, after that one half remains. That 's it. I have got it. I do not mistake even a single foot, and if I do, you may set me down as a fool."

The architect's confidence as he spoke made Théodore grow deathlike with terror.

Santerre glanced at the plan with a species of respect which made it evident that he admired it in exact proportion as he did not understand it.

"Remark what I am about to say."

"In what way?"

"On this plan which I have drawn up. *Par Dieu!* Do you comprehend? Thirteen feet from the wall there is a moveable flagstone. I have marked it A—do you see it?"

"Certainly, I see A," said Santerre. "Do you think I cannot read?"

"Beneath the flagstone there is a staircase," continued the architect. "Look, I have marked it B."

"B," repeated Santerre; "I see the B, but no stairs," and he laughed loudly at his own remark.

"The flagstone once raised—the foot once on the last step of the stair, you count fifty paces of three feet each, and then looking upwards, you will find yourself under the fireplace in the Queen's cell."

"Of Widow Capet you mean, citizen Giraud," said Santerre, frowning.

"Eh? yes, Widow Capet."

"But you said the Queen."

"Vile custom."

"So you say," asked Richard, "that you are under the fireplace?"

"Not only so, but under the very hearthstone."

"Hold," said Gracchus. "That is strange—for I have

noticed that every time I threw the faggots down on the hearth, a hollow noise was produced."

"Indeed," said Santerre. "If we find it as you state, citizen architect, I will admit that there is something in geometry, and that it is an excellent thing."

"Well, be it so, citizen Santerre. I will now conduct you to the place designated by the letter A."

The citizen Théodore buried his nails in his flesh.

"When I have seen it—when I have seen it, I will admit it," remarked Santerre. "I am like Saint Thomas."

"Ah! you said *Saint Thomas*," rejoined the architect.

"My faith, yes, just as you said Queen—from habit; but no one is likely to accuse me of conspiring in favour of Saint Thomas."

"Nor I for the Queen," said the architect, who, as he made that remark, took his rule and began carefully to measure the ground. Having well calculated his distance, he struck upon a flagstone.

This was precisely the same which citizen Théodore had thumped in his furious wrath.

"This is it, citizen general," said the architect.

"Do you believe so, citizen Giraud?"

The patriot in the office so far forgot himself as to strike his thigh violently with his clenched hand and utter a deep groan.

"I am certain," resumed Giraud, "and your experience combined with my report, will prove to the Convention that I am not deceived. Yes, citizen general, this flagstone covers a subterranean passage which ends under the Widow Capet's cell. Let us raise it up and descend, when I will convince you that two men, or even one man, could in a single night carry her off without any one suspecting how it was accomplished."

A murmur of alarm and admiration arose from the group and died away on Théodore's ear, who seemed converted into an inanimate statue.

"Such is the danger we run," resumed Giraud. "Well, now by means of an iron grating which I shall fix in the passage previous to reaching the Widow Capet's cell, I shall save the country."

"Oh! citizen Giraud," said Santerre, "you have struck on a sublime discovery."

"Triple fool!" murmured the patriot Théodore, with increased fury. "May hell confound you!"

"Now then," said the architect, "raise the flagstone."

Citizen Gracchus, who carried a crowbar, commenced work, and in an instant the flagstoue was raised; the gaping passage then appeared with the staircase lost in the abyss, from which arose a damp vapour like steam.

"Another magnificent attempt ruined," murmured the citizen Théodore. "Heaven then does not will her to escape, and her cause is accursed!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CITIZEN GRACCHUS.

THE three men remained motionless for an instant at the entrance of the subterranean passage, whilst the turnkey lowered the lantern which, however, did not illuminate the depths beneath.

The triumphant architect drew himself up with all the pride of conscious genius.

"Well!" exclaimed he, at length.

"My faith," answered Santerre, "it is an incontestable fact that there is a subterranean passage, only it remains to be discovered whence it leads."

"Yes," repeated citizen Richard, "we must know that."

"Very well, descend citizen Richard, and you will convince yourself that I have spoken the truth."

"We can do better than descend here," said the gailor, "let you, the general, and myself return to the Conciergerie, there you can raise the hearthstone and we shall see."

"Very good," said Santerre. "Let us go."

"Take care," said the architect, "if the flagstone remains open it may convey a new idea to some one here."

"Who the devil would you have here at this hour?" asked Santerre.

"Besides," said Richard, "this hall is deserted, and if we leave Gracchus behind it will be sufficient. Remain here,

citizen Gracchus, and we will rejoin you from the other end of the passage."

"Be it so," said Gracchus.

"Are you armed?" inquired Santerre.

"Citizen General, I have my sabre and this crowbar."

"Excellent! keep a good watch. In ten minutes we will join you."

The three having closed the iron gate, retired by the mercer's gallery towards the chief entrance to the Conciergerie.

The turnkey watched their departure, looking after them as long as he could see them, and listening to their footsteps as long as he could hear them. Then, when all was restored to silence, and when everything seemed buried in solitude again, he placed the lantern on the ground and swinging his legs over the gulf, began to dream of other things.

Turnkeys *are* dreamers at times, only they do not always endeavour to analyse their dreams.

Whilst plunged in a profound reverie, he suddenly felt a heavy hand placed on his shoulder.

He turned quickly, perceived a strange figure, and was about to cry aloud, but the cold muzzle of a pistol was planted on his temple. His voice was stifled in his throat, his arms dropped powerless by his side, and his eyes assumed a most supplicating expression.

"Not a word," said the stranger, "or you are a dead man."

"What do you want, sir?" stammered the turnkey.

Even in '93 there were moments when the word citizen was forgotten.

"I wish you," answered citizen Théodore, "to allow me to descend into that passage."

"What to do?"

"What does that matter to you?"

The turnkey looked at him who made this singular demand with the most profound astonishment. However, his interrogator imagined he perceived a flash of intelligence in that look.

He lowered his weapon accordingly.

"Would you object to make your fortune?"

"I don't know. No one has ever proposed anything to me on that head."

"Well, I shall make that proposition," said Théodore.

"Do you offer to make my fortune?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean by a fortune?" asked the turnkey.

"Fifty thousand francs in gold. That metal is scarce now-a-days, and is worth a million of francs. Well, I offer you fifty thousand francs."

"To allow you to descend into that subterranean passage?"

"Yes; on condition that you descend with me and assist me in what I am about to do."

"But what can you do there? In five minutes that subterranean passage will be filled with soldiers, who will arrest you."

Citizen Théodore was struck with the force of that observation.

"Could you prevent the soldiers from descending?"

"I have no means of doing so. I don't know any—nor can I devise any."

It was evident that the turnkey had combined all his faculties to discover those means, for the value of the discovery amounted to 50,000 francs."

"But to-morrow?" asked the citizen Théodore; "cannot we enter then?"

"Yes, doubtless; but before that time an iron grating will be placed across the passage, and for greater security it will be made solid and without any door."

"In that case some other means must be discovered," said Théodore.

"Yes, we may find some other method," said the turnkey. "Let us try."

From the above conversation it must be evident that the collected manner in which the turnkey expressed himself, announced an established alliance between him and the citizen Théodore.

"That is important," said the latter. "What do you do in the Conciergerie?"

"I am a turnkey."

"That is—?"

"I lock and unlock the cell doors."

"Do you sleep there?" asked Théodore.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you take your meals there?"

"Not always. I am allowed time for recreation elsewhere."

"And then?"

"I profit by it."

"How?"

"To court my mistress in the *cabaret* of the Puits-de-Noé, who has promised to marry me when I possess twelve hundred francs."

"Where is this *cabaret* situated?"

"Near the street of the Vieille-Draperie."

"Very good."

"Hush! sir."

The patriot listened.

"Ah! ah!" said he.

"Do you hear them?" asked the turnkey.

"Yes—voices—footsteps."

"They are now coming. You see that we had no time."

That remark was perfectly self-evident.

"True," said Théodore, "and I see that you are a good fellow. Citizen, you seem to me to be predestined—"

"To what?" interrupted the turnkey.

"To be a rich man one of these days," replied Théodore.

"May God grant it."

"You still believe in God then?"

"Sometimes," said the turnkey. "That is now and then—to-day, for instance—"

"Well?"

"I shall willingly believe in God."

"Believe, then, in him," said Théodore, putting ten louis into the man's hand.

"The devil!" said he, gazing at the gold which he held in the light of the lantern. "It is then a serious affair?"

"Nothing could be more so," answered Théodore.

"What can be done?"

"Be at the Puits-de-Noé to-morrow, I will then tell you what I want. What is your name?"

"Gracchus."

"Well, citizen Gracchus, previous to that time cause the gaoler to dismiss you."

"Dismiss me?—and my place?"

"Do you expect to remain a turnkey when worth fifty thousand francs?"

"No, but being a poor turnkey, I am certain not to be guillotined."

"Certain?" said Théodore.

"Almost—whilst being free and rich—"

"You can conceal your money, citizen Gracchus, and court some one in different circumstances from the mistress of the Puits-de-Noé."

"Well, it is agreed."

"To-morrow at the *cabaret*," said Théodore.

"At what hour?"

"Six in the evening."

"There they are," said the turnkey. "Take flight. Take flight, I say, for I suppose you descended through the roof."

"To-morrow," repeated Théodore, escaping.

It was indeed time, for the noise of voices and footsteps approached and lights were seen advancing through the gloom of the passage.

Théodore reached the door pointed out by the scribe. He burst the lock with his crowbar, reached the window formerly indicated, opened it, dropped into the street, and found himself in the republican causeway.

Before he left the hall entirely he could hear the citizen Gracchus question Richard, and the latter reply as follows:

"The citizen architect was perfectly right. The passage runs beneath the Widow Capet's chamber. It was most dangerous."

"I believe you," said Gracchus, who then conscientiously uttered the truth.

Santerre reappeared at the head of the staircase. "What of your workmen, citizen architect?" asked he from Giraud.

"Before daylight," replied the latter, his voice seeming to issue from the bowels of the earth, "and without intermission in our work the grating will be fixed."

"And you will then have saved the country," said Santerre, half-serious, half-mocking him.

"You cannot exactly say so yet, citizen general," muttered Gracchus to himself.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE COMMISSIONERS AND THE ROYAL CHILD.

ROM what has been seen in the preceding chapter, the legal arrangements for the Queen's prosecution were being rapidly completed. The government had already allowed it to transpire, that by the sacrifice of her illustrious head, the public vengeance, so long menacing, would at length be assuaged. Means were not wanting to cause the Queen to be beheaded; but that fatal prosecutor, Fouquier Tinville, resolved not to overlook the new accusation which Simon had promised to place at his disposal. The day following that on which Simon and he had met in the Hall of Ruin, the rattle of armour again startled the prisoners who still inhabited the Temple. These prisoners were Madame Elizabeth, the Madame Royal, and that child who, after having been addressed as majesty in the cradle, was now simply called, little Louis Capet.

General Santerre, with his tricolored plume, his great charger, and his long sabre, followed by many national guards, entered the keep, where the royal child languished. Beside the General came a register officer, of repulsive mien, carrying an inkstand, a roll of paper, and an immeasurably long pen.

Behind the scribe marched the public accuser. We have already seen, we know, and shall again encounter this man so cold, so yellow, and so parched in appearance, and whose blood-thirsty look made even the fierce Santerre shudder in his panoply of war. A few national guards, commanded by a lieutenant, succeeded them.

Simon, with his false smile, holding in one hand his bear-skin cap, and in the other his strap, led the way for the commissioners.

They entered a gloomy chamber, spacious, but naked; at the bottom of which, on a bed, young Louis was seated in a state of perfect impassibility. The last time we saw the poor infant flying before Simon's brutal wrath there still existed

within him a kind of resisting spirit to the unworthy treatment of the cobbler. He fled, he screamed, he wept. He then feared, suffered, and hoped.

Now, however, fear and hope had both fled. Suffering, no doubt, still was present; but if it existed, the infant martyr, who was so cruelly punished for his parents' faults, concealed it at the bottom of his heart, and spread over it a veil of apparently complete insensibility.

He did not even raise his head when the commissioners approached him. The latter, without any preamble, sat down, and thus installed themselves, the public accuser at the head, Simon at the foot of the bed; the register officer near the window, and Santerre, with the national guards, and their lieutenant rather at the side, and in the shade of it. Those who looked at the little prisoner with some interest, and even curiosity, remarked his paleness, and his stout appearance, which was, however, the result of disease, as well as the thinness of his legs, the articulation of which had begun to swell.

"That child is very poorly," said the lieutenant, with a confidence which caused Fouquier Tinville to turn round, although already prepared to examine him.

Little Capet looked up, and sought in the shade for him who pronounced these words. He recognised the same young man who, once before, in the Temple court, prevented Simon from beating him. A ray of soft intelligence flashed from his deep blue eye; but that was all.

"Ha, ha! It is you, citizen Lorin," said Simon, thus directing the attention of Fouquier Tinville towards Maurice's friend.

"Myself, citizen Simon," replied Lorin, with his imperturbable assurance; but as he was a man who, whilst he did not fear danger, would not uselessly seek it, he profited by the circumstance to salute Fouquier Tinville, who politely returned the compliment.

"You remarked, I believe, citizen," said the public accuser, "that the child was indisposed. Are you a doctor?"

"I have, at all events, studied medicine."

"Well, what do you discover?"

"As symptoms of illness?" asked Lorin.

"Yes."

"I find his cheeks and eyes tumified, his hands bloodless and emaciated, his joints swelled, and, if I felt his pulse, it would beat I am sure eighty-five or eighty-six times in a

minute." The child seemed insensible to the enumeration of his sufferings.

"To what cause can science attribute the prisoner's condition?" asked the public accuser.

Lorin rubbed the end of his nose, murmuring to himself—

> "Phillis would have me court his ire,
> But Lorin feels not *that* desire.

My faith, citizen," replied he at length, "I do not know sufficiently the little Capet's *regime* to be able to reply—however—"

Simon listened attentively, and secretly smiled to find his enemy thus committing himself.

"However," continued Lorin, "I believe he does not take sufficient exercise."

"That I believe," said Simon; "the little beggar does not wish to walk any more."

The child remained insensible to the apostrophe of the cobbler. Fouquier Tinville arose, approached Lorin and spoke to him in an under tone. No one heard the purport of his words; but, it was evident they assumed the form of an interrogatory.

"Ho, ho!" said Lorin. "Do you believe that, citizen? It is a grave charge against a mother."

"At all events," said Fouquier, "we are about to know its truth. Simon pretends to have heard him admit it himself, and has promised to make him avow it now."

"It would be hideous," said Lorin; "but it may be possible—the Austrian is not exempt from sin; but, right or wrong, it does not concern me: although I must admit it is rather too strong a charge for me."

"Such as it is, it has been so reported by Simon," said Fouquier calmly.

"I do not doubt that Simon may have said so. There are some accusations at which certain men do not hesitate, even when they are impossible. But do not you," continued Lorin, looking keenly at Fouquier,—"a man of intelligence and probity—do not you see that to question a child as to details concerning her whom the most sacred laws of nature ordain him to respect, is to insult all mankind in his person?"

The accuser did not frown, but drew a note from his pocket, which he handed to Lorin.

"The Convention," said he, "commands me to investigate

the case. The result does not concern me. I must do my duty."

"True," said Lorin, "and I grant that if the child admitted——"

Here the young man hung his head down with disgust.

"Besides," said Fouquier, "it is not on Simon's single accusation we proceed. See, here is the public charge."

Fouquier drew out a second paper and handed it to Lorin. It was a copy of the paper called *Le Père Duchesne*, and which was edited by Hébert.

The accusation was inserted there, and, in fact, regularly drawn up.

"It is even printed," said Lorin; "but that does not signify. Until I have heard the child utter the accusation—I mean voluntarily, freely, and without being menaced——"

"Well?"

"Well, in spite of Simon and Hébert I should doubt it, as you do yourself."

Simon watched impatiently the issue of this conversation. The wretch did not understand the power intelligent man possesses even in his glance. It expresses sympathy or bears the impression of subtle hatred; at one time it possesses a repulsive, at another, an attractive force, which guides the thoughts or directs even the conduct of men, until an equal or superior influence is encountered in the crowd.

Fouquier felt the force of Lorin's glance and wished to be understood by that observer. "The examination is about to commence," said the public accuser. "Officer, take up your pen."

The latter had already written out the heading of the categorical examination, and had, like all the others, merely awaited the conclusion of Fouquier's and Lorin's conversation. The child alone seemed a stranger to the scene in which he was a principal actor, having assumed that stony look which a flash of intelligence had only for an instant illumined.

"Silence!" said Santerre. "The citizen Fouquier Tinville is about to question the child."

"Capet," asked the accuser, "do you know what has happened to your mother?" Little Louis, from the paleness of marble, changed to a burning red; but made no answer. "Do you hear, Capet?" resumed the public accuser. The same silence.

"Oh! he hears well enough," said Simon; "but, like the monkeys, he will not answer, lest he should be considered a man, and be made to work."

"Answer, Capet," said Santerre. "It is the commission

from the Convention who question you, and you ought to obey the laws."

The child grew pale; but made no answer.

Simon made an angry gesture. In all brutal and stupid natures rage is a kind of intoxication, accompanied by all

the hideous symptoms of drunkenness. "Will you answer, little whelp?" said Simon, shaking his fist.

"Silence! Simon," said Fouquier Tinville, "you have not the right to speak." That expression escaped him from the habit of using it so often at the Revolutionary Tribunal.

"Do you hear, Simon," said Lorin, "you are not permitted to speak? This is the second time I have heard you interrupted in the same manner. The first time was when you accused the daughter of Tison, and then you had the satisfaction of causing her to be beheaded."

Simon remained silent.

"Did your mother love you, Capet?" asked Fouquier.

Continued silence.

"It is reported she did not," continued the public accuser.

Something like a pale smile moved the lips of the child.

"But, I tell you," roared Simon, "that he told me himself that she loved him too much."

"Look you, Simon," said Lorin, "it is very annoying that little Capet, who is such a tattler in private, should become so silent in public."

"Oh! if we were only alone," said Simon.

"Yes, Simon, but unfortunately you are not so," said Lorin. "Oh! if you *were* alone, brave Simon,—excellent patriot! how you would thrash the poor child—Ha! But you are not alone, and you dare not behave so infamously before honest men, who know that the ancients, whose model we are, respected the feeble. You dare not, for you are not alone; and, my worthy man, you are not valiant enough to fight with children six feet high."

"Ah!" murmured Simon, grinding his teeth.

"Capet," resumed Fouquier, "have you confided any thing to Simon?"—the look of the child assumed an expression of irony impossible to describe—"regarding your mother?" continued the accuser.

A flash of contempt passed over his countenance.

"Answer yes or no," exclaimed Santerre.

"Answer yes," thundered Simon, raising his strap against the child.

The child trembled, but made no attempt to elude the blow

The spectators uttered a kind of cry of abhorrence.

Lorin did better than that, he sprang forward, and before Simon's arm descended he had grasped it firmly.

"Let me loose!" vociferated Simon, purple with rage.

"Let us see," said Fouquier. "There is no harm in a mother loving her child. Tell us in what manner your mother loved you, Capet. It may be useful to her."

The young prisoner started at the idea of doing a service to his mother.

"Sir," said he, "she loved me as a mother loves her son. There are not two ways for mothers to love their children, nor for children to love their mothers."

"And I, little serpent, maintain that you told me your mother—"

"You must have dreamed that," said Lorin, tranquilly. "Are you often troubled with the nightmare, Simon?"

"Lorin, Lorin," said Simon, grinding his teeth.

"Well—what after Lorin? There is no chance of beating Lorin. He, however, beats others when they are mischievously wicked; nor can he be denounced, for what I have done is in presence of General Santerre and Fouquier Tinville, who approve of it, and they are not lukewarm patriots—are they? You cannot guillotine him either as you did Heloise Tison. It is annoying, very provoking, poor Simon—but so it is."

"A little longer, wait a little longer," replied the cobbler, gnashing his teeth like a tiger.

"Ah! my dear friend," said Lorin, "I hope with the aid of the Supreme Being—ah! you expected I was about to say God—I hope with his aid and my sabre to have all settled with you before that. Stand aside, Simon. You prevent me from seeing."

"Brigand!"

"Silence, you prevent me from hearing," said Lorin, overwhelming him with a look.

Simon clenched his fists, but, as Lorin said, he was obliged to content himself with that.

"Now that he has begun to speak," said Santerre, "he will doubtless go on. Proceed, Fouquier, proceed."

"Will you now answer?" asked Fouquier.

But the child only resumed more resolutely his silent mood.

"You see, citizen, you see," said Simon.

"The obstinacy of this boy is strange," said Santerre, disturbed, in spite of himself, with the characteristic firmness of the royal child.

"He is badly advised," said Lorin.

"By whom?" asked Santerre.

"By his patron."

"You accuse me," exclaimed Simon; "you denounce me! Ah! this is strange."

"Let us try mild means," said Fouquier, turning towards the child, whom any one might have thought to be completely insensible. "Come, my child," said he, "answer the national commissioner. Don't aggravate your case by refusing useful information; you have spoken to citizen Simon of your mother's caresses and told him how she loved you."

Louis cast a glance over the assembly, which became expressive of deep hatred as it rested on Simon, but he made no reply.

"Are you unhappy?" asked the accuser; "are you badly lodged, clothed, or treated? Do you wish to have more liberty, a better table, another prison, or a new guardian? Would you like a horse to ride upon, or the company of children of your own age?"

Louis still maintained that profound silence which had been only broken to defend his mother.

The commissioners were dumb with astonishment. So much firmness, so much intelligence seemed incredible in a child.

"Ha! these kings," said Santerre, in a low voice, "what a race! They are like tigers: however small they may be they are full of mischief."

"How am I to draw up the verbal examination?" asked the embarrassed scribe.

"It only remains to accuse Simon," said Lorin, "there is nothing else to write down. That will settle his business to a nicety."

Simon shook his fist at his implacable foe.

Lorin laughed.

"You will not laugh so," said Simon, furiously, "when you sneeze in the guillotine sack."

"I do not know whether I shall precede or follow you, Simon, in that ceremony with the performance of which you threaten me. But I do know that many will laugh heartily when your turn comes. Gods,—that is in the plural, Simon,—ye gods, but he will look ugly on that day. Simon, you will be perfectly hideous."

Lorin retired, laughing heartily as he followed the commission, which had nothing more to do. They all departed together.

As for the child, when once freed from his examination, he began singing a melancholy little air which had been a favourite with his father.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PREPARATION FOR FLIGHT.

PEACE could not, as one may anticipate, for ever inhabit the same house as that in which Maurice and Geneviève lived.

In tempests, when the winds are unchained and the thunder rolls, the nest of the pigeon is agitated as well as the rocking trees on which it is perched. Geneviève had only fallen from one species of alarm into another. She no longer trembled for the safety of the Chevalier—she feared the security of Maurice.

She knew her husband sufficiently to be convinced that from the moment he disappeared he had been saved. Satisfied of his safety she trembled for her own.

She dare not, however, confide her grief to that man who was certainly one of the least timid men during the period when few exhibited any symptoms of fear. Nevertheless, her suffering was self-evident in her suffused eyes and pale lips.

One day Maurice entered the room so softly that Geneviève, who was plunged in a profound reverie, did not perceive his entrance. Maurice paused on the threshold and observing Geneviève seated, motionless, her eyes fixed, her powerless arms extended on her knees and her pensive head inclined on her breast.

He gazed at her for a moment in profound sadness, for

everything that was passing in the mind of the young woman was revealed to him as if he had read her deepest thoughts. He stepped towards her and remarked—

"Geneviève, you do not love France; confess it to me at once. You even dread the very air you breathe, you even approach the window with repugnance."

"Alas!" said Geneviève, "I know well I cannot conceal my thoughts from you. You have divined them correctly, Maurice."

"It is, however," said the young man, "a very beautiful country. Life is valuable and fully occupied in the present day. This turbulent energy of the club orators, the conspiracies, and the general activity and bustle out of doors render the hours spent at the fireside peculiarly sweet. One loves more ardently on returning home; there is a secret dread that to-morrow one may love no more, because to-morrow one may have ceased to live."

Geneviève bent her head.

"It is an ungrateful country to serve," said she.

"How so?"

"Are not you, who have done so much in the cause of liberty, now half suspected?"

"Whilst you, Geneviève," said Maurice, with a look of overwhelming tenderness, "the sworn enemy of liberty, you who have done so much against it, you sleep peacefully and inviolate under the roof of the republican. There is, you see, some compensation for other evils."

"Yes," said Geneviève, "but that will not exist long, for that which is unjust cannot long endure."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I who am an aristocrat, I who dream of the prospective defeat of your party and the overthrow of your principles, I who conspire now even in your house for the restoration of the ancient *regime;* I who, if known, would condemn you to death and shame, at least according to your opinions, I, Maurice, will not remain here as the evil genius of the house. I will not be the means of dragging you to the scaffold."

"And where will you go, Geneviève?"

"Where will I go? Some day when you go out, Maurice, I will go and denounce myself without saying from whence I came."

"Oh!" exclaimed Maurice, pierced to the very heart, "ingratitude so soon!"

"No," replied the young woman, throwing herself into his arms. "No, my friend, it is love, pure devoted love I swear to you. I did not wish my brother to be taken and killed as a rebel, nor do I wish my lover to be arrested and slain like a traitor."

"You will do that, Geneviève, will you?" exclaimed Maurice.

"As certainly as there is a God in heaven," replied the young woman. "Besides, it is nothing to avow fear, I feel remorse." And she bent her head, as if that feeling bore her down.

"Oh! Geneviève," said Maurice.

"Maurice," continued Geneviève, "you comprehend what I say, and above all, what I feel, for you also participate in the feeling of remorse. You know, Maurice, that I have given myself away without possessing the right, and you have taken me without the authority to do so."

"Enough," said Maurice, "enough."

His forehead grew pale, and a deep resolution shone in his clear eye.

"I will prove to you Geneviève," continued the young man, "that I love you alone. I will prove to you that no sacrifice is superior to my love. You hate France. Well! be it so. We shall leave France."

Geneviève folded her hands, and gazed at her lover with an expression of enthusiastic admiration.

"You are not deceiving me, Maurice?" stammered she.

"When have I deceived you?" asked Maurice. "Was it on that day when I dishonoured myself to gain you?"

Geneviève placed her lips on his for an instant.

"Oh! Maurice," said she, "you are right. I now feel no longer any remorse. It is, perhaps, some derangement of mind that causes this, but you at least will understand that I love you too much to experience any other sentiment than that which is excited by the fear of losing you. Let us, my friend, fly from hence. Let us go where no one can reach us."

"Thanks! thanks!" said Maurice, transported with joy.

"But how *can* we fly," said Geneviève, starting at the terrible idea. "People cannot now escape so easily from the

poniard of the assassins of the 2nd of September, or from the axe of the executioners of the 21st of January."

"Geneviève," said Maurice, "God will protect us. Hear me; on that 2nd of September of which you spoke a short time ago, I performed a good action which will now bring its fruits. I wished to save a poor priest who was my fellow student, and I, with that view, waited upon Danton, who requested the Committee of Public Safety to grant a passport for him and his sister. Danton handed me the passport. But the unfortunate priest, instead of coming to my house, as I had advised him, shut himself up at Carmes, where he died."

"And the passport?" said Geneviève.

"I have it still, and it is worth a million in the present day; more than that, Geneviève, it can procure life and happiness, which are beyond all price."

"Oh! my God!" exclaimed Geneviève, "praise be to thee!"

"My fortune consists, as you know, of an estate which is managed by an old servant of the family, a pure patriot and a faithful soul, in whom we may entirely confide. He will transmit the rent to me wherever I desire it to be sent. As we proceed to Boulogne we shall pass near his house."

"Where does he live then?"

"Near to Abbeville."

"When shall we depart, Maurice?"

"In an hour hence."

"Of course it is unnecessary to let any one know we are departing."

"No one shall know it. I will hasten to Lorin's house. He possesses a cabriolet without a horse, and I have a horse without a carriage. We will set out as soon as I return again. You will remain here, Geneviève, and prepare everything necessary for our departure. We shall require very little baggage, because we can purchase everything in England. I will send Scévola off on some mission. Lorin will inform him this evening of our departure, by which time we shall be far enough from this place."

"But suppose we are arrested on the road?"

"Have we not our passport? We shall call upon Hubert, my steward. Hubert is a member of the municipal council of Abbeville. He will accompany us to Boulogne as our safeguard.

Once in the latter town, we can hire or purchase a boat. I could, however, see the Committee of Public Safety and get appointed on some mission to Abbeville. But no, let us practice no fraud, Geneviève. Let us secure our happiness, even at the risk of our lives."

"Yes, yes, my friend," said Geneviève, "and we shall succeed. But, Maurice, how you are perfumed this morning."

"True, I purchased a bouquet of violets this morning for you, as I was passing the Palace of Equality, but as I entered I saw you were very sad and I only thought then of discovering the cause of your sorrow."

"Oh! give it me, and I will return you the favour, Maurice."

Geneviève inhaled the perfume with that species of frenzy which nervous temperaments like hers always exhibit towards flowers. Suddenly her eyes became suffused with tears.

"What is the matter?" asked Maurice.

"Poor Héloise," murmured Geneviève.

"Ah! yes," replied Maurice, with a sigh. "But, my dear, let the dead rest in peace within the tomb which devotion to their cause has hallowed for them. Let us think of ourselves. Adieu! I am going."

"Return as quickly as you can, Maurice."

"I shall be with you in less than half an hour."

"But should Lorin not be at home?"

"What does it signify? His servant knows me. Cannot I take what suits me in his house, whether he is at home or absent?"

"Good, good," said Geneviève.

"As for you, Geneviève, set about your preparations, and confine yourself to things strictly necessary. We must not give to our departure the air of a removal."

"Be perfectly easy on that head, Maurice."

The young man then turned towards the door.

"Maurice!" exclaimed Geneviève.

And on turning round again, he perceived her arms extended towards him.

"My love," said Maurice, embracing her, "have courage until we meet again. In half an hour I shall return."

Geneviève was thus left alone charged with the duty of preparing for the journey.

Her preparations were made with feverish anxiety. So long as she remained in Paris, it seemed to her that she was doubly culpable. Once out of France, however, and in the land of the stranger, it occurred to her mind that her crime, which really resulted more from fatality than intention, would press less heavily upon her.

She even went so far as to hope that, amidst solitude, when once isolated from the world, she might cease to remember that any other man than Maurice existed on the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DIXMER'S DISCOVERY OF GENEVIEVE.

THE lovers had decided on flying to England. That had been mutually agreed upon. There they could secure a retired cottage, and live concealed from all prying curiosity. There they could change their names and pass under some other which should be common to both.

In England a couple of servants could easily be hired, who would be entirely ignorant of their past history; and as both Maurice and Geneviève spoke English fluently, there could be little inconvenience in regard to the language.

Neither of them could leave many regrets behind in France, unless it might be for one's native land, which is always regretted, even when so much changed as France had become to them.

Geneviève ruminated on these subjects whilst arranging those things which were necessary for the journey, or rather for their flight. She experienced a singular pleasure in distinguishing, amongst other objects, those which were dear to Maurice—as, for instance, the dress which became him best, the handsomest cravat, or even the books he most frequently consulted.

She had already made her choice; the trunks were ready-opened, and the furniture covered with dresses,

linen, books, &c., when suddenly she heard a key rattling in the outer door.

"Good," said she, "it is Scévola, who is returning. Maurice must have missed him."

She continued her occupation.

The doors of the saloon were then opened, and she heard the servant moving about in the ante-chamber.

She held at that moment some music in her hand, and was searching for a piece of string to tie it with.

"Scévola," called she, "Scévola!"

An approaching footstep was heard in the next room.

"Scévola," repeated Geneviève, "be good enough to come here."

"Here I am," said a voice.

The accent made Geneviève turn briskly round. She uttered a loud cry and exclaimed, "My husband!"

"Himself," said Dixmer, calmly.

Geneviève was standing on a chair, reaching for a piece of string within a side cabinet. She felt her head whirling round, and, stretching forth her arms, allowed herself to fall, in the vain hope of finding some abyss into which to precipitate herself.

Dixmer caught her in his arms, and, bearing her to a couch, sat down beside her.

"Well, my dear! what is the matter?" said he. "Does my presence produce such a disagreeable effect upon you?"

"I am dying," stammered Geneviève, throwing herself backwards and covering her face with her hands, to exclude the dreaded apparition.

"Good," said Dixmer. "You thought I was numbered with the dead, my dear, and you mistook me for a ghost."

Geneviève gazed around her with a wild look, which settled at last on Maurice's portrait. As soon as she perceived it she slid from the couch upon her knees, as if to invoke aid from that powerless and insensible image, which seemed still to smile upon her.

Geneviève comprehended fully what menaces Dixmer concealed under his affected calmness.

"Yes, my dear child," continued the master tanner, "it is indeed me. Perhaps you thought me far away from Paris. But no—I remained here. The day after I left my house I returned again, and discovered in its place a very pretty pile of cinders. I inquired for you, but no one had seen you. I

began to search after you, and I assure you I have had much trouble in finding you. I will confess I did not believe you were here; however, I had some suspicion, as you may suppose, otherwise I would not have come here. The sum total of the matter is, however, the self-evident fact of my being here, and of your being there. In fact, I am sure you must have endured much: you, so good a royalist, to be forced to live under the same roof with a fanatical republican."

"My God! my God!" murmured Geneviève, "have pity on me!"

"After all," continued Dixmer, glancing round the room, "what consoles me, my dear, is the evidence of your very comfortable lodging and the conviction, that you have not suffered much from our proscription. As for me, since our house was burned, and our prospects ruined, I have wandered about on chance, at one time living in cellars, at another in out-houses, and again even in the drains on the banks of the Seine."

"Sir!" said Geneviève.

"You have very fine fruit there. I have often been compelled to deny myself a dessert, not being able even, at times, to procure a dinner."

Geneviève sobbed aloud and buried her face in her hands.

"Not," continued Dixmer, "that I wanted money; I was enabled, thank God, to carry off on my person 30,000 francs in gold, which in the present day are worth 500,000 francs. But how could a coalheaver, a fisherman, or a rag gatherer, safely pull golden louis out of his pocket even to buy a sausage or a morsel of cheese—eh! my good madam? It is true; I have successively adopted these characters. To-day, for the purpose of being better disguised, I act the patriot, the *Marseillais*, the *outre* republican; I lisp and I swear: but a young and pretty woman can pass through Paris much more easily than a man proscribed, like myself. I have not the happiness to know any ardent republican who would shelter me from every curious eye."

"Sir! sir!" exclaimed Geneviève, "have pity on me; you see you are killing me."

"I see—mere uneasiness on my account—I understand that; but console yourself, since I am here, madam, and now that I have returned, we will part no more."

"Oh! you will kill me," exclaimed Geneviève. Dixmer looked at her with a frightful smile on his countenance.

"What! kill an innocent woman? Oh! Madam, what do you mean by that? It would seem that the *chagrin*, caused by my absence, has affected your mind."

"Sir," exclaimed Geneviève, "Sir, I implore you, with suppliant hands, to kill me at once, rather than torture me thus with such cruel railleries. No, sir, I am not innocent! I admit I have been criminal, and merit death. Kill me, sir, kill me!"

"Do you admit that you deserve death?"

"Yes, yes, I do."

"And to expiate, I do not know what crime, you will submit to death without a murmur?"

"Strike, sir—I shall not utter a single cry," said Geneviève; "but, instead of cursing, I shall bless the hand that strikes me."

"No, madam, I shall not strike you. However, it is probable you will die, with this difference, that your death, instead of being ignominious, as you seem to dread it may be, will be as glorious as the most famous death of antiquity. You owe me thanks, madam. I will punish you by making you immortal."

"Sir, what mean you to do with me?"

"You will continue to pursue that end, which we all had in view before we were interrupted in our plans. You will, in your own and in my sight, fall guillty; but, in the eyes of all others, you will die a martyr."

"Oh! my God! you will drive me mad, in thus addressing me. Where do you lead me to? to what do you drag me on?"

"To death, in all probability."

"Let me then pray."

"Pray?" asked Dixmer.

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"That is of little consequence to you, sir. The moment you have slain me, I have paid all debts due to you. I owe you no more."

"'Tis right," said Dixmer, retiring to the adjoining room. "I will await you."

Geneviève placed herself on her knees before the portrait, pressing both her hands upon her heart, which was beating as if it would burst from its prison.

"Maurice," said she, in a low tone, "pardon me, I had

no hope of happiness myself, but I thought I could render thee happy. Maurice, I now remove that happiness from you, in which your life was centred. Pardon me *your* death, also, my beloved."

She cut off a ringlet of her long hair, tied it round the bouquet of violets, and placed it beneath the portrait—whose features Geneviève imagined, through her tears, to assume a painful expression.

"Well, are you ready yet, madam?" asked Dixmer.

"So soon," murmured Geneviève.

"Oh! take your own time, madam," replied Dixmer, "I am in no hurry; besides, Maurice will probably not be long absent, and I shall be delighted to thank him for the hospitality he has shown you."

Geneviève started in alarm at the idea of her husband and lover meeting, and sprang up influenced by that sudden impulse.

"It is done, sir," said she, "I am now ready."

Dixmer led the way. The trembling Geneviève followed, her eyes half-closed, and her head thrown backwards. They entered a coach which awaited them at the door and drove off together.

As Geneviève had truly remarked, all was, indeed, finished.

DIXMER DISCOVERING GENEVIÈVE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TURNKEY AND THE CHEVALIER.

THAT patriot whom we encountered promenading in the Hall of Ruin, who passed himself off upon Simon, with his rough cap and bushy moustaches, as the person who carried the Duchess of Lamballe's head; and who, as we have seen, exchanged some words with the turnkey during the visit of Santerre, the architect, and Richard, the gaoler, was seated, on the day following that eventful night, towards seven o'clock in the evening, in the cabaret of the Puits-de-Noé, situated at the corner of the street La Vieille-Draperie.

He was seated in the above wine-house, at the bottom of a gloomy chamber filled with tobacco smoke, having two dull candles burning on the table before him, and appearing to consume, with relish, a plate of fish, cooked in dark-coloured butter.

The supper-room was almost deserted; two or three customers having only remained behind the others on the strength of their daily patronage to the establishment. The greater number of tables were consequently unoccupied; but to the honour of the house be it said, that the wine stains mapping the table-cloth attested the former presence of a sufficient number of satisfied guests.

The lingering guests successively departed, so that at about a quarter to eight the patriot was left alone.

He, then, with the most aristocratic signs of disgust, pushed away the offensive mess in which he previously appeared to have regaled his appetite. He took from his pocket a stick of Spanish chocolate, which he ate slowly, and with a very different expression on his countenance than he had before attempted to convey to it. From time to time, whilst chewing his stick of chocolate and brown bread, he glanced towards the glass door, with its red and white striped curtains, looking full of anxiety and impatience.

Sometimes he interrupted his frugal repast, and listened attentively with an abstracted air, that strongly induced the mistress of the establishment, who was seated at her counter near the door, to believe, without much vanity, that she was the object of the patriot's glances and thoughts.

Finally, the little bell attached to the door of the wine-shop rung in such a manner as to cause our patriot to start from his reverie. He resumed his fish, without the mistress of the house, however, perceiving that he threw one half to a dog that was looking at him in a suppliant manner, and the other to a cat, which had instantly assailed the dog with its claws.

The door of the supper-room was then opened, and a man entered, who was dressed like the patriot, with the exception of his wearing the cap of liberty.

An enormous bunch of keys was suspended from his belt, as well as a long infantry sabre.

"Let me have my soup and my chopine of wine," exclaimed this man as he entered the room, without touching his bonnet, and contenting himself with merely nodding at the mistress of the house.

He uttered a wearied sigh as he installed himself at the table next to the one where the patriot supped. The mistress of the house, as if to show more attention to the last comer arose and went to order what he wanted.

The two men turned their backs on each other, one looking into the street, the other towards the bottom of the room. Not a word was exchanged until the mistress of the cabaret had entirely disappeared.

When the door was closed behind her, and the patriot perceived by the slender light that the apartment was empty, he addressed his companion without turning round.

"Good evening," said he.

"Good evening, sir," replied the other.

"Well," asked the patriot, with the same affected indifference, "how do matters stand with us?"

"It is done," replied the new comer.

"What is done?"

"What we agreed upon. I have had an explanation with Father Richard concerning the duties of my office. I made a pretext of deafness and feebleness of vision. In fact I made myself regularly ill at the moment."

"Very good. What next?" asked the patriot.

"Why Father Richard called his wife, and she bathed my temples with vinegar, which brought me rou nd"

"Good, again. What followed?"

"What we agreed should happen. I complained that the confinement produced a giddiness and dimness of vision, especially as I was of a sanguine temperament, and having four hundred prisoners at this moment I found the duty too much for me. I said it was killing me outright."

"What did they say to that?"

"Mother Richard pitied me."

"And what did Richard do?"

"He was about to turn me out of doors."

"But itwas not sufficient for him to do that alone—merely to turn you out of doors."

"Wait a little. Mother Richard, who is really an excellent woman, then reproached him with having no feeling for the father of a family."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said she was right. But that the first inherent condition in the engagement of a turnkey was to reside within the prison to which he was attached. That the Republic was in no sportive humour, but would cut off the heads of every one who was troubled with such attacks during the performance of their duty."

"The devil!" exclaimed the patriot.

"Nor was father Richard far wrong. Since the Austrian has been there, this surveillance of prisoners makes the Conciergerie a perfect hell of suspicion. One would even have to examine closely one's own father if he visited the prison."

The patriot at this moment bent down to give the dog his plate to lick, which was, however, immediately attacked by the cat. "Conclude what you have got to say," said he, without turning towards the turnkey.

"Well, sir, I began making loud complaints and said that I felt very ill. I insisted on going to the infirmary, but declared that my children would die of hunger if my salary was suppressed."

"And what said Father Richard?"

"He replied, 'that when a man was a turnkey he had no business with children.'"

"But, I suppose, you had Mother Richard on your side of the question?"

"Fortunately there was another scene between her and her husband. She reproached him with being hard hearted; and the matter ended by Father Richard remarking to me—'Well, citizen Gracchus, see and make an arrangement with some one who will replace you for a time, and who will let you have something out of the wages, and I promise to accept him as your successor:' on which I came away saying, 'That is very good, Father Richard, I will go in search for some one.'"

"And you have found one, my good fellow," said the patriot.

"At this moment the mistress of the cabaret returned, bearing citizen Gracchus' supper, but this interruption did not suit either him or the patriot, who had still several matters to arrange.

"Citizen," said the turnkey, "I have received a trifling present from Father Richard, so that I may treat myself to-day to a pork-chop and pickles, as well as a bottle of Burgundy wine. Send your servant to the pork-butcher for the chop; and bring the wine yourself from the cellar."

The hostess gave her orders accordingly, and, as the servant went out by the street door, the former disappeared through the cellar door.

"Excellent," said the patriot, "you are a sharp fellow."

"So much so that, notwithstanding all your fine promises, I do not conceal from myself the danger which surrounds both of us. Have you any doubt yourself on that head?"

"I perfectly understand it."

"We are staking both our heads on this game."

"Don't alarm yourself about mine," said the patriot.

"It is not for your neck, sir, I must confess, that I feel the greatest uneasiness."

"It is for your own."

"Yes," said the turnkey, "it is."

"But suppose I estimate yours at double its value?"

"Ah! sir, one's neck is a very precious thing to value."

"Not yours, I should think," said the patriot.

"How! not mine?"

"At least, not at this moment."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean to say," said the patriot, "that your head is not worth a brass farthing; if, for instance, I were an agent of the Committee of Public Safety, you would be guillotined to-morrow."

The turnkey turned round so sharp, that the dog barked at him, whilst he turned as pale as death.

"Don't turn round, nor look so pale," remarked the patriot. "Finish your supper at your ease—I am no agent or spy, my friend. Let me get into the Conciergerie, and be once installed in your place, with the keys in my possession, and to-morrow I will count out to you fifty thousand golden crowns."

"That is true enough at all events."

"Ah! you are very cautious; but you have my head in your hands as a security."

The turnkey meditated during a few seconds.

"Come, come," said the patriot, "make no bad reflections. If you denounce me you will only do your duty, and receive nothing for it. But if you serve me, and as it is unjust to work for nothing, I will give you fifty thousand crowns."

"Oh! I understand perfectly," said the turnkey, "that in serving you, all the benefit falls to myself, but I tremble for the results."

"The results? Let us hear what you have got to fear. At all events, I shall not denounce you."

"Certainly not," said the turnkey.

"On the day succeeding that in which I am installed in your place, pay an accidental visit to the Conciergerie, and I will give you twenty-five *rouleaux* each, containing 2,000 francs. You can very easily stow away the money in your two pockets. Together with the money I will also give you a passport to leave France. You will depart, and wherever you go, if you are not rich you will be at least independent."

"Well, come what may, sir, it is agreed. I am only a poor devil at the best. I never meddled with politics; besides, France has always done well enough without me, and will not

sink for want of my assistance. If you are now doing a bad action so much the worse for yourself."

"At all events," said the patriot, "I do not think I can possibly do worse than they are doing now in France."

"Sir, you will permit me not to join you in criticising the policy of the National Convention."

"You are a most philosophic and indifferent man, but now to business. Let me know when you will introduce me to Father Richard."

"This very night if you will."

"Oh! certainly I shall. Who am I to pass for?"

"My cousin Mardoche."

"Mardoche. Be it so. I like the name very much. What is his trade?"

"A leather-cutter."

"To a tannery, eh! There is only the hand to be looked to in that case."

"Are you a tanner?"

"I can be so if I like."

"Very true," answered the turnkey.

"At what hour then will my introduction take place?"

"In half an hour, if you please."

"At nine o'clock then be it so," said the patriot.

"And when," asked the turnkey, "am I to receive the cash?"

"To-morrow."

"You are then enormously rich?" said citizen Gracchus, inquiringly.

"I am independent," answered the patriot Theodore.

"One of the *ci-devant* aristocracy, are you not?"

"What does it signify to you what I am?"

"Because for a man who has plenty of money to throw it away for the mere purpose of running the risk of being guillotined, seems strange to me. In fact, these *ci-devant* gentry must be egregious fools to do anything of the kind."

"What do you mean?" answered the patriot. "Don't you know that the *sans-culottes* have usurped so much mind to themselves, that no one else can possibly possess a particle of it?"

"Hush! Here is my wine."

"To-night then we meet in front of the Conciergerie?"

"Yes," answered the turnkey; upon which the patriot paid his bill and retired.

As the door closed, his voice might be heard thundering aloud.

"Look sharp, citizen, with the pork chops and pickles, for my cousin Gracchus is dying with hunger."

"Ah! that excellent Mardoche!" said the turnkey, tasting the glass of Burgundy, which the hostess had poured out for him, at the same time glancing at her tenderly.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE REGISTERING CLERK.

HE patriot Theodore went out, but he did not leave the neighbourhood of the house. He watched the turnkey's motions through the dim panes of glass, lest he might enter into communication with some of the republican agents of police. That police was the best organised force that has ever existed, because one half of society under the republic were spies upon the other half. These spies, however, did not act on account of the respect and honour they bore the republic, so much as to secure their own heads on their shoulders.

The patriot's fears were, however, never realised. A little before nine the turnkey arose, chucked the hostess under the chin, and left the house. The patriot rejoined him on the Quai de la Conciergerie, and both entered the prison together. Father Richard decided, that same evening, to accept the turnkey, Mardoche, as Gracchus's substitute. Two hours previous to the settlement of this important affair, another scene was being enacted in a different part of the same prison; which, although without apparent interest, possessed an equal importance as far as regards the principal characters of this history.

The head clerk of the prison, tired out with his day's labour, was about to fold up his registers and depart, when a man, conducted by citizen Richard, presented himself at his desk—

"Citizen clerk," said the latter, "here is your colleague in

the office of the minister at war, who has been sent by the citizen minister to extract certain military entries."

"Ah! citizen," said the clerk, "you come too late—I have packed up my baggage."

"Dear colleague, you will pardon me," answered the new comer; "we have so much to do, that our duty can only be performed by snatching it from our hours of repose—by toiling whilst others are eating or sleeping."

"If it is so, do your duty my dear colleague; but make haste, for, as you say, it is supper time, and I am hungry. Have you brought with you your authority to act?"

"There it is," said the minister's clerk, showing a portfolio, which his companion, although in haste, examined with the most scrupulous attention.

"Oh! that is all right," said citizen Richard, "for I have already inspected it."

"No matter," said the clerk, continuing his examination.

The clerk of the war office patiently awaited the result, like a man who expected the strictest formality.

"All right," said the clerk of the prison, "you may begin when you like. Have you many extracts to make?"

"A hundred at least."

"Then you have several days' work before you."

"Besides, dear colleague, I am about to establish here a sort of small establishment, if you will permit it."

"What am I to understand by that?" asked the clerk of the prison.

"I will explain that to you when conducting you to supper with me to-night. You said you were hungry?"

"And I do not retract the observation."

"Well, you will see my wife, who is an excellent cook, and you will become acquainted with me, whom you will find to be a very good sort of fellow."

"My faith, yes, you seem so; but my dear colleague—"

"Oh! accept the invitation without ceremony. I shall purchase some oysters in the square du Châtelet, a fowl at our poulterer's, and two or three other little dishes."

"That is very seductive, my dear colleague," said the clerk, dazzled by this preparation, to which a clerk in his position was not accustomed, especially when his republican salary was considered.

"So you accept the invitation?"

"With pleasure."

"In that case I will defer my work until to-morrow. Let us finish for this evening."

"Let us go."

"Come along, then," said the military clerk.

"Wait a moment. Just allow me to inform the guards who are on duty beside the Austrian that I am going."

"Why announce it to them?"

"That they may know I have gone out; so that being aware that no one is here every noise will be suspected."

"Ah! very good. My faith, it is an excellent precaution."

"You understand that, don't you?"

"Perfectly; come along."

The clerk of the Conciergerie in fact knocked at the door, which the gendarmes opened, saying, "Who is there?"

"Me—the clerk. You know I am going. Good evening, Gilbert."

"Good evening, citizen clerk;" and the door was then closed.

The clerk examined every proceeding with the utmost attention, and when the door of the Queen's prison remained for a moment open he glanced rapidly to the very bottom of the first compartment. He saw the gendarme Duchesne seated at a table, and felt consequently assured that the Queen had only two attendants to guard her.

As the two clerks left the Conciergerie two other men were about to enter. These two were the citizen Gracchus and his cousin Mardoche.

The latter as well as the military clerk, as if influenced by a similar idea on seeing each other, pulled the one his bonnet and the other his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes.

"Who are these men?" asked the military clerk.

"I only know one of them. He is the turnkey, Gracchus."

"Ah!" said the other with affected indifference. "So turnkeys do leave the prison."

"They have their day, sir."

The investigation was urged no further.

The two new friends walked to the Pont-au-Change. At the corner of the square du Châtelet, the military clerk, according to the programme announced, purchased twelve dozen oysters. They then proceeded along the Quai de Grève.

The dwelling of the military clerk was exceedingly simple. Citizen Durand inhabited three little rooms on the square de

Grève, in a house which had no porter at the chief entrance. Each inhabitant possessed a key, and it was agreed that when any one was out without it, so many knocks should be given as might correspond with the landing they inhabited.

The citizen Durand had his key in his pocket, he therefore did not require to knock. Having ascended two pair of stairs Durand pulled out a second key and entered his apartments.

The clerk of the Conciergerie found his friend's wife very much to his taste. In fact she was a charming woman, whose countenance was heightened and rendered deeply interesting in consequence of an expression of profound sadness.

It may be remarked that an expression of sadness gives immense attractive power to pretty women. Sadness, without exception, makes all men amorous, even clerks.

The two friends supped with great gusto. Madame Durand formed a great exception as far as appetite was concerned.

Many questions were exchanged between the clerks.

The military clerk asked his colleague, with a curiosity rather remarkable in those dramatic days, what were the customs in the palace, the days of trial, and means employed to guard it.

The clerk, enchanted with the attention he excited, answered with kindness, and spoke of the manners of the gaolers, of those of Fouquier Tinville, and finally of citizen Samson, the principal actor in those tragedies which were every day exhibited on the Place de la Revolution.

Then, turning to his host, he asked several questions concerning his duties, &c.

"Oh," said Durand, "I am not so fully instructed as you are, being a personage of much less importance, seeing that I am merely secretary to one of the chief clerks. Mine is an obscure office, but I perform all the duties. To the great be the profit, to the small be the labour. It is the rule in all departments, even republican. Heaven and earth may one day change, but these things will never alter."

"Well, I will assist you in your duties, citizen," said the chief clerk of the Conciergerie, charmed with the excellent wine, and above all with the fair eyes of Madame Durand.

"Oh! thank you," said the latter, "all change of customs, persons, or localities are, however, inconvenient to a poor clerk like me, and I am more anxious to see my labour in the Conciergerie ended, than to have it extended by becoming confused. However, each evening I may, I presume, bring with me Madame Durand, who is very lonely here."

"I can see no inconvenience in that," said the clerk, enchanted with the agreeable distraction promised him.

"She will extract the scrolls, and dictate to me," continued Durand; "besides, from time to time, after our duties are over, if you have not found this night's supper too bad, you can come and partake of a similar one."

"Yes, yes; but not too often, not too often," said the clerk thoughtfully; "for I assure you, I shall be scolded, if I return home later than usual to the street Petit-Muse."

"Well, well; all shall be arranged," said Durand. "Is it not so, my dear?"

Madame Durand, always very pale and sad, raised her eyes upon her husband, and answered, "Be it as you wish."

Eleven o'clock struck. It was time to retire. The clerk of the Conciergerie arose and took leave of his new friends, expressing to them the pleasure which he felt in making an acquaintance with them and their supper.

The citizen Durand reconducted his guest to the staircase; then, returning to his chamber, he said, "Come, Geneviève. Go to bed."

The young woman, without making any reply, took up a lamp, and entered a chamber on the right.

Durand, or rather Dixmer, watched her retiring, remained pensive a moment, and then his brow was saddened. He, in turn, retired to his chamber, which lay on the left, opposite to that of Geneviève.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE QUEEN AND HER MYSTERIOUS FRIENDS.

FROM that period the clerk of the minister of war attended his colleague's office within the Palace of Justice with great assiduity. Madame Durand extracted the scrolls from registers previously prepared, which Durand carefully copied.

Generally speaking, after an hour of conversation, or rather of contemplation, the husband and wife were left alone, whilst the chief clerk of Fouquier Tinville returned to the street du Petit-Muse, murmuring,

"*Sacre bleu!* How very pretty little Madame Durand is, but what the devil can make her look so sad?"

Then Durand, after carefully closing his books, and having according to custom intimated to the gendarmes his intention to retire, would also depart.

During four days the above order of things continued. Durand examined everything, and watched all movements without appearing to notice any.

He remarked that every evening at nine o'clock a basket of provisions was brought by Richard or his wife, and deposited at the door of the chamber in which the Queen was confined.

The moment the registering clerk said aloud, so as to be heard by the gendarmes within, "Citizens, I am going," either Gilbert or Duchesne took up the basket, and carrying it to the inner division of the chamber, presented it to Marie Antoinette.

During three consecutive nights that Durand remained longer at his post than usual, the basket also staid longer at the door, because it was only when the gendarme opened the door to bid adieu to the clerk, that he took up the basket of provisions.

In about a quarter of an hour after the introduction of the full basket, one of the gendarmes usually returned the empty one to the same place as the former one at the door.

On the morning of the fourth day, which was in the beginning of October, Durand, or rather Dixmer, after the retirement of the chief clerk, threw down his pen, gazed around him anxiously, and listened with the same attention as if his life had depended upon it. He then rose quickly from his seat, and glided with a stealthy pace towards the door of the prison chamber. He raised the cloth which covered the basket, and hastily buried a small silver case in the soft part of the loaf intended for the use of the prisoner.

Then he returned to his place, pressing his brow and his heart, pale and trembling with that overwhelming emotion which affects the most powerful organisation when a man has accomplished a great act for the realisation of which he has made many preparations, and for the result of which he has anxiously watched.

Geneviève noticed him throughout, but uttered not a word, as it had been her custom since her husband had carried her away from Maurice to allow him to speak first. This time, however, she broke silence first.

"Is it to take place to-night?" asked she.

"No—to-morrow," replied Dixmer.

And as he spoke he arose a second time, and having gazed keenly around him and listened attentively, he closed his registers, and approaching the door, he knocked.

"Ha! what's that," said Gilbert.

"Citizen," said Durand, "I am going."

"Very well," said the gendarmes, within the cell. "Good night."

"Good night, citizen Gilbert."

Durand then heard the wrenching of the key, and supposing the door was about to be opened, he retired.

In the passage which led from the apartment of Father Richard to the court, he ran against a turnkey wearing a rough cap, and brandishing an enormous bunch of keys.

Dixmer was alarmed. This brutal fellow might, perhaps, question him, examine him, or even recognise him.

He pulled his hat over his eyes, whilst Geneviève threw over her head the hood of her black mantle.

They were, however, deceived.

"Oh! pardon me," was all the turnkey said, although he was the only one injured.

Dixmer started at the sound of that voice which was so soft and polished. But the turnkey was no doubt in haste, for he glided into the passage, opened Father Richard's door, and disappeared.

Dixmer proceeded onwards, dragging Geneviève with him.

"It is very strange," said he, when he had reached the outside of the prison after the gate was closed behind him, and when the fresh air had cooled his burning brow.

"Oh! it is, indeed, very singular," murmured Geneviève.

Had the incident occurred when the two were very intimate, each would have communicated to the other the cause of their mutual astonishment. But Dixmer now confined his thoughts to his own breast, contending against them as an hallucination, whilst Geneviève, on turning the corner of the Pont-au-Change, contented herself with casting a last look upon the sombre Palace of Justice, where something resembling the phantom of a lost friend excited many sweet and bitter reflections. Both reached the square la Grève without exchanging a single word.

During this interval the gendarme Gilbert had gone out and secured the basket of provisions destined for the Queen.

It contained fruit, a cold fowl, a bottle of white wine, a decanter of water, and half a loaf.

Gilbert raised the cloth, and perceived the ordinary provisions which were prepared by citizen Richard.

"Good," said he to his companion; who, since he had ceased to smoke, read all the old almanacks he could find; "there is more here than she will consume, and yet there were not so many cooks employed in preparing this supper as she had when we went to Versailles for the purpose of bringing her back to the Tuileries."

"Eh! my God, no," answered Duchesne, philosophically; "she has now for her chief of the kitchen the cook in the corner."

"That must, however, seem very hard to her?"

"Ah! for all she eats."

Gilbert shrugged his shoulders as if to mean, "Ah! that is true, indeed." Then putting aside the screen, he said aloud, "Citizen, here is *the* supper."

The worthy man avoided saying *thy* supper, so as not to appear too familiar—as well as *your* supper, so as not to seem too aristocratic; for it was then customary to *thee* and *thou* the highest personages in France.

"Thank you, sir," replied the Queen, "I am not hungry."

"Eh! citizen," responded Gilbert, with an emotion which he could not master; "it will never do to say always, 'I am not hungry.' You must eat something."

"Why should I do so?" asked the Queen, in such a low tone that Duchesne did not hear her, although Gilbert did.

"Eh! citizen. Even if it was only to do me the favour," exclaimed Gilbert, hurried on by that tenderness of sympathetic feeling which a long and sainted resignation had excited.

The Queen smiled sadly.

"In that case, my friend, merely to please you, I will break off a morsel of bread."

She raised the cloth from the basket and took the bread, whilst Gilbert watched her past the screen with tears in his eyes.

Marie Antoinette, in fact, broke the bread; but her fingers had scarcely made their impression ere she felt the cold contact of the silver. She then, at once, conceived that the loaf must contain something extraordinary; and, in spite of herself, she started slightly and the blood rushed to her face, giving a brilliant colour to her cheeks and animation to her look. At the same moment, and as if mechanically, she glanced around her and uttered a subdued exclamation.

"Ah! pardon me," said Gilbert, quickly retiring; "I am afraid, citizen, I have alarmed you."

"No, no," said the Queen; "but it was—"

She paused, not knowing what excuse to give; but the gendarme was gone, remarking,

"Good, good, sup at your ease. It is sad to see a poor woman living like that without eating. There, when you have eaten something, try to sleep without moaning as you do. By the faith of St. Gilbert, I would rather you would complain or storm all day than sit and moan during the night."

The Queen remained a moment motionless. She not only heard his remarks but calculated his progressive retirement. When she was satisfied that he had seated himself beside his companion, she pulled out the silver case. There was a billet within. She unfolded it, and read as follows:—

"Madam,

"Hold yourself in readiness to-morrow night, at the same hour at which you received this note; because, at that precise time a woman will be introduced to your Majesty's cell. This woman will exchange clothes with you, when you will leave the Conciergerie on the arm of one of your most devoted servants.

"Do not disturb yourself about any noise which may arise

in the next division, nor pause at cries or groans. Let your whole attention be directed to a speedy exchange of the dress and mantle of the woman who is to take your place."

"What devotion," murmured the Queen. "Oh, God! thanks! I am not then, as they state, an object of execration to all."

She re-perused the note, and then the second paragraph only struck her forcibly.

"Do not pause at cries or groans," murmured she. "That means they will strike down my two guardians, poor men, who have shown so much feeling towards me. Oh! never, never."

She then tore off the white piece of the note, and as she had neither pencil nor pen to answer her mysterious friend, she took a pin and pricked the letters which compose the following words on the paper:—

"I neither can nor ought to accept the sacrifice of another's life in exchange for my own. M. A."

She replaced the paper within the small silver case, and buried it a second time in the bread. This operation was scarcely completed, before it struck ten, and as the Queen, holding the bread still in her hand, was sadly counting the slowly reverberating strokes of the clock, she heard on one of the panes of the window of her prison-cell, which looked towards the women's ward, a sharp scratching noise, such as a diamond might produce upon glass.

This sound was followed by light cracks in the glass, frequently repeated, and which the coughing of a man's voice intentionally covered.

Shortly, at the corner of one of the panes of glass, a small slip of paper was pushed through, and fell at the foot of the wall.

The Queen then heard a bunch of keys rattling one against the other, and retreating footsteps echoing on the pavement.

She perceived a small corner hole in the glass, through which the paper had been pushed. Doubtless it was a note, and there it lay on the ground. The Queen fixed her eyes upon it, still listening if any of her guardians approached. But she heard only the customary murmurs of their conversation, which they had tacitly agreed to carry on in a low tone, lest they might disturb her.

She then arose softly, retaining her breath, and picked up the paper.

A thin hard substance slid out of it, as if from a scabbard, and rung upon the brickfloor with a metallic sound.

It was a file of the most superior kind—a toy rather than a tool, one of those steel springs, with which the feeblest and most unaccustomed hand may, in fifteen minutes, cut through a thick bar of iron.

The paper contained the following :—

"Madam,

"To morrow night, at half-past nine, a man will come and converse with the gendarmes who guard you. During this time, your Majesty will saw through the third bar of the window, counting from right to left. A quarter of an hour will suffice, after which, hold yourself in readiness to escape by the window. This notice comes from one of your most devoted and most faithful subjects; from him who has consecrated his life to your Majesty's service, and who will be proud to sacrifice it in your majesty's cause."

"Oh!" murmured the Queen, "can this be some snare? but no—no. It seems to me that I know this handwriting. It is the same as that which we received at the Temple. It is the handwriting of the Chevalier of the Red House. Come, then, let us hope. God, after all, perhaps, wills it that I should escape."

The Queen fell upon her knees, and resorted to prayer, the great sovereign balm for the bleeding wounds of the weary prisoner.

CHAPTER XL.

DIXMER'S PREPARATIONS.

THE morning at length dawned, preceded, as it was, by a sleepless night; and, without any exaggeration, it may be said that that morning ominously assumed a blood-red hue.

Indeed, it was remarkable at that period, and during that year, that the brightest sun seemed often obscured with dark-red spots.

The Queen did not sleep, or if she dosed, it was a species of rest without refreshment. During this state of partial sleep, she saw in imagination blood purposely spilled, and heard the groans and cries of the victims.

She held the file in her hand whilst she partially slept. One portion of the morning was passed by her at prayer. Her guards perceiving her engaged so frequently at her devotions, did not experience the least alarm at this increased exercise of religious duty.

From time to time, she drew from her bosom the file which one of her friends had transmitted to her, and compared the slender instrument with the powerful bars required to be cut through. Fortunately these bars were only soldered to the window-sill. A transverse bar received the extremity of each of those bars, so that should the lower portion be sawn through, it was only necessary to push the bar upwards and remove it. The Queen did not hesitate as to the physical dif-

ficulties to be encountered, she knew that escape was possible, but that very possibility involved the shedding of human blood. She knew that her friends must kill her guards before they could attain the hoped-for end, and she had not yet agreed to their death on any account, because these men were the only republican officers who had, for any lengthened period, exhibited pity towards her misfortunes.

On the other hand, independent of the bars which were to be sawn through, there were the bodies of her guards, who would be slain in preventing her rescue. She saw before her liberty, life, and even vengeance, three things which seemed so sweet to her as a woman, that she asked pardon of God for having so ardently desired them.

She also believed, as the result of her observations, that neither of her guards entertained the slightest suspicion of the snare prepared for their prisoner, supposing the conspiracy was really a snare.

These simple men would have betrayed themselves very soon to a woman who was so much accustomed to judge of men and manners, as she was, through the force of her long suffering and experience.

The Queen, therefore, renounced that portion of her ideas which, on examination of her double means of escape, suggested as being merely snares thrown in her way; but in proportion as the disgrace of being taken in a snare left her mind, she was immediately seized with a greater apprehension, which was that of having blood shed in her behalf.

"Strange destiny," muttered she, "sublime spectacle! Two conspiracies are now being concocted to save a poor queen, or rather a poor woman, who is a prisoner, and who has never done anything to secure the attachment or encourage the devotion of the conspirators. Yet both conspiracies will have a *denouement* at the same instant. Who knows, perhaps the two only form one plot; perhaps it is a double mine destined to explode at one point. If, then, I desire it I may be saved, I may escape from my enemies. But some poor woman is to be sacrificed in my place. And two men must be killed before even she can reach me. God will not pardon me for this hereafter. It is impossible—impossible!"

Then there passed and repassed before her imagination those brilliant specimens of devotion on the part of servants towards their masters, as well as a recollection of those feudal traditions which gave the master a perfect right over the

lives of their servants—vague phantoms these were of an extinguished royalty. "Anne of Austria would have accepted this on any conditions," said she; "Anne of Austria would have placed superior to all other earthly considerations the safety of the royal person. Anne of Austria had the same blood in her veins as myself, and almost occupied the same position. What folly it was to have come to France to continue the reign of Anne of Austria. And yet I came, for the following reason:—Two kings said it is very important that two royal children, who have never seen each other, who do not love, and who may, perhaps, never love each other, should be united at the same altar, only to perish on the same scaffold. Besides, will not my death lead to that of my poor child, who is still in the eyes of my few friends King of France. When my son is dead, as my husband now is, will not their separate shades smile upon me with pity on perceiving me, merely to spare a few drops of plebeian blood, staining with my own the wreck of the throne of Saint Louis?"

In the midst of increasing agony, in the fever of doubt, whose severity was being constantly redoubled, and surrounded by accumulated fears, the Queen at length witnessed the approach of night.

She several times glanced keenly at her guards; but, she had never observed them appear more calm and collected. On no other occasion either had the trifling attentions of these rude, but good-hearted men, struck her more forcibly. When darkness gloomed in her cell, when the tramp of the patrol had ceased, when the clatter of arms and the howling of dogs had awoke the echoes of the dismal vaults, and when the whole prison ominously darkened over her hopes, Marie Antoinette, subdued by that inherent feebleness of woman's nature, arose in great trepidation.

"Oh!" said she, "I shall fly. Yes, yes, I shall fly. When my friends come, when they enter into conversation, I will saw the bolt asunder. I will escape and await whatever God or my liberators may command. It is due to my children. They will not kill them; and if they do, and I am at liberty—oh! then at least I shall—"

She did not conclude her thought, but closed her eyes and compressed her lips. A frightful dream flashed through the mind of this poor Queen, who was bolted and barred within her cell. Her dream, however, changed, and bolts and bars

were removed. She imagined herself surrounded by gloomy and pitiless troops; she thought she gave the command for their artillery to play and for their swords to leap from the scabbard; in short, she imagined she was revenging herself upon a people who, after all, were not her own.

During this time Gilbert and Duchesne chatted quietly together, and prepared their evening meal.

During this time also Dixmer and Geneviève entered the Conciergerie, and, as usual, installed themselves in the register office. In about an hour after their arrival, the registering clerk, according to custom, finished his business and left them alone. The moment the door closed on his colleague, Dixmer rushed towards the empty basket left at the door of the Queen's prison room, in return for the full one of the preceding night. He seized the morsel of bread, broke it, and recovered his silver case.

The Queen's note was inserted within it. He read it, growing pale as he proceeded.

As Geneviève was watching him, he tore the note into a hundred pieces, and threw the fragments into the burning mouth of the stove.

"Good," said he; "it is all arranged." Then turning towards Geneviève, he said, "Come hither, madam."

"What me?"

"Yes, I wish to whisper something to you."

Geneviève remained as motionless and as cool as a marble statue, and contenting herself with making a gesture of resignation, she approached her husband.

"Hear what I have got to say, madam," observed Dixmer; "the hour has come."

"Very good, sir."

"You prefer, do you not, a death which will be useful to our cause?—a death which will excite the pity of all, and call down the blessings of one half of the people—to one which is ignominious, and the mere result of vengeance?"

"Yes, sir."

"I might have killed you on the spot when I found you in your lover's house; but a man like me, who consecrates his life to an honourable and holy work, ought to know how to convert his own peculiar misfortunes into a benefit for the cause in which he has embarked. That is what I have done, or at least what I intend doing. I have declined, as you perceived, doing myself justice. I have likewise spared your

lover's life." Something like a fugitive, but terrible smile passed over Geneviève's bloodless lips. "But as to your lover, you, who know me, ought to be aware that I spared him only to do better still."

"Sir," said Geneviève, "I am ready to obey. Why, then, this preamble?"

"Are you ready?"

"Yes; you may kill me. You are right, however, and I patiently await your orders."

Dixmer looked at Geneviève and involuntarily shuddered.

She looked at that moment sublime. A halo encircled her head which was the most brilliant of all, for it belonged to the flame of love.

"To resume," said Dixmer. "I have warned the Queen; she is ready, although in all probability she may raise several objections, but you must force her to comply."

"Good, sir. Give me your orders and I will execute them to the letter."

"In a short time I shall knock at the door. Gilbert will open it, and with this poniard," Dixmer here opened his coat and exhibited a double-edged weapon, which he partly withdrew from its sheath, "with this poniard I will kill him." Geneviève shuddered, whilst Dixmer made a motion with his hand to enjoin silence. "The moment I knock at the door, you will rush into the second compartment of the chamber inhabited by the Queen. You are aware there is no door, there is only a screen. You must change your dresses whilst I am killing the second soldier. After that I will take the Queen's arm, and pass through the gate with her."

"Very good," said Geneviève, coolly.

"You know," continued Dixmer, "that you are seen every night with that black taffeta cloak, which can conceal your features. Give it to her Majesty and envelope her as you usually do yourself."

"I shall do as you say, sir."

"It only remains, then, for me to pardon and thank you, madam," said Dixmer.

Geneviève bowed with a sad smile on her countenance.

"Sir," said she, "I do not require your pardon nor seek your thanks. What I am about to do will wash away even a crime, and I have merely been guilty of a weakness, and if you will recall your own conduct, sir, you will remember that

you have almost compelled me to commit it. When I sought to avoid him you forced me into his arms. You are, in a measure, the instigator, the judge, and the avenger. It belongs to me, then, to forgive you my death, and I pardon you. It is also my duty to thank you sir, for depriving me of life, since existence would be insupportable to me when separated from the man I alone love, especially since the moment that your ferocious vengeance broke asunder every tie which bound me to him."

Dixmer plunged his nails into his breast. He wished to speak, but his speech failed him. He walked up and down the office.

"Time passes," said he, at length, "and every second is of importance. Come, madam, are you ready?"

"I have already said so," answered Geneviève, with the coolness of a martyr. "I am ready."

Dixmer gathered up his papers, examined all the doors to see whether any one could penetrate to the office, and finally wished to repeat his instructions.

"It is useless, sir," said Geneviève, "I know perfectly well what I have to do."

"In that case, adieu."

Dixmer held out his hand as if to say that at such a moment all recrimination ought to sink before the grandeur of the cause and the sublimity of the sacrifice.

Geneviève shuddered as she touched her husband's hand.

"Stand close beside me," said Dixmer, "and the moment I have struck down Gilbert, rush past me."

"I am quite ready sir."

Dixmer then grasped his poniard firmly in his right hand, and with his left he knocked at the door.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE CHEVALIER'S PREPARATIONS.

WHILST the scene described in the last chapter was passing in the register office as well as in the chamber occupied by the gendarmes, other preparations were being made in the women's ward.

Suddenly the figure of a man detached itself like a stone statue from the wall against which he was leaning. He was followed by two dogs, and whilst he sang the *ça ira*, which was much in vogue at that period, he rattled the bunch of keys, which he held in his hand, against the five bars of the windows of the Queen's prison chamber.

The Queen at first started, but immediately recognising the movement as a signal, she softly opened the window and commenced sawing through the bar with a more experienced hand than might have been believed. For whilst her royal husband amused himself formerly in making locks in his workshop during a great part of the day, she had handled instruments similar to those upon which her whole safety now depended. As soon as the turnkey heard the Queen opening the window he knocked at the door of the division occupied by the gendarmes.

"Ah! ha!" said Gilbert, "it is citizen Mardoche who is knocking."

"Himself," replied the turnkey. "Well, it seems you keep a good watch."

"As usual, citizen turnkey. At all events, I think you do not often find us at fault."

"Ah!" said Mardoche, "but on this very night more vigilance is necessary than ever."

"Bah!" said Duchesne, approaching him. "You don't mean that?"

"Most decidedly."

"What is the matter, then?"

"Open the window of your compartment, and I will relate it to you."

"Open it," said Duchesne.

Gilbert obeyed, and shook hands with the turnkey, who had already made himself a friend of the two gendarmes.

"What is the matter, citizen Mardoche?" repeated Gilbert.

"The last meeting of the Convention was a little stormy. Have you read the accounts?"

"No. Tell us what has occurred."

"In the first place, citizen Hébert discovered something."

"What was that?"

"Why, that conspirators, who were supposed to be dead, are alive and life-like."

"Ah! yes," said Gilbert, "you mean, Delessart and Thierry. I have heard of that before; but they are in England."

"And the Chevalier of the Red House," said the turnkey, raising his voice so that the Queen could hear him.

"What, the Chevalier? he is in England also."

"Not at all—he is in France," continued Mardoche, elevating his voice to the same pitch.

"He has, then, returned again."

"He never left France."

"That is a bold man," said Duchesne.

"You are right in that, at all events," said the turnkey.

"Well, they will soon arrest him."

"Certainly, they ought to do so; but, according to all appearances, it will not be an easy matter."

At this moment the file used by the Queen rasped so loud, that the turnkey, fearful of her being overheard, notwithstanding his efforts to cover the sound, pinched the foot of one of his dogs, which immediately uttered a loud howl.

"Eh! poor devil," said Gilbert.

"Bah!" said the turnkey. "He ought to wear shoes. Will you be quiet, Girondin? Will you be quiet, then—"

"What, is your dog called Girondin, citizen Mardoche?"

"Yes, that is the name I have given him."

"So you told us," resumed Duchesne, who, being a prisoner himself, took the utmost interest in all news. "You told us—"

"Ah! true—I said that the citizen Hébert,—there is a patriot for you! I said that the citizen Hébert had proposed to take the Austrian back to the Temple."

"And why so?"

"Because he asserted that they had merely withdrawn her from the Temple for the purpose of removing her from the immediate care of the *Commune* of Paris."

"Ah! and likewise to remove her from the attempts of that accursed Chevalier," said Gilbert. "It strikes me that the tunnel still exists."

"So the citizen Santerre said in his reply; but Hébert responded that after being once warned, no farther danger could exist; that she could be as well guarded in the Temple as elsewhere, and with one half of the precautions required here, and that, in fact, the Temple was a more appropriate place than the Conciergerie."

"By my faith!" said Gilbert, "I wish they would reconduct her to the Temple."

"I see how it is. You are wearied of guarding her?"

"No, but it makes me melancholy."

The Chevalier coughed violently, for in proportion as the file cut into the iron bar, a louder noise was produced.

"And how did they decide the question?" asked Duchesne, when the turnkey's fit of coughing had passed.

"They resolved on leaving her where she was, but decided on preparing her accusation immediately."

"Poor woman," said Gilbert.

Duchesne, whose hearing was more acute, or whose attention was less captivated by the Chevalier's recital, bent his ear in a listening attitude towards the second compartment where the Queen was.

The turnkey perceived the movement.

"So that you must understand, citizen Duchesne," continued the Chevalier quickly, "that the attempts of these conspirators will become more desperate the less time they are allowed for carrying their schemes into execution. The guards are to be doubled in the prison. That concerns you, citizen gendarmes, for nothing less than an armed irruption will

ensue. The Conciergerie will be invaded. The conspirators will slay every one who stands in their way until they can reach the Queen. That is all I have to say."

"Ah! bah! How could such conspirators penetrate here?"

"Disguised as patriots, they will enact another Second of September. Once within these walls, adieu to you."

A moment's silence occurred through the stupefaction of the gendarmes at such intelligence. The turnkey heard with mingled joy and terror the file still at work.

Nine o'clock struck. At the same instant some one knocked at the door, but the two gendarmes were too much occupied to attend to it.

"Well, well," said Gilbert, "we shall keep a good watch."

"And should it be necessary," added Duchesne, "we will die at our post like two republicans."

"She ought to have done it already," said the turnkey mentally, and at the same time wiping his brow.

"And you," said Gilbert, "will also keep a good watch, I should imagine. For you will not be spared any more than us, in the event of such a thing happening as you allude to."

"That I believe," said the turnkey; "but I patrol during the whole of the night. You have a relief and may sleep at least every alternate night."

Again a knock was heard at the door. Mardoche started, because the slightest interruption, whatever, might cause his project to fail.

"What is that?" asked he, involuntarily.

"Nothing, nothing," said Gilbert, "it is only the clerk from the war office, who is retiring for the night, and who is giving me warning."

"Ah! very good," said the turnkey.

But still the clerk continued knocking.

"Good, good," cried Gilbert; "good night—adieu."

"It seems to me," said Duchesne, "that he spoke: will you answer him?"

The clerk was then heard speaking in a loud voice—

"Open the door, citizen Gendarme," said he, "I want to speak to you a moment."

That voice, accentuated by emotion, made the turnkey prick up his ears, for he seemed to recognise it.

"What do you want, citizen Durand?" asked Gilbert.

"I merely wish to say a word to you."

"Well, you can do so to-morrow."

"No, no—I must speak to you to-night."

"Oh!" muttered the turnkey, "what is going to happen? That is Dixmer's voice."

And its echo seemed ominous and prolonged beneath the hollow vaults of the corridor.

Duchesne turned round.

"Come," said Gilbert, "since he desires it, I will speak with him." And he moved towards the door.

The turnkey profited by that unexpected circumstance, which absorbed the attention of the gendarmes. He ran to the window of the Queen's compartment.

"Have you done?" said he.

"I have cut half through the bar," answered Marie Antoinette.

"My God—my God!" muttered the Chevalier. "Make haste—make haste!"

"Well, citizen Mardoche," said Duchesne, "what has become of you?"

"I am here," exclaimed the turnkey, returning rapidly from the Queen's compartment.

At the very moment he returned, a terrible cry rang through the vaults of the prison, then succeeded an imprecation, and the rattle of a sabre being rapidly drawn from its sheath.

"Ah! wretch! ah! brigand!" cried Gilbert.

And a struggle was heard in the corridor.

At the same instant the door opened, disclosing to the turnkey two figures struggling in the doorway. A woman pushed Duchesne aside, and rushed into the Queen's compartment.

Duchesne, without attending to the woman, hastened to the aid of his comrade.

The turnkey bounded to the other window. He saw the woman kneeling before the Queen. She was praying and supplicating the prisoner to exchange clothes with her.

He gazed with glaring eyes at this woman, whom he believed he too well knew.

Suddenly he uttered a cry of pain.

"Geneviève, Geneviève!" exclaimed he.

The Queen allowed the file to drop upon the ground. This was another abortive attempt at a rescue.

The turnkey seized the half-sawn bar with both hands, and pulled it with a powerful effort.

But the file had not cut deep enough, and the bar resisted his utmost strength.

During this time Dixmer had succeeded in overthrowing Gilbert and was about to enter the department inhabited by the gendarmes, when Duchesne pushed the door back and repelled him.

But he could not close the door. Dixmer, who was desperate, had placed his arm between the door and the wall.

He retained the poinard in his hand which, having glanced off the buckle attached to the belt of the gendarme, nearly penetrated his breast after cutting his uniform.

The two gendarmes encouraged each other to exercise their utmost power of resistance, shouting at the same time for aid.

Dixmer felt his arm about to be broken. He placed his shoulder against the door, gave a violent push and succeeded in withdrawing his wounded arm.

The door closed with a loud bang. Duchesne bolted it on the inside, after having dragged in his companion, and also locked it.

A rapidly retiring footstep was heard in the corridor, and that was all. The two gendarmes gazed at each other in astonishment.

They then detected the sound made by the pretended turnkey whilst endeavouring to break the iron bar.

Gilbert then rushed into the Queen's compartment, where he found Geneviève on her knees, still beseeching Marie Antoinette to exchange dresses. Duchesne seized his carabine and rushed to the window. He perceived a man hanging by the bars, which he shook with rage, vainly endeavouring to break them asunder. He aimed at him.

The young man, on perceiving the barrel directed towards him, exclaimed—

"Yes, yes—kill me—kill me!" In the sublimity of despair he even exposed his breast, as if in defiance of the ball.

"Chevalier," exclaimed the Queen, "Chevalier, I implore you to live—live."

On hearing her voice, the Chevalier fell upon his knees. The carabine was discharged; but the kneeling saved him, and the ball merely whistled over his head.

Geneviève, supposing her friend to be slain, fell senseless upon the floor.

When the smoke was blown away, no one was seen in the outer court.

In about ten minutes afterwards, thirty soldiers, conducted by two commissioners of police, searched throughout the whole of the Conciergerie, omitting not one of its most secret recesses.

No one, however, was discovered. The registering clerk

PALACE OF JUSTICE.

had passed father Richard with his usual calm and smiling aspect.

As for the turnkey, he left the prison, crying, "Help, help!"

The sentinel attempted to stop him by presenting his bayonet, but his two dogs seized him by the throat, and pulled him to the ground.

The only person who was arrested, examined, and imprisoned was Geneviève!

CHAPTER XLII.

THE RESEARCH.

MAURICE LINDEY, one of the principal characters in this historical novel, who took such an active part in the development of the varied events of the preceding chapter, who suffered as much, if not more, than any of the others, and who, consequently, merits the especial sympathy of our readers, cannot be allowed any longer to remain in oblivion. The sun was shining full upon the street De la Monnaie, and the neighbours were leaning over their respective doorways, looking as joyous as if during the last ten months no sanguinary scenes had been enacted in Paris, when Maurice returned with the cabriolet which he had promised.

He threw the reins into the hands of a shoe-black, who plied his trade opposite the porch of the church St. Eustache, and with a joyful heart ran up the stairs leading to his lodgings.

Love is a vivifying sentiment; it reanimates hearts long dead to every other feeling. It makes the desert rejoice; it constantly excites in the imagination the image of the object beloved; it breathes into the soul of the lover, and exhibits the entire creation illuminated with hope and happiness; and whilst it is expansive in its action, it is egotistical in fact, for it makes the lover blind to everything, save her whom he adores. Maurice, therefore, did not observe the curious

neighbours, nor could he hear their commentaries. He only remembered that Geneviève was making preparations for a journey, which would terminate in their redoubled happiness. He heard only Geneviève's familiar song buzzing in his ears, and could have sworn that he heard the refrain mingling with the snapping of locks.

Maurice paused on the landing. He perceived the door half open; usually it was constantly closed, and this circumstance greatly surprised him. He glanced around to discover whether Geneviève was in the corridor. Geneviève was not there. He then entered, passed through the ante-chamber, the dining-room, the saloon, and finally visited the bedroom. All these apartments were solitary. He called, but no one replied. His servant had gone out, as the reader knows. Maurice therefore imagined that Geneviève, finding in his absence that she required something to bind the trunks, or some provision for the journey, had gone out to purchase them. This imprudence seemed to him excessive; but although he experienced great uneasiness, he suspected nothing. He patiently waited, walked up and down the room, and gazed occasionally out of the window, against which a thin rain was beating.

Shortly afterwards Maurice imagined he heard a footstep on the stairs; he listened—it was not Geneviève's; yet he, nevertheless, hastened to the landing, and leaning over the rail, recognised his servant ascending with that stolid indifference peculiar to domestics.

"Scévola!" exclaimed he.

The servant looked up.

"Ah! is it you, citizen?"

"Yes, it is me; but what has become of madam?"

"The citizeness?" asked Scévola, with surprise, still ascending.

"Undoubtedly. Have you seen her beneath?"

"No."

"Then go down and inquire of the porter, as well as the neighbours."

"I will do so instantly," and Scévola descended.

"Quicker—quicker," cried Maurice, "do you not perceive that I am standing on red-hot iron?"

Maurice waited on the stairs several minutes; but not discovering Scévola returning, he entered his apartment, and again leaned out of the window. He then perceived Scévola

passing from shop to shop, making fruitless inquiries. He impatiently shouted to him. Scévola looked up as his master made a sign for him to ascend.

"She cannot possibly have gone out," said Maurice, and he shouted again, "Geneviève! Geneviève!" All was silent, and the chamber did not even seem to possess a single echo.

Scévola re-appeared.

"Well?" asked Maurice.

"Well! The porter is the only person who saw her."

"Has the porter seen her?"

"Yes; but the neighbours never even heard her name mentioned."

"Still, you say the porter has seen her—how is that?"

"He saw her go out."

"Then she *has* gone out?"

"So it would seem."

"Alone! Can it be possible she has gone out alone?"

"She was not alone, citizen; she had a man with her."

"What! a man?"

"According, at least, to what the porter said."

"Go, and bring him here. I must find out who this man is."

Scévola made two paces towards the door; then returned, saying, in a reflective mood,—

"Stop a moment."

"What do you mean? Speak out if you would not have me die."

"It was, perhaps, with the man who overtook me in the street."

"With the man who overtook you?"

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"To request the key for your own use."

"What key, wretch! Speak, speak, will you?"

"The key of the apartment."

"What, have you given the key of my apartment to a stranger?" exclaimed Maurice, seizing his servant by the collar.

"He was not a stranger, sir, he was one of your own friends."

"Ah! very good, Lorin; no doubt that is it—she has gone out with him;" and Maurice smiled, and wiped his perspiring brow.

"No—no—no, sir, it was not him, *par Dieu!* I ought to know him well."

"Then who was it?"

"You know him well enough, citizen. It was that fine-looking man who came here one day."

"On what day?"

"On that day on which you appeared so very sad, when you went out with him; and then returned in a very joyful humour."

Scévola was a great observer. Maurice looked at him with an alarmed countenance, and he shook in every limb; then after a considerable pause he exclaimed—

"Dixmer!"

"On my faith, I believe, citizen, you are right."

Maurice staggered and fell backwards into a chair, closing his eyes and muttering—

"Oh! my God—oh! my God!" Then opening them again, he perceived the bouquet of violets, either forgotten or left behind by Geneviève. He rushed to them, seized and kissed them; then noticing where they had been laid, he said—"No doubt, no doubt—the violets—the violets—are her last adieu." Then Maurice, on turning round, perceived for the first time the half-filled trunk, a portion of the linen lying on the floor, and the remainder in the half-opened press.

The linen which lay on the floor had evidently fallen from Geneviève's hands on the appearance of Dixmer. Everything seemed to explain itself. The terrible scene rolled passed Maurice's imagination in all its reality. He was at first crushed in spirit, and subdued: but the reaction of his passion was frightful. He started up, closed the half-opened window; took from his writing-desk a couple of pistols, ready charged for the journey; examined the flints, and put both the weapons into his pocket. He then put into his purse two rouleaux of louis, which, notwithstanding his patriotism, he considered it prudent to preserve in a secret drawer. He then seized his sabre, saying—

"Scévola, you are, I believe, attached to me? You have served my father and myself now fifteen years."

"Yes, citizen," said the servant, alarmed at the death-like countenance, and nervous agitation of his master—symptoms which he had never observed before, because he was very justly esteemed the most intrepid, the most vigorous of men. "Yes, what are your commands?"

"Hear me. Should the lady who lived here—" He paused, and his voice trembled so much that he could not proceed. "If she returns," he continued, after a few moments, "receive her; shut the door behind her. Take that carbine, and mount guard on the staircase; on your life and soul allow no one to pass. If any one should attempt to force the doors, oppose it—strike, strike—kill—slay, and fear nothing; I will be responsible for all."

The vehement accent, and supreme confidence of the young man, greatly astonished Scévola.

"Not only," said he, "will I kill any one who attempts to enter; but I will risk my own life for Madame Geneviève."

"Thanks, thanks; now hear me. This apartment is hateful to me. I will not return here until I have discovered her. If she should escape and return thither, put outside the window the large japan vase, containing the Queen Margarets, which she admired so much. That will do for the day-time. At night, hang up a lantern. Every time I pass the end of the street, I will examine the window; and if I neither perceive vase nor lantern, I shall continue my search."

"Oh! sir," said Scévola, "be prudent, be prudent."

Maurice made no reply. He rushed down the stairs as if he possessed wings, and hastened to his friend Lorin's lodgings.

It would be impossible to express the surprise, stupefaction, and rage of the worthy poet, when he learned the information.

"So you do not know what has become of her?" continued he to repeat unceasingly.

"She is lost! She has disappeared for ever," groaned Maurice, in a paroxysm of despair. "He must have killed her, Lorin; he must have killed her."

"Killed; no, no—my dear friend, no, my dear Maurice, he has not killed her; no, after so many days of reflection he will not kill such a woman as Geneviève; no, if he had intended to kill her, he would have slain her on the spot, and in evidence of his vengeance he would have left her body lying on the floor. No, no—he has fled with her, do you not see? rejoiced at finding his lost treasure."

"You do not know the man, Lorin, you do not know him," said Maurice; "that man had something forbidding in his very look."

"No, no," said Lorin, "you are deceived. In my sight he always seemed a good sort of a man. If he had taken her away to sacrifice her, he would have caused himself to be arrested in her company; they would then have been executed together. Ah! there lies the danger."

These remarks only tended to redouble Maurice's delirium.

"I will discover her—I will discover her!" exclaimed he.

"As for that, it is quite certain that we will," said Lorin, "only be calm. Come, come, my dear Maurice, believe me that those who do not reflect, only plunge themselves into mischief, and one must reflect badly in such a state of mind as yours."

"Adieu, Lorin, adieu."

"What do you mean to do?"

"I am going to leave you."

"Leave me! Why so?"

"That concerns me personally; because I alone ought to risk my life to save Geneviève's."

"Do you want to die?"

"I will brave everything. I will seek the President of the Observation Committee; I will speak to Hébert, Danton, and Robespierre; I will confess everything, if they will only restore her to me."

"Very good," said Lorin, and without saying a word, he arose, buckled his belt, put on his regimental cap, and, as Maurice had done, armed himself with a brace of pistols, which he also put into his pocket.

"Come along," said Lorin, innocently.

"But you will be compromised," exclaimed Maurice.

"Well—what then?

> "When'er the final scene is nigh,
> Good friends should be in company."

"Where, then," said Maurice, "shall we begin our search?"

"In the old quarter, of course. You know it—the old street St.-Jacques? Then let us endeavour to spy out the Chevalier, for, wherever he is, there no doubt will Dixmer be. We can then examine the house in La Vieille-Corderie, because there is a rumour about transferring Antoinette to the Temple again. Depend upon it, such men as these will not, until the very last moment, cease to entertain the hope of saving her."

"Yes," repeated Maurice. "In fact you are right; but do you believe the Chevalier is in Paris?"

"Dixmer evidently is."

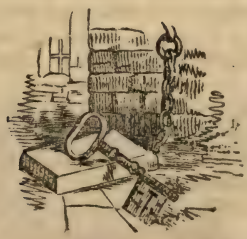
"True, true, and no doubt they are in company," said Maurice, on whose mind certain passing suggestions restored him a little more to reason. "Come on, then."

From that moment the two friends searched and searched again in vain. Paris is a large city and its shades are deep. No gulf, however dark or deep, ever buried more securely in oblivion the secret crimes and miseries which were confided to its keeping. Maurice and Lorin passed and repassed the square de Grève at least a hundred times. They even brushed past the small house in which Geneviève was confined and guarded by the sleepless vigilance of Dixmer, like an ancient victim doomed by the watchful priests for sacrifice.

Geneviève, on her part, seeing that she was destined to be sacrificed, like all noble spirits, wished to die without a murmur. She was, besides, dubious—not on Dixmer's account, but on that of the Queen's interest—of the public vengeance which Maurice was sure to take. She maintained, however, as profound a silence as if death had already closed her mouth.

In the meantime Maurice, without mentioning it to Lorin, had appealed to the members of the Committee of Public Safety. Lorin, without speaking to Maurice, did the very same thing.

That same day a red cross was drawn by Fouquier Tinville before each of their names, and the word *suspected* united them together like a blood-red bracket.



CHAPTER XLIII.

THE QUEEN'S SENTENCE.

ON the 23rd day of the month, in the year two of the united and indivisible French republic, which corresponds with the 14th day of October, old style, as the present one was then denominated, an immense crowd had invaded since the morning every available seat in the hall where the revolutionary tribunal sat. The passages in the Palace of Justice, and the avenues leading to the Conciergerie, were glutted with impatient and anxious spectators, who rushed against each other with fury and passion, like waves roaring ashore in succession. The burning curiosity which agitated the spectators, threw each wave of this turbulent sea now against the exterior, and then against the interior barriers, causing an ebb and a flow which, on subsiding, left the majority in their original position. Those who were in the front, however, had, as a sort of tax upon their good fortune, to repeat all they heard or saw to those in the rear. Close to the door of the tribune a number of men were crowded together, violently contending for an inch of space in breadth or height. An inch in breadth was important, as it permitted a sight, between shoulders, of the corner of the hall and of the appearance of the judges. An inch in height was again sufficient to allow a view over head, not only of the whole court, but likewise of the accused. Unfortunately this passage to the

court was made so narrow, that one man with his broad shoulders and arms folded nearly occupied the whole of it, stemming the moving tide which was ready to burst into the court had not this rampart of flesh and bone resisted them.

This man, who stood unmoved and unshaken on the threshold of the tribunal, was young and fair, whilst at each shock of the crowd he shook his long hair and glanced around him with a dark and resolute look. When this living barrier had repressed the impatient by look and force, he resumed his attitude of deep attention and immobility. A hundred times the compact mass had attempted to overthrow him, for he was of great stature, and those behind him found it impossible to see anything. As we have said, a rock could not have remained more unshaken by their attacks than he did. At the other extremity of this living sea another man worked his way through the mass with a perseverance allied to ferocity. Nothing had as yet checked him in his indefatigable efforts, neither the blows of those whom he passed, the imprecations of those whom he suffocated, nor the complaints of the women against whom he pressed in passing—for there were many women in that as in all other crowds.

Blows he answered with blows, imprecations he arrested by a fierce look before which the bravest quailed, and complaints he received with an impassibility resembling disdain. Finally, he came behind the powerful young man who, it might be said, blocked up the entrance to the court. In the midst of general attention, for all desired to witness the collision between such rude antagonists, he attempted his usual plan, which consisted in introducing his elbows, like wedges, between two bodies, no matter how compact they might be, and forcing his way past them.

This man was, however, of small size, his countenance was pale, and his limbs slender, arguing a weakly constitution, although the expression of his eye betrayed sufficient resolution.

Scarcely, however, had he touched the side of the tall young man before him than he, surprised at the aggression, turned quickly round and at the same moment raised his arm which, in its descent, threatened to crush his rash antagonist. They both stood face to face. Instantly an exclamation escaped them both. They recognised each other.

"Ah! citizen Maurice," said the slender young man with an accent of inexpressible grief; "permit me to pass you.

Let me see the court, I implore. You may then kill me if you please."

Maurice, for it was indeed he, experienced a feeling of tenderness and admiration for the young man's imperishable devotion and indestructible energy.

"What! you," murmured he, "you here? What imprudence!"

"Yes, I am here; but I feel completely exhausted. Good God! she is speaking. Let me see her. Let me hear her voice."

Maurice moved aside and the young man passed him. Then, as Maurice was at the head of the crowd, nothing opposed the view of him who had suffered so many blows and rebuffs to reach that point.

The whole of this scene, and the murmurs which it excited, aroused the attention of the judges.

The accused Queen even glanced in that direction, and in front of all perceived and recognised the Chevalier.

Whilst seated in her iron chair, something like a cold shudder passed through the Queen's frame.

The trial, which was presided over by President Harmand, Fouquier Tinville being the prosecutor and Chauveau-Lagarde the Queen's defender, was pursued to the very utmost of the judge's and the Queen's strength.

During all this time Maurice remained immoveable where he was, although the spectators had been again and again renewed in the court and corridors. The Chevalier supported himself against a pillar, and seemed as pale as the stucco against which he leaned.

The day passed away and was succeeded by the gloomy night. Several candles burning on the jury table, and a few smoky lamps, cast an ominously red reflection on the noble countenance of the Queen, who always appeared so beautiful during the magnificent fêtes at Versailles. She sat there alone, giving to the President's questions a few brief and disdainful replies, and occasionally leaning forward to whisper to her counsel. Her fair and polished brow had lost none of its accustomed haughtiness. She still wore the striped stuff mourning which, since the death of her husband, she would not change.

The judges left the court to decide on the sentence, and the sitting was at an end.

"Have I, sir, appeared too haughty?" asked the Queen of Chauveau Lagarde.

"Ah! madam," answered he, "you are always right, when you are yourself."

"Look, how haughty she is," exclaimed a woman amongst the auditory, as if the popular voice had answered the question which the unfortunate Queen had put to her advocate.

The Queen turned round to the woman.

"Well, Antoinette," continued the woman, "I repeat that you are haughty and that has been your ruin."

The Queen blushed. The Chevalier turned towards the woman who had spoken, and said softly—

"She was a queen."

Maurice grasped his hand.

"Come," said he, "in an under tone, "have courage enough not to sacrifice yourself."

"Ah! Maurice, you are, indeed, a man," replied the Chevalier, "and you know you also address a man. Oh! tell me, tell me, do you believe they will really condemn her?"

"I do not believe so. I am sure of it."

"Oh! and a woman," exclaimed the Chevalier with a sob.

"No, a queen," said Maurice, "you said so yourself."

The Chevalier grasped Maurice's hand and with a strength, the possession of which might have been questioned, he pulled him down so that he might whisper in his ear.

It was half-past three o'clock in the morning, wide gaps were apparent amongst the spectators. Several lights were extinguished here and there, throwing several parts of the court into shade.

The Chevalier and Maurice stood in one of the gloomiest parts.

"Why are you here and what are you going to do?" asked the Chevalier; "you, who possess a lion's heart."

"Alas!" said Maurice, "I came hither to discover what had become of an unfortunate woman."

"Yes, yes," said the Chevalier, "she whom her husband drove into the Queen's cell. Is it not so? She was arrested before my own eyes."

"Geneviève?"

"Yes, Geneviève."

"So, Geneviève is a prisoner, sacrificed by her husband—murdered by Dixmer—oh! I understand it all; I understand it all now. Chevalier, tell me all that passed; tell me where she is; tell me where I can find her. Chevalier, do you hear me? This woman is dearer to me than life itself."

"Well, I have seen her. I was present when she was arrested. I sought to carry off the Queen; but the two projects, which we could not communicate to each other, caused both to fail."

"And you did not save Geneviève, your sister."

"Could I do so? An iron grating separated us. Ah! had you been there, and could we have united our strength, the cursed bar would have yielded, and we might have carried off both."

"Geneviève! Geneviève!" muttered Maurice; then gazing at the Chevalier with an indescribable expression of fury, "and Dixmer, what became of him?"

"I do not know, he fled on his side and I on mine."

"Ah!" groaned Maurice, clenching his teeth; "If I ever meet him—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," said the Chevalier; "but Geneviève's case is not yet so desperate, whilst that of the Queen, henceforward—Oh! Maurice you are a man of a warm disposition, powerful, having many friends; I implore you, as I would my God, Maurice, aid me in endeavouring to save the Queen."

"Do you expect that?"

"Maurice, Geneviève supplicates you through me."

"Utter not that name, sir. Who knows but, like Dixmer, you may have sacrificed the poor Geneviève."

"Sir," said the Chevalier, haughtily; "I know how, when I attach myself to a cause, to sacrifice only myself."

At the moment Maurice was about to reply the council chamber opened.

"Silence, sir," said the Chevalier, "silence, the judges are returning." And Maurice felt the Chevalier's hand cold and trembling as it rested on his hand.

"Oh!" murmured the Chevalier, "oh! my heart fails me."

"Take courage," said Maurice, "and restrain yourself or you are lost."

The judges in fact returned, and the news of their entrance spread through the corridors and galleries. The crowd rushed in again to the hall, and the lights even seemed to be blinked up for this solemn and decisive moment. The Queen also was brought in. She stood up motionless and proudly, her eyes fixed and her lips pressed together.

The sentence, condemning her to the penalty of death, was

then read to her. She heard it without growing pale, without a frown, and without a single muscle of her face indicating the slightest emotion. She then turned towards the Chevalier and gazed at him, with a long and eloquent look, as if to thank that man whom she had never known except as the living exemplification of sincere devotion to her and her cause. Then leaning on the arm of the officer of gendarmes, who commanded the armed forces, she retired calmly and with dignity from the tribunal.

Maurice uttered a long sigh.

"God be praised!" said he, "there is nothing in the trial to compromise Geneviève, and there is still hope."

"God be thanked!" murmured the Chevalier, "all is over and the struggle terminated. I have no power to do anything more."

"Courage, Chevalier," said Maurice, in an under tone.

"I will, brave sir," answered he; and having shaken hands each retired by a different way. The Queen was reconducted to the Conciergerie: it struck four as the gates closed upon her.

On the Pont Neuf Maurice was stopped by Lorin seizing him in his arms.

"Halt!" said he, "no one passes here."

"Why so?"

"First tell me where you are going?"

"Home—I may certainly return now that I know what has become of her."

"So much the better; but you shall not go home."

"For what reason?"

"The following:—about two hours ago, the gensdarmes were there to arrest you."

"Ah! indeed," said Maurice; "well, that is a decisive reason for my returning."

"Are you mad?—what will become of Geneviève?"

"True—where shall we go then?"

"To my lodgings."

"But that would compromise you."

"And that is a decisive reason," said Lorin; "come along." And he dragged him along with him.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PRIEST AND THE EXECUTIONER.

ON leaving the tribunal, the Queen was reinstalled in the Conciergerie. On reaching her cell she took a pair of scissors, and cut off her long and fine hair, which had become even more beautiful since the use of powder had been interdicted. She inclosed it in a piece of paper, and inscribed on the back of it—"*To be divided between my son and daughter.*"

Being completely exhausted, the trial having lasted 18 hours, she dropped into a chair and fell fast asleep.

At seven o'clock in the morning the screen rattled as it was removed, and suddenly awoke her. She looked round, and perceived before her an entire stranger.

"What is it you want?" asked she. The man approached and bowed as politely as if she had been Queen.

"My name is Sanson."

The Queen slightly shuddered and arose. The very name to her was as instructive as a laboured introduction.

"You come very early, sir," said she, "could you not have waited a little later?"

"No, madam, I must obey orders;" and he again approached the Queen. Everything connected with this man's appearance, as well as the circumstances in which she was placed, appeared terrible and expressive.

"Ah! I understand," said the prisoner, "you wish to cut off my hair?"

"It is absolutely necessary, madam," replied the executioner.

"I knew it, sir," replied the Queen, "and I have saved you the trouble. My hair lies on that table."

Sanson looked where she pointed.

"Only," continued she, "I wish it to be conveyed to my children this evening."

"Madam," said Sanson, "that is none of my business."

"However, I imagined—"

"My business," replied the executioner, "is to strip persons of their clothes, jewels, &c., unless they present them to me voluntarily. Formerly all these things went to the Salpêtrière, and belonged to the poor. An order from the Committee of Public Safety, however, altered all these things."

"In short, then, sir," insisted Marie Antoinette, "may I depend upon my hair being remitted to my children?"

Sanson remained silent.

"I will endeavour to effect that," said Gilbert.

The prisoner cast a look of the deepest gratitude towards the gendarme.

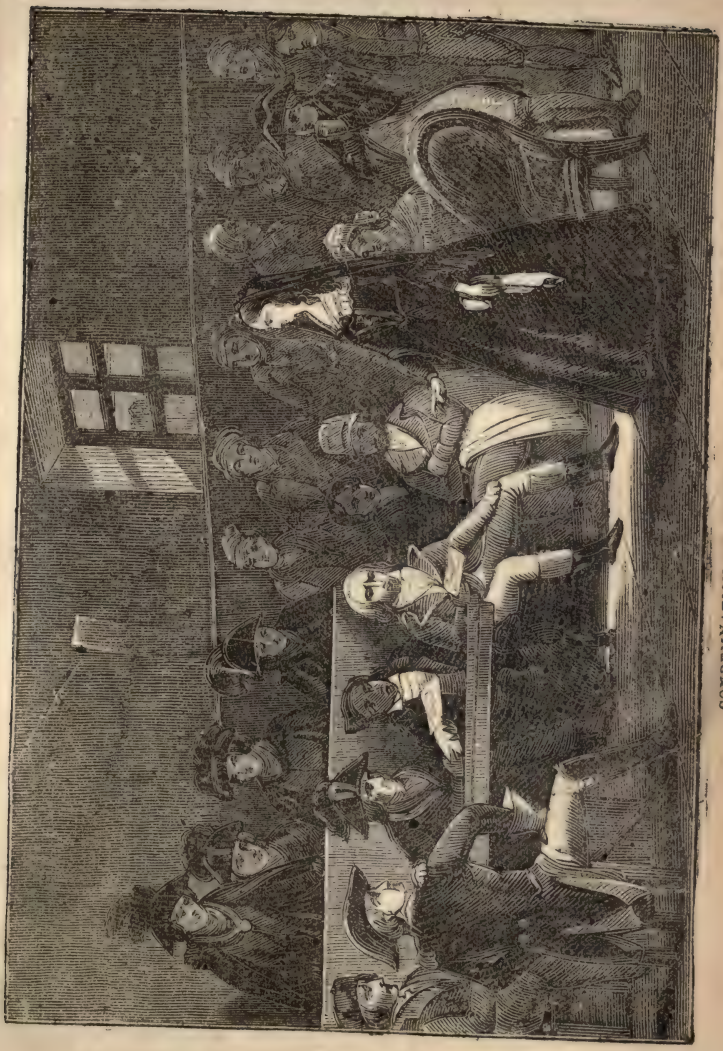
"Now," said Sanson, "since I only came to cut off your hair, and as that business is settled, I will, if you desire it, leave you alone for a few minutes."

"I beg you will do so, sir," said the Queen, "for I must collect my ideas, and pray."

Sanson bowed and retired.

The Queen then found herself alone, for Gilbert had merely put his head in to utter the words we have recorded. Whilst the condemned Queen kneeled before a low chair, serving for an altar, a scene equally terrible was passing in the parsonage belonging to the church St. Landry in the Cité.

The priest had just arisen, and his old housekeeper was preparing his frugal breakfast, when some one suddenly knocked at the door of the parsonage. An unforeseen visit to a priest, even in our own days, always announces some important event. It is either a baptism, a marriage *from necessity*, or a dying confession. During the epoch, the events of which we are relating, a strange visit argued something still more serious. At this time the priest was no longer the messenger of God. However, the Abbé Girard was one of those who had little to fear, for he had sworn to the Constitution. A



CONDEMNATION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

sense of right had dictated to his conscience, and guided his actions more than self-esteem or religious prejudice The Abbé admitted the possibility of progressive governments, and regretted those abuses which were committed in the name of divine right; but whilst he was a republican in principle, he never renounced his God.

"Dame Jacinthe," said he, "go and see who is knocking at our door so early in the morning, and if I am not required upon some very urgent business indeed, tell the person that I have been ordered to the Conciergerie this morning and that I must go there as soon as possible."

Dame Jacinthe was formerly called Madeline; but she had assumed the name of a flower rather than her own, as the Abbé had accepted the name of citizen instead of curè.

According to her master's request Dame Jacinthe hastened to the door, pulled back the bolts, unlocked the door, and admitted a young man extremely pale, greatly agitated, but possessing a soft and honest expression of countenance.

"Does Monsieur l'Abbé Girard live here?" inquired he.

Jacinthe scanned his disordered dress, his long beard, and the nervous agitation of the visitor, and drew, from his general appearance, a very unfavourable impression.

"Citizen," said she, "there is neither *Abbé* nor *Monsieur* in this house."

"Excuse me, madam, I mean the curate of St. Landry."

Jacinthe, notwithstanding her patriotism, was struck with the word madam, which would not have been addressed to an empress; however, she replied—

"Citizen, you cannot see him; he is at his breviary."

"In that case, I will wait," replied the young man.

"But," replied Jacinthe, upon whom this perseverance resuscitated the bad impression she originally entertained, "you will wait in vain, citizen, for he is summoned to the Conciergerie and is about to set out immediately."

The young man grew frightfully pale, or rather, from being pale he became livid. "It is true, then," muttered he. Then speaking aloud. "That is, madam, the very subject which has brought me here."

Then, in spite of the old woman, he passed her, very quietly, it is true, but firmly; and notwithstanding the prayers and menaces of Dame Jacinthe he bolted the door and entered the Abbé's chamber.

The moment he perceived the stranger the Abbé uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Curé," said the young man, "I have something of great importance to state to you. Can we be alone for a short time?"

The priest knew by experience how to detect the evidence of strong passion. He read in the dejected appearance of the young man an overwrought passion, and the strongest emotion in his thrilling voice.

"Retire, Dame Jacinthe," said he.

The young man impatiently watched the housekeeper retiring, who did so with great reluctance, because she had been accustomed to participate in the secrets of her master.

When the door was closed the stranger thus addressed the Abbé—

"Sir, you will, no doubt, require to be informed who I am. I will tell you. I am a proscribed man, a man condemned to death and who only lives through the strength of his audacity. I am the Chevalier of the Red House."

The Abbé sprung up from his chair.

"Fear nothing," said the Chevalier, "no one has seen me enter, or if any one has they did not recognise me. I am much changed during the last two months."

"In short, citizen, what do you want?" asked the Abbé.

"Are you not going to the Conciergerie this morning?"

"Yes; I have been summoned thither by the governor."

"Do you know for what purpose?"

"To visit some sick person, to console some one on their deathbed, or, perhaps, to accompany some condemned prisoner to the scaffold."

"The latter is correct. A condemned person awaits your presence." The Abbé looked at the Chevalier with astonishment. "But do you know who this is?" resumed the Chevalier.

"No, I do not."

"Well, it is to attend the Queen."

The Abbé uttered a groan.

"The Queen? Oh! my God!"

"Yes, sir," said the Chevalier, "it is the Queen. I ascertained the name of the priest who was to accompany her to the guillotine, and finding it was you, I hastened to meet you."

"What do you want with me?" asked the priest, alarmed at the excited utterance of the Chevalier.

"I wish—no, sir, I do not wish—I come to implore you—to supplicate you."

"To do what?"

"To take me with you when you visit the Queen."

"You are mad?" exclaimed the Abbé. "You will sacrifice me, and compromise your own safety."

"Fear nothing."

"The poor woman is condemned, and all is over with her."

"I know that. It is not to save her that I wish to see her once more. It is—Hear me, father—will you hear me?"

"I cannot listen to you—you demand an impossibility. I cannot hear you, because you act like a madman, and alarm me."

"Father, do not be alarmed," said the young man, endeavouring to subdue his own excitement. "Father, believe me, I am in my perfect senses. The Queen is lost, I know it; but let me only cast myself at her knees for a moment; that will save my life. If I cannot see her I will commit suicide; and as you will be the exciting cause of this act of desperation, you will sacrifice, at one and the same moment, body and soul."

"My son," said the priest, "consider that you demand from me the sacrifice of my own existence; old as I am, it is still useful to the unfortunate; old as I am, to hazard my life rashly, is committing suicide."

"Do not refuse me, father," implored the Chevalier. "Hear me; you will require an assistant, take me with you; take me with you."

The priest struggled to conquer his wavering resolution.

"No," said he, "no; I should be failing in my duty. I have sworn to the Constitution; I have done so from conviction, and with all my heart and soul. The poor condemned woman is a guilty queen. I should not fear death, if that would be of service to my successor; but I will not consent to fail in my duty."

"But I swear to you—I repeat my oath again—I do not wish to rescue the Queen. See, upon this cross, that I do not wish to visit the Conciergerie with the view of opposing her death."

"What, then, do you want?" asked the old man, much moved by that natural accent of sorrow, which no one can imitate.

"Hear me," said the Chevalier, whose whole soul was thrown into his expression. "She was my benefactress; she was attached to me, and the sight of me at her last hour, will, I am satisfied, prove a great consolation to her."

"Is that all you wish?" asked the priest, whose resolution was effectually shaken by that irresistible appeal.

"Absolutely all I desire."

"You are not engaged in any conspiracy to attempt a rescue?"

"I am not; I am a christian, father, and if falsehood lurks in my mind—if I even cherish a hope that she may yet live—if even I dream of effecting her deliverance in any manner, may God punish me with everlasting condemnation."

"No, no, no, I cannot allow it," said the Abbé, whose mind was staggered at the prospect of braving the innumerable difficulties and dangers which surrounded the attempt.

"Hear me—hear me, father!" said the Chevalier, in an accent of profound sorrow. "I have addressed you as an obedient son; I have only employed christian and charitable language, not one harsh word, not one single menace has passed my lips; but my brain is on fire; a burning fever runs through my veins; despair is consuming my heart. I am armed; look at this dagger." And the Chevalier drew from his breast a keen glittering blade, that cast a flickering gleam around it as he waved it in his trembling hand.

The Abbé sprung back.

"Fear not, father," said the Chevalier, with a sad smile, "others knowing you to be faithful to your promise, might have wrung compliance from your terror. I implored, and I implore you again, with folded hands and bended brow, to accede to my request. Let me see her if only for a moment. Here is your protection."

The young man drew a letter from his pocket, which he handed to Girard. The Abbé unfolded it, and read the following:—

"I, René, Chevalier of the Red House, declare before my God, and on my honour, that by threats I compelled the worthy Curé of St. Landry to take me with him to the Conciergerie, notwithstanding his repeated refusal and strong objections. In proof of this, witness my hand.

"René,

"Chevalier of the Red House."

"Very good," said the priest; "but swear again that you will not be guilty of any imprudence. It is not enough that my life should be saved, I must answer also for yours."

"Do not trouble yourself about that; you consent."

"It must be so, since you so strongly insist upon it. You can wait below in the prison, and as she passes through the grating you will see her."

The Chevalier grasped the old man's hand and kissed it with as much respect and veneration as if it had been the cross.

"Oh!" muttered the Chevalier, "she will, at least, die like a queen, and will not be polluted by the hand of the executioner."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE TUMBRIL.

THE moment the Chevalier received the Abbé's permission he retired to the priest's dressing-room.

In a few minutes he shaved off his beard and moustachios, and then only did he perceive the frightful paleness of his countenance. He returned apparently quite calm. He likewise completely forgot that in spite of the absence of beard and moustache he might still be recognised at the Conciergerie.

He followed the Abbé, who, during his absence, had been visited by two officers; and with that boldness which removed all suspicion he passed the gate which led to the courtyard of the Palace of Justice.

Like the Abbé Girard he was dressed in black, the sacerdotal garments having been then abolished.

In the register office he found more than fifty persons assembled—officers of the prison, members of the Convention, and commissioners, all curiously awaiting a sight of the Queen.

His heart beat so violently from emotion, when he stood before the gate of the prison, that he did not hear the conversation which passed between the priest. the gendarmes, and the governor of the Conciergerie. A man, holding in his

hand a pair of scissors and a piece of cloth newly cut, however, ran against the Chevalier on the very threshold.

He turned round and beheld the executioner.

"What do you want here, citizen?" asked Sanson.

The Chevalier endeavoured to suppress his involuntary emotion at the sight of the last minister of the law.

"I?" said he. "You may see, citizen Sanson, that I accompany the Curé of St. Landry."

"Ah! very good," responded the executioner, moving aside at the same time that he gave instructions to his assistants. During this time the Chevalier had reached the register office, and from thence he penetrated to the compartment of the Queen's prison chamber occupied by the two gendarmes. These good men were in a state of great consternation. Proud and haughty as Marie Antoinette had been to others, she was mild and kind in her behaviour with them, so that they eventually became more like servants than guards upon the prisoner.

But from where he stood the Chevalier could not see the the Queen, the screen being closed. It is true it was opened to allow the priest to enter, but he immediately closed it behind him. As the Chevalier entered one compartment the following conversation had commenced between the Queen and the priest.

"Sir," said the Queen, with her distinct and haughty accent, "since you have sworn to the Constitution of that republic, in whose name I am now about to be executed, I can have no confidence in you. We do not worship the same God."

"Madam," said Girard, much distressed at this disdainful profession of faith, "a Christian who is about to die ought not to retain animosity in her heart. She ought not to repel religion under whatever form it might appear."

The Chevalier stepped forward to push aside the screen, hoping that when she saw him she would understand the object of his visit, and change her resolution in reference to the priest. But the two gendarmes opposed him.

"Why," said he, "since I am the priest's assistant I may?"

"Since she has refused the services of the priest,' interrupted Duchesne, "she has no need of his assistant's interference."

"But she may accept my aid," said the Chevalier raising his voice; "it is impossible for her not to consent."

But Marie Antoinette was too much occupied with the thoughts which agitated her mind to recognise the Chevalier's voice.

"Retire, sir," continued she, "retire, sir, and leave me alone. Since we now live in France under the régime of liberty, I insist upon the privilege of dying according to my own ideas." Girard endeavoured to resist her determination. "Leave me, sir," said she. "I tell you again to leave me." Girard attempted to introduce a word. "I will have it so, sir," said the Queen, with a gesture characteristic of Marie Therèse.

Girard then retired.

The Chevalier endeavoured to glance past the screen into the interior of the chamber, but the Queen turned her back.

The executioner's assistant passed the priest, having cords in his hand, and the two gendarmes pushed the Chevalier towards the door before he, forgetful, desperate, and stupified, could utter a word or make one single attempt to accomplish his design.

He thus stood with Girard in the corridor. From the corridor they were pushed into the registration office, where the news of Marie Antoinette's haughty refusal to receive the priest excited bitter invectives on the part of some, and secret admiration in others.

"Go then," said Richard, the gaoler, to the Abbe. "Go home since she has driven you away, and let her die as she likes."

"Not at all," said Richard's wife. "She is perfectly right, and I should do as she has done, if in the same position."

"And there you would do wrong," said the Abbé.

"Silence, woman," muttered the governor, staring at his wife. "Does that concern you? Go, Abbé, go."

"No—no. I shall accompany her in spite of herself; a word, only a single word, if she heard it, would recal her to her duty; besides the Commune has ordered me to do so—and I must obey it."

"Be it so," said the adjutant of the forces, brutally, "but send away your assistant."

This man had been an actor at the Comedie Française, named Grammont. The Chevalier's eyes flashed, and he plunged his hand into his breast.

Girard knew that he had a concealed poniard, and by a look implored him not to use it.

"Spare my life," said he, in an under tone. "You see all is lost through you. Do not sacrifice us along with her. I swear to mention you to her during our progress. I will tell her what you risked to see her for the last time."

These words calmed the Chevalier's excitement; besides, the usual reaction occurred, and his whole frame experienced a singular prostration. This man, whose mind was so heroic and whose power was so marvellous, had expended the whole of his energy. He seemed irresolute, or rather exhausted—subdued, as it were, by a somnolence, which seemed the percursor of death.

"Yes," said he, "it must be so. The cross was the lot of Jesus. The scaffold is hers. Gods and monarchs must equally drink to the very dregs that chalice which men present them."

In consequence of this feeling, the Chevalier became so inert and resigned, that he allowed himself to be driven to the outer door without showing any sign of resistance, except what might be expressed by a groan.

Like Ophelia, when abandoned to the irresistible wave, he devoted himself resignedly to death.

Beyond the gates of the Conciergerie one of those alarming crowds were tossing to and fro, any idea of whose appearance can only be gathered from actual observation.

Impatience seemed to dominate, every passion and each person expressing his feelings freely, producing a continuous and tremendous uproar, as if all the thousands of inhabitants of Paris had been assembled before the Palace of Justice. In front of the crowd was encamped an entire army provided with artillery, designed to cover the royal execution and afford a perfect view to all who came to enjoy it.

It was impossible to pass through this living barrier, augmented as it was by the confluence which the intelligence of the execution drew from amongst the patriots of the suburbs.

The Chevalier, driven out of the prison, found himself in the front ranks of the soldiers.

They asked who he was.

He replied that he was the assistant clerk to the Abbe Girard, but having sworn to the Constitution, like his superior, he had been equally rejected by the Queen.

The soldiers in turn drove him back amongst the spectators. When there, he was compelled to repeat what he had told the soldiers.

"He has left her! He has seen her! What did she say? Is she as haughty as ever? Is she subdued? Does she weep?"

The Chevalier replied to these questions in a voice feeble, soft, and at the same time affable, as if his utterance was the last manifestation of a flickering life.

His answer was true and simple—it was an eulogium upon the firmness of Antoinette, and pronouncing it as he did in all the simplicity of evangelical faith, it excited trouble and remorse in more than one mind.

When he spoke of the young Dauphin and of MADAME ROYALE, of that throneless Queen deprived of her husband and children, and of that woman alone and deserted, friendless in the midst of her executioners, many a brow was overshadowed with sadness, and many furtive and burning tears flowed from eyes that had only been accustomed to flash with a revengeful expression.

Eleven o'clock struck, and every murmur ceased: at the same moment one hundred thousand persons counted each stroke, and to each responded the violent beatings of many hearts.

The last vibration quivered into space, then a loud noise was heard behind the gates, and at the same moment a tumbril rolled up from the Quai des Fleurs, intersected the crowd, passed through the guards, and drew up at the bottom of the flight of steps leading to the Palace of Justice.

In a short time the Queen appeared at the top of the immense flight of steps. Every human feeling amongst the mass was then poured out in one keen prolonged look, whilst every breath was either suspended or panting.

Her hair was cut short off, the greater portion of which had whitened during the sufferings of her captivity, and this peculiar appearance rendered to her supreme beauty an almost celestial attraction to the countenance of one of the last descendants of Cæsar.

She was dressed in a white robe, whilst her arms were tied behind her back. When she thus appeared at the summit of the flight of steps, having the Abbé Girard on her right, and the executioner on her left, a murmur arose from the whole mass of spectators, which God only, who interprets all hearts, could fully interpret.

A man then passed between the executioner and Marie Antoinette. It was Grammont, who stepped forward to point

out the degrading tumbril. The Queen involuntarily receded.

"Ascend," said he.

Every one heard the order, for at that moment every breath was suspended to mark the proceedings. The Queen blushed to the brow and then her countenance became deadly pale.

Her livid lips then opened.

"Why bring a tumbril to me," said she, "when the King was conveyed to the scaffold in a coach?"

The Abbé Girard then whispered a few words. Doubtless he was contesting with the Queen the propriety of exhibiting her royal pride at the last moment. The Queen remained silent and seemed to stagger. Sanson held out his arms to support her, but she recovered herself before he could touch her person. She descended the flight, and the executioner's assistant having affixed a kind of wooden step to the tumbril, the Queen ascended, the Abbé following her.

Sanson made both of them be seated. When the tumbril began to move a great commotion arose amongst the people; but the soldiers, ignorant of the motives, united their force to repel the mass. There was, consequently, a wide space between the tumbril and the leading files. Within this space was heard a mournful howl.

The Queen started, and standing up, looked around her. She then perceived her long lost dog, which not being able to penetrate to the interior of the Conciergerie, now in spite of shouts, blows, and hootings, rushed towards the tumbril. But poor Black, exhausted, staggered and overthrown, was soon lost amongst the horses' feet. The Queen watched it; she could not speak, for the noise overwhelmed her voice. She could not point towards it for her arms were bound; besides, could she have pointed to it, could she have made herself heard, she no doubt would have used every effort in vain. However, after losing sight of it for a considerable period, she saw it again. It was in the arms of a pale young man, who surmounted the whole crowd, by standing on a cannon, and who, influenced by a supreme and indescribable exaltation of soul, waved his hand to her, and then pointed to the heavens. Marie Antoinette also looked upward with a sweet smile of resignation on her lips. The Chevalier uttered a deep groan, as if that smile had wounded his heart; then, as the tumbril rolled towards the Pont du Change, he leaped amongst the crowd and disappeared.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SCAFFOLD.

UPON the square de la Revolution two men were leaning against a lamp-post, waiting the arrival of the tumbril.

The crowd were scattered tumultously along the whole of the distance intervening between the Palace of Justice and the square. A vast mass being likewise found jammed together in both these open spaces.

These two men, like thousands of others, awaited the Queen's arrival at the guillotine, which, scorched by the sun, battered by the rain, and what is still more horrible, wore down under the friction of continued executions, dominated in gloomy horror over every surrounding object.

These two men, who stood there with folded arms, bloodless lips and frowning eyebrows, and who spoke in a low, abrupt, and emphatic tone of voice, were Lorin and Maurice.

Lost amongst the spectators, but so situated as to excite the envy of many, they continued their conversation in the same low tone; and it was not one of the least interesting of the many which were being held amongst the groups assembled on that day, and who kept up, as it were, a species of electric conversational chain between the two extremes, viz., of the Palace of Justice and the square de la Revolution.

The idea we have suggested concerning the domination of of the hideous scaffold, also struck both their minds at the same moment.

"Look," said Maurice, "how that hideous monster rears his blood-stained head. We might imagine he was beckoning to us, and that yon wicket near its summit was smiling a horrible smile upon us."

"By my faith," said Lorin, "I do not belong to that school of poetry which views everything on the dark side. I must confess that I study the bright side of the picture alone, and even now, at the foot of this hideous machine, I will still sing and keep my heart light. '*Dum spiro, spero.* Whilst there is life there is hope.'"

"What! can you still continue to hope, when they guillotine women?"

"Ah! Maurice," said Lorin, "child of the Revolution, do not deny your own mother. Maurice, still continue to be a good and loyal patriot. Maurice, she who is about to die, is not a woman, or at least not like other women. She has been, and still is, the evil genius of France."

"It is not she whom I regret. I do not weep for her."

"I understand you. It is for Geneviève."

"Ah!" said Maurice, "that idea makes me desperate. Is not Geneviève now in the power of these jackals of the guillotine, who are called Hébert and Fouquier Tinville? Is she not in the hands of those men who have sent thither poor Héloïse, and who are now bringing the haughty Marie Antoinette?"

"Well," said Lorin, "upon that very circumstance do I base my hopes. When the wrath of the people has consumed the two tyrants it will be satisfied with its feast, and, like the boa constrictor, it will take three months at least to digest its prey. After that it will devour no more, and, as the prophets of the Faubourgs say, the smallest morsel will disgust it."

"Lorin, Lorin," said Maurice, "I am more positive in my opinion than you are. I will, therefore, whisper it to you, although quite prepared to speak it out boldly. Lorin, I detest the new queen who is destined to supplant her whom they are about to destroy. That queen is a terrible sovereign whose garments are purpled with human blood, and whose prime minister is Sanson, the executioner."

"Bah! we will escape her yet."

"I do not believe so," said Maurice, shaking his head; "you see, that to avoid being arrested in our own homes, we have no other alternative except to remain in the street."

"Bah! we can quit Paris—there is nothing to prevent that.

Let us not then complain before we have cause; my uncle awaits me at St. Omer; neither money nor passports are wanting. We have all in our power; besides, no single gendarme can arrest us. What do you think of it? We are only stopping here because it is our pleasure to do so."

"No, my excellent friend, what you state is not correct. Your devoted heart keeps you beside your friend, because he wishes to remain."

"And you wish to remain to be enabled to recover Geneviève. Well, what can be more simple, natural, or just. You think she is a prisoner; it is very probable; you wish to watch over her safety; and, therefore, you will not leave Paris."

Maurice sighed; his mind was evidently changing.

"You remember Lorin, the death of Louis XVI.," said he, "I can still remember how pale I was under the influence of pride and emotion. I was one of the leaders of that crowd in whose ranks I am now concealing myself. I felt myself greater at the foot of the scaffold than the King who ascended it. What a change has taken place since, Lorin; and who would have believed that nine months could have created such a re-action."

"Nine months of love, Maurice. Love has sacrificed you as it lost Troy."

Maurice sighed, his wandering ideas then settled on another point.

"Poor Chevalier," muttered he, "this is a sad day for him."

"Alas!" said Lorin, "I perceive something more melancholy still, in revolutions."

"Do you wish me to state it?"

"Yes."

"That one often meets as enemies those whom one would wish to have as friends; and as friends people whom—"

"There is one thing," interrupted Maurice, "which I regret to acknowledge."

"What is that?"

"That he may still make some mad attempt to rescue the Queen."

"He is a man out of a hundred thousand."

"I tell you, if he was mad enough to do so, I know that to save Geneviève—"

Lorin frowned.

'I repeat it, Maurice," said Lorin, "that your mind is

wandering. No, even to save Geneviève, you must not become a bad citizen; but, enough on that subject Maurice, we are overheard. Hold, look at the undulation of the crowd. Look at Sanson's assistant standing on the sawdust-basket, and gazing in the distance. The Austrian approaches."

In fact, as if to accompany the undulation, remarked by Lorin, a prolonged and increasing murmur ran through the crowd. It was like one of those passing gusts of wind which gradually swell into a tempest Maurice raised his tall frame higher, by aid of the post, and looked towards the street St. Honoré.

"Yes," said he, with a shudder, "she is there."

In fact another machine, equally hideous as the guillotine, made its appearance—that was the tumbril.

On the right and left glittered the arms of the escort, in front of which Grammont was waving his sword in reply to the fanatical cries which were uttered on every side. But as the tumbril advanced these shouts were suddenly extinguished beneath the cold and melancholy look of the condemned Queen.

On no occasion did a human countenance more forcibly impose respect. Never had Marie Antoinette appeared greater as a queen. She carried the pride of courage so far as even to excite terror in the minds of the spectators. Quite indifferent as to the exhortations of the Abbé Girard, who accompanied her against her inclination, her lofty brow swayed neither to the right nor the left, and the thoughts which were working in her mind seemed equally unchanging as her look. The jolting of the cart on the unequal pavement, it is true, disturbed her equilibrium; but the movement was similar to what might have been produced on a marble statue, the present royal one only differing from its rigidity and firmness by the waving hair on her brow and luminous eye.

A dead silence suddenly fell over the three hundred thousand spectators of a scene which had no equal since the sun first shone upon earth.

In a short time, Maurice and Lorin heard, from where they stood, the creaking of the axle, and the snorting of the cavalry horses. The tumbril stopped at the foot of the guillotine. The Queen, who, no doubt, was thinking of other things, aroused herself and comprehended her position. She cast a haughty look upon the crowd, and discovered the same pale-looking young man, whom she had seen mounted on a

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE TUMBRIL.

cannon opposite the Palace of Justice, now standing upon a post before her. He once more made the same waive with his hand, pointed heavenward, and disappeared in the crowd.

Many persons saw him, and as he was dressed in black, hence arose the rumour, that a priest had attended Marie Antoinette, and granted her absolution at the moment she ascended the scaffold.

Beyond that, no one disturbed themselves about the Chevalier, for there are periods when an involuntary, but supreme respect is shown for certain things. The Queen carefully descended the steps of the tumbril. She was sustained by Sanson, who, up to the last moment, whilst accomplishing the task to which he seemed himself condemned, behaved towards her with the utmost respect.

Whilst she walked towards the steps of the scaffold, several horses reared, and several foot guards and soldiers were observed to sway backwards and forwards. Then a shadow seemed to glide beneath the scaffold; but order was instantly re-established. No one would leave their position at this solemn moment; no one felt inclined to lose a single incident in the grand drama which was being enacted. Every eye was bent upon the Queen.

The Queen had already reached the platform of the scaffold; the priest was still addressing her; one assistant gently pushed her forward, another undid the handkerchief which was tied round her neck.

Marie Antoinette, feeling the polluted touch of that hand, quickly drew back, and stepped on Sanson's foot, who, without seeing her, was busily preparing to attach her to the fatal plank.

Sanson withdrew his foot.

"Excuse me, sir," said the Queen, "I did not do it intentionally."

These were the last words uttered by a descendant of Cæsar, by the Queen of France, by the widow of Louis Capet.

The clock at the Tuileries sounded the quarter after noon, and, as its vibration passed away, so did Marie Antoinette into eternity.

A terrible cry arose, which embraced every human passion. Joy, fear, mourning, hope, horror, triumph, all burst forth like some tempestuous gust from the mouths of the assembled thousands. It was answered by a feeble echo of lamentation beneath the scaffold.

The gendarmes, however feeble it was, heard it and advanced, but the crowd burst open their line like a wave, overthrew them, dispersed them, and dashed like a conflicting tide against the scaffold which tr embled to its very base under the shock.

Every one wished to have a nearer view of the remains of royalty, which they supposed to be now for ever uprooted and prostrate in France.

Two of the gendarmes, however, searched for that shadow which had passed through their line and glided beneath the scaffold.

They returned, leading by the collar a young man who pressed a blood-stained handkerchief against his heart.

He was followed by a little dog, which howled lamentably.

"Death to the aristocrat. Down with the *ci-devant*," cried several of the crowd pointing to the young man. "He has dipped his handkerchief in the Austrian's blood. Death, death to him!"

"Great God!" exclaimed Maurice, "do you not recognise him? Do you not recognise him?"

"Death to the royalist!" repeated the fanatics, "take the handkerchief from him! He wants to make a relic of it! Take it from him! Tear it from him."

A proud and haughty smile passed over the young man's lips. He tore aside his shirt, exposed his breast and let the handkerchief fall.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this blood is not the Queen's, but my own. Let me die in peace."

The crowd uttered a loud cry and fell back.

The young man then fell slowly upon his knees, keeping his eyes fixed upon the scaffold, as if upon an altar, with all the enthusiasm of a martyr.

"The Chevalier," muttered Lorin in Maurice's ear.

"Adieu!" muttered the young man, bowing his head with a divine smile; "adieu! or rather, farewell until we meet on high."

He expired amidst the consternation of the surrounding guards.

"You can still do the same, Lorin, before becoming a bad citizen."

The little dog run round the body uttering loud howls.

"What! it is Black," said a man holding a cudgel in his hand; it is Black. Come hither, my little dog."

The dog drew near the man; but had no sooner got within arm's length than he dashed out its brains with his stick, at the same time bursting into a fit of loud laughter.

"Oh! the wretch," exclaimed Maurice.

"Silence," muttered Lorin, stopping him; "silence, or we are lost. It is Simon."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE DOMICILIARY VISIT.

MAURICE and Lorin returned to the lodging of the latter. Maurice, so as not to compromise his friend too publicly, had adopted the custom of leaving Lorin's apartments early in the morning, and not returning until late at night. Not knowing in which prison Geneviève was confined, he mixed himself up with every public movement, and was present at every transfer of prisoners from the Conciergerie, for the purpose of detecting Geneviève amongst them.

Lorin had acquainted him with the fact, that ever since his visit to Fouquier Tinville, which imprudent step had decidedly lost him, he had become liable to arrest and condemnation as a suspicious person. Lorin impressed upon him the necessity of caution, otherwise it would be impossible, in the event of his arrest, to render any assistance to Geneviève. Maurice, who would not have regarded incarceration had it placed him beside Geneviève, became more prudent from fear of losing her altogether. He went every day backwards and forwards between the Carmes and the Port Libre, the Madelonnettes and the St. Lazare, the Force and the Luxembourg. He posted himself before each of these prisons in succession, until the tumbrils, loaded with victims, rolled out of their respective gates on their way to the revolutionary tribunal. Having glanced over the group of anxious faces, as they

issued from one prison, he, satisfied with his scrutiny, ran to another. Maurice soon discovered that the strength and activity of ten men would not be sufficient to enable him to maintain a constant watch over the thirty-three prisons which Paris then contained; and he resolved to await, at the tribunal itself, the appearance of Geneviève as a prisoner. Maurice already began to despair of her safety. In fact, what chance was there for any one after an arrest, and what hope for a person once condemned? Sometimes the tribunal, which commenced its sittings at ten o'clock, had condemned to death twenty or thirty persons before four o'clock. The first victim had the privilege, of six hours, of preparation for death; but the last one being generally sentenced a quarter of an hour before the close of the court, was guillotined exactly at half-past four o'clock.

To expect that any other fate would await Geneviève was almost equivalent to hope for a revulsion in destiny. Oh! had Maurice but been previously informed of Geneviève's incarceration, how easily he would have sported with that blinded fanaticism, which was then termed human justice. How easily and expeditiously he would have snatched her from her prison; for at no period could an escape be so easily managed: although, at no other period, be it remarked, did they so rarely occur. The nobility and gentry were no sooner installed in their prisons, than they conducted themselves as if in their own country seats, and enjoyed their *otium cum dignitate* until summoned to death. Flight was considered as disgraceful, as the evasion of a duel; and the women themselves even blushed to accept of liberty when purchased at such a price.

Maurice was not, however, so scrupulous; nothing was so simple as to kill a watch-dog or two, or bribe the turnkeys. Geneviève's name was not so exalted as to attract public attention. She could not dishonour herself by flight any more than she had done already. How bitterly Maurice passed before his mind's eye the garden of Port Libre, whose walls could be so easily scaled; the cells of the Madelonnettes, facing the street, which could be so easily penetrated; the low wall of the Luxembourg, and the gloomy corridors of the Carmes, which a resolute man might so readily enter by removing a window-sash.

But, the question arose, was Geneviève in any of these prisons? Consumed by doubt, and worn out by anxiety,

Maurice next assailed Dixmer with muttered imprecations. He threatened, he denounced him, and in imagination feasted on the vengeance he would exact from a man whose cowardly sacrifice of Geneviève argued a base spirit concealed under the cloak of loyalty.

"The case stands thus," thought Maurice: "if Dixmer wishes to save the unfortunate Geneviève, he will make some effort to do so. If, on the other hand, he wishes to sacrifice her, he will appear only to insult her. Ah! if I only catch the infamous scoundrel, woe to him—woe to him." On the morning of which we speak Maurice left Lorin in bed, and went to the Revolutionary Tribunal to watch the proceedings as usual. He had not long departed before Lorin was aroused by a loud noise at his door, by the screams of women and the rattle of arms. He glanced around with that anxious look which is natural to any one when taken by surprise, and who wish to convince themselves that nothing is lying about the room calculated to commit one. Four secretaries, two gendarmes, and an agent of the police entered at the same moment that this rapid scrutiny was concluded. This visit was so full of meaning that Lorin hastened to dress himself.

"You come to arrest me?" said he.

"Yes, citizen Lorin."

"For what offence?"

"Simply because you are suspected."

"Ah! it is quite correct."

The police agent muttered a few words as he hurriedly glanced over the bottom of the warrant.

"Where is your friend?" asked he, after a pause.

"What friend?"

"The citizen Maurice Lindey."

"He is, most probably, at his own house," said Lorin.

"Not at all, he lodges here."

"He lodge here? Nonsense. However, you may search, and if you find him—"

"Why, here is the denunciation—it is very explicit on that head."

The police agent presented a paper to Lorin, the writing and orthography of which were detestable. It was there declared that Maurice Lindey had been observed leaving citizen Lorin's lodging every morning, although citizen Lorin knew that a warrant had been decreed against the aforesaid suspected citizen Lindey. The denunciation was signed "SIMON."

"Ah! indeed," exclaimed Lorin; "why, the cobbler will lose his custom, if he follows two trades at once. What is Simon both a spy and a cobbler? He is a veritable Cæsar;" and he burst into a loud laugh.

"But," said the police agent, "where is citizen Lindey? We summon you to deliver him up."

"Have I not said that he is not here?"

The police agent went into the next chamber, then visited a kind of garret, where Lorin's servant slept, finally he searched a lower room; but could discover no trace of Maurice. On the dining-table, however, the police agent discovered a note which seemed to have been recently written. Maurice had placed it there to attract the attention of his friend when he awoke, having been unwilling to disturb him. It contained the following—

"I am going to the Tribunal. Breakfast without me. I shall not return before night."

"Citizen," said Lorin, "whatever may be my desire to accompany you, you are aware that I cannot follow you through the streets naked; allow my servant to dress me."

"Ah! aristocrat," growled a voice, "what! must you have assistance to pull on your breeches?"

"Oh, yes," said Lorin, "I am like citizen Dagobert;—you remark, I did not say king."

"Do as you wish," said the police-agent; "but be quick."

The servant descended from the garret, and came to assist his master. Lorin's object was not to procure the aid of a valet, but to afford his servant an opportunity of remarking everything that passed, so that he might inform Maurice of what had occurred.

"Now, gentlemen—pardon me, citizens. Now, citizens, I am ready to follow you; but permit me, if you please, to take with me the last volume of 'Demorestier's Letter to Emilie,' which is just out, and which I have not yet read; that will solace one's captivity."

"Your captivity?" said Simon, suddenly changed into a municipal, and entering, followed by four *sectionaries*. "That will not last long; your name figures in the process against that woman who made an attempt to effect the Austrian's deliverance. We have settled her; and your turn will come to-morrow."

"Cobbler Simon," said Lorin, gravely, "you stitch your boots too quickly."

"Yes; and what a glorious slice you will get, my pretty grenadier. You will see—you will see, when you get to the guillotine."

Lorin shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," said he, "let us proceed. I am waiting for you."

As each individual turned round to descend the stairs, Lorin gave Simon such a tremendous kick that he rolled down the whole flight, howling and bumping from step to step, until he reached the bottom with a velocity and gravity entirely unforeseen on his part.

"What!" roared he, jumping up, whilst all his companions were convulsed with laughter, "and, during the performance of my duty, too?"

"*Par Dieu!*" answered Lorin, "we are all in the humour to perform our duty to-day, are we not?" Simon made no reply, and Lorin was handed into a coach, and conducted by the police agent to the Palace of Justice.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE TRIBUNAL.—GENEVIÈVE AND LORIN.

IF the reader will pay a second visit to the Revolutionary Tribunal, he will discover Maurice in the place he formerly occupied, but looking very pale and extremely agitated.

At the moment we revisit this gloomy theatre of justice, where events, rather than inclination, drag us, the jury were consulting upon the merits of a case which had just been heard. The two prisoners, who had just been tried, began their preparations in open court for the scaffold, with that cool foresight which in itself was a keen sarcasm against the judges. They then turned round to converse with their counsel, whose dubious opinion was given after the manner of a doctor despairing of the possibility of the patient's recovery.

The galleries and court were filled at that time with a ferocious mob, whose violence excited the jury to be severe. Being directly overawed by a rabble, each juryman redoubled his severity, like an actor redoubling his energy before a hostile audience.

Since ten o'clock in the morning five prisoners had been condemned by that harsh and unrelenting jury. The two who remained in the dock were, consequently, awaiting anxiously the 'guilty' or 'not guilty,' which was to restore them to liberty, or deprive them of life.

The spectators, whom daily custom had rendered callous

or ferocious, and who attended those tragic trials as they would a theatre, prepared their victims for the worst by their interjections and remarks.

"Look, look at the big one," said one of the blood-thirsty rabble, who, bonnetless, wore a tricolored cockade at her collar, "look at him, he is as pale as death."

The prisoner looked at the speaker with a smile of contempt.

"What do you say?" said a woman beside her. "See, he is smiling."

"Yes; but only at his lips."

One of the mob pulled out a watch.

"What o'clock is it?" asked a neighbour.

"Ten minutes before one. This consultation has lasted full quarter of an hour."

"Look at the little one—look at the little one," cried one of the crowd; "I wonder if he will look as ugly when he sneezes in the saw-dust?"

"Bah!" remarked another, "you have no time to see that, it is so soon over."

"Why cannot one demand the head from Sanson? We have a right to see it if we like."

"See what a nice blue coat he wears. It is pleasant for poor people to see such well-dressed folks executed."

Maurice heard the confused murmur of voices, without, however, understanding their meaning. His mind was occupied at that time with such overwhelming ideas, that he was isolated from the rest of the spectators. During some days back his heart had only fluttered at certain moments and under certain impulses. Hope and fear alternating with their continual oscillations, either excited or depressed the feelings of his heart, either stimulated sensibility or produced the callousness of despair.

The jury returned a verdict of "guilty," and, as the audience anticipated, the judge sentenced both the prisoners to death. They retired with a firm step, every one dying boldly at that period from the mere sympathy of custom.

The voice of the crier was then heard loud and lugubrious, as it rang through the court.

"Next case. The Public Accuser *versus* Geneviève Dixmer."

Maurice shook in every limb, and the perspiration burst out at every pore. The small door by which the accused entered was then opened, and Geneviève appeared.

She was dressed in white. Her hair was arranged with great taste, for instead of cutting it off, she had plaited and bound it up, like many other female prisoners at that period when in similar circumstances.

No doubt poor Geneviève wished to appear as beautiful as possible at the last moment in the sight of all.

When Maurice saw Geneviève, he felt all his strength fail him. He was, however, prepared for this interview, because he had already heard her name mentioned three times by the public accuser. The despair of some hearts is so vast and profound, that no one can calculate their intensity.

The moment the fair, young, and pale Geneviève appeared, every one uttered an involuntary cry. On the part of some it was a cry of fury—for at this period there were those who detested all superiority in beauty, wealth, talent, or birth—on the part of others it was an exclamation of admiration—on the part of the few, of pity.

Geneviève no doubt recognised one voice above all other voices, for she looked towards the place where Maurice was standing, whilst the president glanced over the accusation and at the prisoner alternately.

She saw Maurice at the first glance, although he wore a broad-brimmed hat. She then, with a sweet smile and a still more attractive gesture, put her fair and trembling hand to her lips, and expressed her whole soul in a kiss, which she directed towards only one being in the crowd.

A murmur of interest ran through the spectators.

Geneviève on being addressed, turned towards the judges, but she paused suddenly, fixed her dilated eyes and with a look of excessive terror upon one portion of the court.

Maurice vainly raised himself up on tiptoe. He could see nothing, or rather something of greater importance re-directed his attention to the tribunal.

Fouquier Tinville had commenced reading the indictment which stated that the prisoner was the wife of a desperate conspirator, and was suspected of having aided and abetted the ex-Chevalier of the Red House in the various attempts he had made to deliver the Queen—that she had been surprised whilst kneeling before the Queen, imploring her to change dresses with her and offering to die in her place. This species of fanatical madness, continued the indictment, will no doubt merit the praises of the anti-revolutionists; but in the present day the life of every citizen is due to the nation—and it is doubly betraying it to offer it to the enemy.

Geneviève having been requested to recollect if it was true that she had knelt, as was sworn to by the gendarmes Duchesne and Gilbert, at the Queen's feet offering to change dresses with her, answered simply—

"Yes."

"In that case inform us of the details of your plot, and of the hopes you entertained."

Geneviève smiled and said—

"A woman may conceive hopes, but no woman could have formed such a plot as that for which I am now about to become a victim."

"How then were you present at all?"

"Because I was not my own mistress, I was driven into the plot."

"Who drove you into it?"

"Those who threatened me with death if I would not comply," and the young woman's eyes wandered to that part of the court which was invisible to Maurice.

"But to escape one threatening death, you have risked another far more certain by subjecting yourself to the present prosecution and subsequent condemnation."

"When I yielded consent, a dagger was held at my breast, whilst the knife of the guillotine was as yet only suspended over my head. I bowed before the nearest danger."

"Why did you not cry for aid? Every good citizen would have defended you."

"Alas! sir," replied Geneviève, with an accent at once tender and sad, which caused Maurice's heart to fill as if it would burst, "alas! I had no longer any one near me."

Sympathy followed the interest excited in court, as that interest had succeeded curiosity. Many heads were bent down, some to conceal, others to wipe away, their tears.

Maurice then perceived on his left a single head unmoved, one countenance utterly stoical in expression.

It was Dixmer, stern and implacable in his vengeance, who stood firmly surveying Geneviève and the tribunal. The blood rushed into Maurice's face, and his heart being assailed by a new feeling, he experienced an overwhelming desire for vengeance. He darted a look at Dixmer, charged with all the electricity of hatred, and so overwhelming in force, that he might have felt the burning flash, for he turned his head round as if attracted by some invisible agency, and looked his enemy in the face. Their looks were terrible, as they gazed at each other.

"Name those who instigated you.'"

"There was only one, sir.

"Who was that?"

"My husband."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Yes."

"Mention his place of concealment?"

"He may be in France; but I will not be a coward. It is not my duty to denounce him; it is yours to discover him."

Maurice looked at Dixmer, but he never moved. An idea rushed through Maurice's brain, it was to denounce both Dixmer and himself; but he repressed the desire, muttering—"No, it is not thus that he shall die."

"So you refuse to assist us in our search?"

"I cannot do so, sir, without making myself as contemptible in the eyes of others as he has made himself in mine."

"Are there any witnesses?"

"There is one," replied an officer.

"Call him in."

"Maximilian Jean Lorin!" shouted the officer.

"Lorin!" exclaimed Maurice, "Oh! my God, what has occurred now?" Maurice was ignorant of his friend's arrest, the trial occurring on the same day.

"Lorin!" muttered Geneviève, looking around with painful anxiety.

"Why does not the witness answer to his name?" asked the President.

"Citizen President," said Fouquier Tinville, "the witness has been arrested in consequence of a recent denunciation; but he will instantly be sent for."

Maurice started.

"There was another witness," continued Fouquier, "of even still greater importance; but he has not as yet been discovered."

Dixmer turned round and smiled at Maurice; most probably the same idea passed through the husband's head that had previously passed through the lover's.

Geneviève grew pale, and seemed ready to sink down as Lorin entered, accompanied by two gendarmes. Close behind came Simon, who sat down in the witness-box as if he had been a daily frequenter of the court.

"What are your christian and surnames?"

"Maximilian Jean Lorin."

"Your condition?"

"A free man."

"You will not long be so," said Simon, shaking his fist at him.

"Are you related to the accused?"

"No; but I have the honour of being one of her friends."

"Are you aware that she conspired for the deliverance of the Queen?"

"How could I know that?"

"She might have confided it to you."

"To me—a member of the Thermopolyte Club? That will not do."

"You have, however, been seen in her company."

"And you might add, frequently in her company."

"You knew her to be an aristocrat?"

"I knew her to be the wife of a master tanner."

"Her husband did not, in reality, follow that trade; it was a mere mask."

"Ah! indeed, I did not know that. Her husband was never a friend of mine."

"What have you to say about this husband?"

"He was a base fellow—"

"Monsieur Lorin," said Geneviève, "have pity upon me!" Lorin, however, continued, perfectly unconcerned—

"Who sacrificed the poor woman now before you, to satisfy not his political ends, but only his personal animosity. Bah! I look upon him as being even a more contemptible reptile than Simon."

Dixmer became livid in the face, whilst Simon wished to speak; but a gesture of the President stopped him.

"Citizen Lorin," said Fouquier, "you seem to be perfectly familiar with this history. Will you relate it to us?"

"Pardon me, citizen Fouquier," said Lorin, rising, "I have related all I know."

He bowed, and again resumed his seat.

"Citizen Lorin, it is your duty to enlighten the judges."

"Let them enlighten themselves, if they can, with what I have stated. As for this poor woman, she is innocent, and has only yielded to violence. Why, only look at her; has she at all the appearance of a conspirator? She has been compelled to do what she did; that's all."

"You believe so?"

"I am perfectly sure of it."

THE DAUPHIN AND THE COBBLER.

"In the name of the law," said Fouquier, "I demand that the witness, Lorin, be placed before the bar, on the charge of acting as this woman's accomplice."

Maurice groaned, whilst Geneviève buried her face in her hands.

Simon exclaimed in a transport of joy—

"Citizen accuser you have saved the republic!"

As for Lorin, without saying a word, he climbed over the balustrade, approached Geneviève, took her hand, and kissed it respectfully.

"Good day to you, madam," said he, with a coolness which electrified the assembly. "How do you do?" And then he sat down on the bench appropriated to the accused.

The whole of this scene passed, like a fleeting vision, before Maurice, as he leaned upon the hilt of his sword, which he had never relaxed from his grasp. He saw his friends falling, one after the other, into that gulf from which no one returned; and he questioned himself, why he could possibly maintain his presence of mind?—and why he did not precipitate himself into the same abyss? Whilst he was climbing over the balustrade Lorin detected the gloomy and melancholy countenance of Dixmer.

When Lorin sat down beside her, Geneviève whispered in his ear—

"Good God! Are you aware that Maurice is here?"

"Where is he?"

"Don't look directly at him, because that may sacrifice him."

"Don't alarm yourself. Where is he?"

"Behind us—near the door. Oh! what misery for him if we are condemned."

Lorin looked at the young woman with tender compassion.

"We are sure to be so," said Lorin, "and I beg you will not encourage any hopes to the contrary; such a hope would be cruel in the extreme."

"Oh! my God!" exclaimed Geneviève, "poor, poor friend! he will be left alone on earth."

Lorin then glanced towards Maurice; and Geneviève, unable to resist the inclination, turned her eye in the same direction.

Maurice was gazing upon both of them, at the same time he pressed his hand upon his heart.

"There is one chance of safety," said Lorin.

"Is it sure?" asked Geneviève, her eyes sparkling with joy.

"I will answer for that," replied Lorin.

"If you can save me, Lorin, oh! how much I shall bless you."

"But the means—" resumed the young man.

Geneviève read his hesitation in his looks.

"You have, then, seen *him* also?" asked she.

"Yes, I have seen him. Will you be saved? Let him sit in the condemned seat, and you are then saved."

Dixmer guessed, no doubt, the meaning of Lorin's remark, for he grew pale at first, although he afterwards recovered his firmness of aspect and infernal smile.

"It is impossible," said Geneviève, "I cannot even hate the man."

"In other words say, that he knows your generosity of character, and puts you at defiance."

"No doubt, no doubt. He is safe himself, and can depend upon me, and every one else."

"Geneviève, Geneviève—I am not so perfect as you. Permit me to denounce him, and let him perish."

"No, Lorin, I implore you not to do so. I do not even wish to meet death in that man's company. I should, in my opinion, be unfaithful to Maurice if I died with Dixmer."

"But you must not die."

"Show me how I can live if Maurice dies."

"Ah!" said Lorin, "Maurice has good reason to love you. You are an angel, and their country is heaven. Ah! poor Maurice."

Simon, in the mean time—unable to hear the conversation, endeavoured to judge of it by the expression of the countenances of the speakers—exclaimed—

"Citizen gendarme, will you stop these conspirators from carrying on their plots against the state, even before the tribunal itself?"

"Good," answered the gendarme. "You are aware, citizen Simon, that no one is allowed much time to conspire here. These citizens may converse; the law does not forbid that, not even in the tumbril. Why then should it be prohibited before the bar?"

This gendarme was Gilbert, who, recognising the prisoner whom he had made, testified with his usual probity the interest he took in a character which developed so much courage and devotion.

The President consulted with his brother judges, and at the request of Fouquier Tinville, he proposed the following questions—

"Prisoner Lorin, what was the nature of your intimacy with Madame Dixmer?"

"You ask of what nature, citizen President, my relations were with Madame Dixmer?"

"Yes."

"Friendship of the purest part
United both our loving hearts."

"Citizen Lorin," said Tinville, "your rhyme is abominable."

"How is that?"

"Why, you have given an *s* too many."

"Oh! indeed, cut it off, then—cut it off—that's your trade."

The impassable countenance of Fouquier Tinville became slightly pale under this forcible pleasantry.

"In what light did citizen Dixmer view a connection between his wife and a man who pretended he was a republican?"

"I know nothing of that, having never known much of the citizen Dixmer, and that little never having satisfied me."

"But," said Fouquier Tinville, "was not Maurice Lindey the connecting branch between you and Madame Dixmer in this Platonic friendship?"

"I do not consider it necessary to answer that question."

"The jury," said Fouquier Tinville, "will appreciate this curious alliance between two republicans and an aristocrat who is charged with the most terrible conspiracy that has ever been discovered."

"How was it possible for me," asked Lorin, "to know anything of this conspiracy?"

"You knew this woman—you were her friend—you just now called her your sister. Do you mean to say, that you did not know anything of her movements—is it possible that she alone has been guilty of the crime of which she is charged? and the onus of which you cast upon the husband?"

"I tell you," said Lorin, "and I repeat it, that her husband urged her on to do what she did."

"Then how did you not know the husband, since he was of course united with the wife in this conspiracy?"

Lorin had only to relate the first disappearance of Dixmer; the amour of Geneviève and Maurice; and, also, to state

how the husband had concealed the wife in an impenetrable retreat, to acquit himself of all connivance and dissipate every doubt. But, to do so, he must necessarily betray the secrets of his two friends, and make Genevieve blush before five hundred spectators. Lorin shook his head, as much as to say that he could not be guilty of such conduct.

"Well," asked the President, "what have you to say to the Public Accuser?"

"Nothing more," replied Lorin, "than that his logic is overwhelming, and that he has convinced me of a thing I did not formerly believe."

"What is that?"

"Why that I am, it would seem, one of the most terrible conspirators he has ever encountered."

This declaration produced general laughter, in which the jury participated, so much was the whole audience struck with the young man's peculiar intonation. Fouquier Tinville felt the whole raillery of Lorin's remarks, and as he through his indefatigable perseverance had made himself familiar with all the secrets of prisoners, he could not avoid feeling a strong compassion towards his victim.

"Come, come," said he, "citizen Lorin, speak. Why don't you defend yourself. The tribunal will hear you, for it is acquainted with your past history, and in that you have shone forth as a brave and good republican."

Simon made a movement as if to speak, but the President interrupted him.

"Speak, citizen Lorin," said he, "we are ready to hear you."

Lorin shook his head.

"That silence is an admission," resumed the President.

"Not at all," said Lorin, "silence is silence, that is all."

"Once more, I ask you," said Fouquier Tinville, "will you speak?"

Lorin turned towards the audience to exchange glances with Maurice as to what he should do.

Maurice made no sign to Lorin to speak, and he consequently remained silent.

That silence was condemnatory, and must be immediately followed by an execution. Fouquier continued his charge, and the President urged on the trial. The jury retired and brought in a verdict of guilty against both the prisoners. The chief judge sentenced them both to death,

Two o'clock struck as he pronounced the sentence, and his voice mingled with the ringing of the bell.

Maurice heard the two sounds blended together, and as they died away he felt his whole strength give way.

Lorin presented his arm to Geneviève, and both of them were led away together.

Both of them saluted Maurice, but each of them in a different manner. Lorin smiled, whilst Geneviève, pale and sinking, kissed her hand, which was drenched with tears She had hoped, even to the last moment, and now when she wept it was not for life, but for love, which was dearer to her than life itself.

Maurice, who felt half mad under his various emotions, did not respond to his friend's adieu. He drew himself up, pale-looking and exhausted as his friends disappeared. He only experienced one feeling, and that was hatred gnawing at the heart.

He glanced around him and recognised Dixmer, who, with other spectators, was retiring and bending himself so as to pass under the doorway.

Maurice leaped from bench to bench and at length reached the door. Dixmer had already passed through and was descending the passage : Maurice hastily followed him.

At the very moment Dixmer placed his foot on the floor of the great hall, Maurice struck him on the shoulder.

CHAPTER XLXIX.

THE DUEL.

DURING the Reign of Terror it was always a serious matter for any one to be touched on the shoulder.

Dixmer accordingly turned quickly round and recognised Maurice.

"Ah! good day to you, citizen republican," said Dixmer, exhibiting no other emotion save an almost imperceptible shudder which he instantly repressed.

"Good day, coward," replied Maurice, "you were expecting me, were you not?"

"On the other hand," replied Dixmer, "I had no expectation of meeting with you again."

"How so?"

"Because I was the first to wait upon you."

"Ah! but this time, assassin, I come upon you sooner than expected," muttered Maurice, in a furious accent, whilst his eyes flashed fire as he spoke.

"You look so fiercely at me," said Dixmer, "that we shall be remarked and followed."

"Yes; you are afraid to be arrested. Is it not so? You fear being conducted to that scaffold to which you have condemned others. Let us be arrested then. It will be all the better, for it seems to me that national justice requires another victim this day to be inscribed on the list of sacrifices."

"Just as the roll of honour wants another name to fill it

up since yours has been withdrawn from it. Is not that the case?"

"We will talk the matter over by-and-bye, I expect; but whilst we awaited that opportunity you meanly revenged yourself on a woman. Since you did wait upon me, why did you not wait at my house until I returned? I allude to that occasion on which you stole away Geneviève."

"I believe you were the first thief yourself."

"Come, come, sir, make no false pretensions. I never knew you properly; but I ought to have judged you by deeds rather than words, as witness the occasion on which you attempted to assassinate me. There your true nature was developed."

"And I have more than once regretted that I did not follow its first impulse," replied Dixmer coolly.

"Very good," said Maurice, touching the handle of his sabre; "I now offer you your revenge."

"To-morrow, if you will; but not to-day."

"Why to-morrow?"

"Well, to-night, then."

"And why not this very moment?"

"Because I have an engagement at five o'clock."

"Still some hideous project in view, still some cowardly snare to set."

"Ah! Maurice, you are, indeed, very ungrateful. Why, I allowed you to court my wife during six months. I respected all your rendezvous, I passed over all your loving smiles and tender advances. In fact, no man living would have exhibited less of the jealous husband than I did."

"That is to say, you found out how I might be useful to you, and therefore you played that game with me."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied Dixmer calmly, for he kept his temper in check exactly as Maurice became excited; "for whilst you betrayed the Republic and sold it for a woman's smile, whilst you, as a man, dishonoured yourself by your treachery and she as a woman by her adultery, I was the only wise man and hero. I bided my time and now I have triumphed."

"Horror of horrors!" exclaimed Maurice.

"True; it is so, sir. I am glad you can appreciate your own conduct so justly. It has been truly horrible—nay even infamous."

"You mistake me, sir. That conduct which I consider hor-

rible and infamous has characterised a man to whom the honour of a woman was confided, who swore to preserve that honour pure and undefiled, and who, instead of observing his oath, made his wife's beauty the disgraceful bait which was to captivate a feeble heart. You ought above all earthly consideration, to have held it to be a sacred duty to protect Geneviève, and yet, instead of doing so, you have sold her."

"What I had to do, sir," replied Dixmer, "I have already done. My first duty was to save a friend who, like myself, upheld a sacred cause. As I freely sacrificed my property, so I did not hesitate to let my honour follow. As for myself, I am now completely forgotten—entirely blotted out of the page of events. Yet I never thought of my own interests, or if I did I placed them last in my consideration. Now I have no longer a friend left—for he has stabbed himself. Now there is no longer a Queen—for she has perished on the scaffold. Now, now I only think of vengeance."

"Say rather of assassination."

"By striking an adultress to the heart you may assassinate her, but instead of that she ought to be punished."

"But you forced that adultery upon her. It was then a natural consequence."

"Do you believe so?" said Dixmer, with a gloomy smile. "Her remorse will tell you whether she has or has not acted legitimately."

"He who punishes another, strikes in open day. But you fly as you strike, and hide yourself at the moment the guillotine strikes your victim."

"What, I fly, I conceal myself? How do you discover that, poor soft-head that you are. I was present at her condemnation, do you call that flying? I am now going to visit her in the Hall of Death to bid her farewell—will you call that also flying?"

"What, do you mean to see her again to bid her adieu?"

"Well, Maurice," said Dixmer, shrugging his shoulders, "it is perfectly clear that you are not expert in vengeance. So, if you were in my position, you would allow events to roll on in their accustomed course, and each to be urged on to a *denouement* by its own natural force and bias. So, according to you, the adultress having merited death, she and I are quits the moment she is condemned. No, no, citizen Maurice, I know a better method than that. I have found out the means whereby I can return tenfold to this woman all the evil she

has done me. She loves you, and yet she will die far removed from you. She hates me, and yet she must again see me face to face. See," added he, pulling out his pocketbook—" do you see that? It contains a card of admission signed by the clerk of the Conciergerie. Through its aid I can reach the hall of the condemned. Well, I shall visit Geneviève, and pronounce her adultress. I will stand by and see the executioner cut off her hair, and as it falls to the ground, the same epithet will ring in her ears. I will dog her footstep to the tumbril, and when she places her foot on the scaffold, the last word she shall hear will be the word adultress."

"Take care—take care! human endurance may be urged too far. She may retaliate against such cowardice, and denounce you."

"No—no," said Dixmer. "She hates me too much for that. If she had wished to denounce me, she would have done so when your friend advised her. If, therefore, she would not denounce me then to save her own life, she will not do so now to compel me to die with her, for she knows that her execution would in such a case be delayed for a day, and would then take place at the same time as my own: I should have to accompany her to the scaffold in the tumbril, and during our progress, I would continually repeat the terrible word—adultress. I should have to ascend the scaffold with her, and at the very moment her head fell and her soul passed away into eternity, so would the same dreadful accusation perish with her like a death-knell sounding in her ear."

Dixmer, as he spoke, grew frightful in appearance from hatred and anger. He grasped Maurice's arm, and compressed it with extraordinary force, but in this instance Maurice became more calm as Dixmer became excited.

"Hear me," said Maurice. "There is only one thing wanting to make your vengeance perfect."

"What is that?"

"To have it in your power to say to her, 'Geneviève, I met your lover as he was leaving the tribunal, and I have killed him.'"

"On the other hand, I would rather prefer telling her that you were alive, and that during the remainder of your existence you would mourn hopelessly over the memory of her fate."

"You shall, however," said Maurice, glancing around him, and perceiving that he was master of a good position, "either kill me or I will kill you."

Pale with emotion and excited by passion, he felt his strength redoubled as Dixmer unfolded his hellish scheme, and seizing him by the throat, he dragged him towards a stair which led towards the edge of the Seine.

Dixmer, the moment he felt Maurice's hand, boiled up with rage.

"Very good," said he. "You need not exercise force; I will go with you."

"Come on, then. You are armed as well as I am."

"Go on, I will follow you."

"No, proceed first; and remember, on the least sign made by you, or the slightest gesture, I will dash your brains out."

"Oh!" said Dixmer, smiling frightfully, "you know that I am not afraid."

"Afraid of my sabre, no—but you are fearful that your vengeance may escape you; and now that we stand face to face, you may bid her adieu."

In fact they had now reached the edge of the river, and could any one have accidentally seen them, they could not have arrived in time to prevent the duel. Besides, a corresponding passion burned within their breasts to shed each other's blood. As they conversed they reached a small deserted quay, for at two o'clock in the day the mass of the people still encumbered the corridors of the court and the galleries above the tribunal.

The combatants went under a vault which conducted to the cells of the prison, infected places in the present day, and formerly streaming with blood as the corpses rolled into the stream.

Maurice placed himself between Dixmer and the river.

"I really believe, Maurice," said Dixmer, "that it will be my lot to kill you, for you tremble too much."

"And I, Dixmer," said Maurice, grasping his sabre firmly and barring the passage so that his opponent could not escape him, "I believe that I shall kill you and afterwards seize your pocketbook containing the card of admission to the condemned. Oh! you need not button up your coat, my sabre will soon open it, I can assure you, if it was made of brass like an ancient cuirass."

"What," shouted Dixmer, "will you take that card?"

"Yes; I shall alone use it. I shall alone visit Geneviève. I shall accompany her in the tumbril and mutter in her ear continually, 'I love you, love you,' yes, even when her head falls upon the block I shall still whisper '*I loved you.*'"

Dixmer raised his left hand as if to search for the book and cast it into the stream, but rapid as lightning Maurice's sharp sabre descended and nearly severed the hand from his arm.

Dixmer uttered a cry, shook his mutilated hand with pain, and threw himself on his guard. Then began a furious combat beneath that dismal vault. Both were confined to such a narrow space that their blows could scarcely avoid the straight line of their bodies except to glance against the roof of the vault. Such obstacles only redoubled the fury of each.

Dixmer, feeling his strength rapidly yielding from the flow of blood, attacked Maurice with such fury that the latter was compelled to retreat a pace or two. As he did so his left foot slipped, and the point of Dixmer's sword entered his breast. But by a rapid movement, whilst still keeeling, he quickly stretched out his sword arm, and Dixmer, blind with rage, rushing upon the sabre's point transfixed himself. A terrible imprecation was heard and two bodies rolled out of the vault. One only arose. It was Maurice, bathed in blood, but that blood was Dixmer's.

He drew his sword out of the body, which seemed, by its nervous tremor, to give up the last spark of life with the retiring steel. When Maurice was fully satisfied his enemy was dead, he bent down and opened the black coat, seized the pocketbook and rapidly retreated. But as he glanced at his bloodstained dress, he perceived that he could not possibly walk ten paces up the street without being arrested.

He returned to the water's edge, and bending down to the stream washed his hands and dress. He then hastily ascended the stairs, casting, however, a hasty glance towards the vault. A red smoking rivulet of blood was trickling down towards the river. When he reached the Conciergerie, he opened the pocketbook, and beheld the signature of the clerk of the prison.

"Just God, I thank you," muttered he, as he rapidly ascended the stairs leading to the Hall of Death. It struck three when he arrived.

CHAPTER L.

THE HALL OF DEATH.

IT will be remembered that the clerk of the prison had admitted Dixmer to examine his registers, and that through the attraction of Dixmer's wife an agreeable intimacy had been established. This official, it may be easily imagined, gave way to the most frightful feelings of terror and alarm, when Dixmer's plot was revealed. The only prospect before him, in fact, was an accusation of conspiring with his false colleague, and a speedy condemnation to death at the same time as Geneviève.

Fouquier Tinville summoned him before him. One may imagine what pains the poor man took to prove his innocence in the eyes of the public accuser; and thanks to Geneviève's admission of his entire ignorance of the projects of her husband, as well as on account of Dixmer's flight, and Fouquier Tinville's desire to preserve his administration unstained, he succeeded to do so.

"Citizen," said the clerk to the latter, dropping on his knees before him, "pardon me, I am not guilty; I have only allowed myself to be imposed upon."

"Citizen," replied the public accuser, "any servant of the republic, who, in such times as these, allows himself to be deceived, ought to be instantly guillotined."

"But one may be naturally stupid and dull, citizen," re-

sponded the register clerk, "dying with a desire to address Fouquier Tinville as my lord."

"Stupid or otherwise," answered the rigid and stern prosecutor, "no one should allow their anxiety for the safety of the republic to slumber even for a single moment. The geese of the capitol were stupid enough birds; but yet they awoke and saved Rome."

The clerk having nothing to meet such an argument, groaned, and awaited the result of this scene in dread silence.

"I pardon you," said Fouquier, "nay, I will even defend you, for I do not wish any of my clerks to be even assailed with suspicion. But remember, the first word that again reaches my ears, or the least whisper of the past, I shall order your account to be balanced."

It is quite unnecessary to record the anxiety and solicitude which the clerk exhibited in searching for news, and of making additions to his discoveries, even at the expense of losing a dozen heads.

He searched everywhere for Dixmer to recommend the most profound silence on his part; but he had naturally removed from his old residence, and could not be found.

Geneviève was at length placed on the bench of the accused, where she declared that neither she nor her husband had any accomplice. He returned her thanks in an expressive look as she passed him; but he had scarcely done so, before he perceived Dixmer advancing towards him, with a slow and tranquil step. He was perfectly petrified at the vision.

"What!" said the new comer, "do you not know me again?"

"Undoubtedly I do. You are the citizen Durand, or rather Dixmer."

"True."

"You are a dead man, citizen."

"Not yet, as you perceive."

"But I tell you you will be arrested."

"Who can arrest me? No one knows me here."

"But I know you, and I have only to utter a single word, and you will be guillotined."

"And I have only to do the same, and cause you to accompany me."

"What you say is really abominable."

"Not at all, it is logical."

"Come, then, speak. Explain your reasons for being here; make haste, for the less time we spend in conversation, the less chance do we afford any one of arresting you."

"My wife is condemned. Is it not so?"

"Poor woman!"

"Well, I wish to see her for the last time, and bid her farewell."

"Where?"

"In the Hall of Death."

"Dare you enter that place?"

"Why not?"

"Ah! oh!" shuddered the clerk, at the very idea.

"There ought to be ways and means of doing so."

"To enter the Hall of Death, undoubtedly there are."

"What are they? How is it to be accomplished?"

"By procuring a card of admission."

"And where is that to be had?"

The clerk grew frightfully pale, and stammered out—

"A card! where is it to be procured, you ask?"

"Yes; I wish you to inform me where I can get one. The question, I imagine, is clear enough?"

"These cards may be had—here."

"Ah! indeed, and who usually signs them?"

"The register clerk."

"Why, that is yourself?"

"Certainly; it is me."

"Well, how lucky," said Dixmer; "you will then sign one for me."

The clerk sprung back.

"Why, citizen," said he, "you may as well ask my head!"

"Not at all—I merely demand a card of admission to the Hall of Death—that is all."

"Wretch! I will cause you to be arrested," said the clerk, resuming all his energy.

"Do so, if it pleases you," said Dixmer, "but at the same moment I denounce you as my accomplice, and instead of entering the celebrated Hall alone, I shall have the pleasure of your company."

The clerk grew very pale.

"Ah! devil that you are," said he.

"The devil has nothing to do with this affair. I merely wish to see my wife and converse with her, and to effect that I simply request you to make out a card of admission to the Hall."

It was well termed the ante-chamber of death, and its contents aptly supported its character.

Sacks of straw for beds were spread about to invite new living occupants to these provisional tombs.

An immense press was observed standing against the wall. A prisoner opened it out of curiosity, and then withdrew in horror. It was filled with blood-stained garments and long tresses of hair hanging here and there!

The executioner sold these to the relatives of the condemned when not commanded to consume such relics.

Maurice had scarcely opened the door in great excitement, ere his eye embraced the active yet revolting tableau. He made three paces into the hall and threw himself at Geneviève's feet.

The poor woman screamed; but Maurice subdued her cry with a kiss.

Lorin embraced his friend, and shed tears for the first time in his life. It might seem strange enough that all these miserable beings, destined to meet the same fate, scarcely looked upon that touching scene. But no doubt every one had his own feelings to engross his mind, and could not afford to sympathise with others.

The three friends remained in a mute but agonised embrace.

Lorin was the first to rise.

"Are you, then, also condemned, Maurice?" asked his friend.

"Yes," replied Maurice.

"Oh! happiness, happiness," muttered Geneviève.

CHAPTER LI.

THE HALL OF DEATH (CONTINUED).

THE happiness of persons who have only a single hour to live does not endure even for that limited space of time.

Maurice gazed at Geneviève with that ardent and profound affection which only springs from the heart, and having thanked her for that word which escaped her, and which was, at the

same time so selfish and yet so tender, he turned towards Lorin.

"Now," said he, still grasping both of Geneviève's hands, "let us have a little conversation."

"Oh! certainly," replied Lorin, "let us converse during the brief space that still remains. Let me hear what you have got to say."

"You have been arrested, Lorin, on my account, condemned on hers, having done nothing yourself against the law. Geneviève and myself only ought to pay the penalty of our own indiscretion; but you join us even in that, and such injustice must not be permitted."

"I do not understand a word of what you say."

"Lorin, you are free. Do you understand that?"

"Free!—What—I! free? You must be mad, Maurice."

"No, Lorin, I am not mad; I repeat it again, you are free. Look at that; it is a passport. You will be questioned as to who and what you are; reply that you are a clerk from the prison Carmes; that you paid a visit to your brother clerk of the Conciergerie; that having expressed a desire to see the condemned, you received a passport, and having sufficiently satisfied your curiosity, you were retiring from the prison."

"You are joking, Maurice, are you not?"

"Not at all, my dear friend; look at the card, and profit by the opportunity. You are not in love, Lorin; you are not urged on by your affections to sacrifice your life, so that you may have the opportunity of spending a few minutes in company with the beloved of your heart, in this world, and of securing every moment of her eternity."

"Well, Maurice, if it is possible to leave this place, and that I never believed, why not save Geneviève first? We will look to ourselves."

"Impossible," said Maurice, with a dreadful spasm at his heart. "Do you not perceive that the word *citizen* is written on the card, and not *citizeness;* besides, Geneviève would not leave me here alone, or accept of life through the instrumentality of my death."

"Well, if she will not do so, how can you expect me to act otherwise? Do you imagine that I have not as much courage as a woman?"

"On the other hand, my dear friend, I know you to be one of the bravest of men; but no earthly reason can justify you in thus acting with so much stubbornness. Come, Lorin,

profit by the chance, and afford us the supreme satisfaction of knowing, that when we are gone you will be alive, free, and happy."

"Happy!" exclaimed Lorin; "you must be amusing yourself at my expense. Happy! I happy without you? I wonder what the devil you expect me to do in Paris without you? All my habits would be upset. I should no longer see you; no longer weary you with my excellent rhymes. Ah! ye gods, no!"

"My dear Lorin—my dear friend—"

"Exactly," interrupted Lorin; "it is for that very reason, *being your friend*, that I am thus positive. If I was a prisoner, as I now am, having the chance of rejoining you beyond these walls, I would pull them down to the very foundation, rather than not be free; but to escape alone, to wander about the streets, with an humbled brow; to feel in my heart the sting of remorse, and hear the still small voice of conscience continually ringing in my ear—Maurice! Geneviève! To revisit certain places, or pass particular houses, where I have enjoyed your company, living, and, in short, to arrive at that point, when I should execrate this glorious Paris, which I love so much, is far beyond my power, disposition, or feeling. No, no—never, never—can that be Maurice! On my faith, I now see the reason why kings ought to be proscribed, if it was only on account of King Dagobert."

"What possible connection has King Dagobert with our position?"

"What connection? Why, that frightful tyrant said to the great Eloi, 'The best company must part.' I, however, on the other hand, being a republican, adopt an opposite doctrine, and proclaim that good company should not be parted even at the foot of the scaffold. I am well enough here, and here I am determined to remain."

"My poor friend—my poor friend," said Maurice.

Geneviève said nothing; but she looked at Lorin, with her eyes filled with tears.

"You, however, still feel a strong desire for life," said Lorin, addressing Maurice.

"Yes; but only on her account."

"As for me I have no regrets to leave behind me, not even for the Goddess of Reason. I will therefore ascend the scaffold perfectly calm and collected. I will amuse the little vagabonds who troop after the tumbril, and assemble round the

guillotine, and even prepare a distich for Sanson, and then, good night to all good—that is to say—wait a moment"—and Lorin interrupted himself. "Ah!" continued he, "true, true; it is settled; I will go out. I knew that I loved no one; but I forgot that I hated some one—the time, Maurice,—the time?"

"Half-past three."

"I have time yet; I have still time?"

"Certainly," exclaimed Maurice. "There are still nine trials to come on; they will last until five o'clock. We have, therefore, nearly two hours to spare."

"That is sufficient; give me the card, and lend me a franc."

"My God," muttered Geneviève, "what are you going to do?"

Maurice squeezed his hand, for with him it was a matter of the greatest importance that Lorin should escape.

"I have an idea in my head."

Maurice took out his purse, and placed it in his friend's hand.

"Now, for the love of God, give me the card; I ought to have said for the love of the Supreme Being."

Maurice handed it to him.

Lorin kissed Geneviève's hand, and taking advantage of the confusion created by the removal of a bevy of condemned persons, he strode over the benches, and reached the principal door.

"Ah!" said a gendarme, "it seems to me that here is some one attempting to escape."

Lorin drew himself up, and presented his card, with the remark—

"Look at that, citizen gendarme, and learn to know your men better."

The gendarme recognised the signature of the clerk; but belonging to that class of officials who are morbidly suspicious, he hesitated to allow Lorin to pass. At that very moment the clerk himself came out of the court, still shuddering at the idea of the dangerous position in which he had placed himself by his imprudent signature to the card of admission.

"Citizen clerk," said the gendarme, addressing him, "here is a passport, on which authority a person desires to leave the Hall of Death. Is it correct?"

The clerk grew livid with terror, and satisfied, if he looked round, that he would perceive the terrible figure of Dixmer, he hastily replied, at the same time snatching the card from the gendarme's hand,

"Yes, yes; it is, indeed, my signature."

"In that case," said Lorin, "return it to me."

"Not at all," said the clerk, tearing it into a thousand pieces, "not at all—these sorts of passports only serve for one admission."

Lorin remained for a moment irresolute.

"Indeed!" said he, "so much the worse, then; but, in the first place, I must, above all things, kill him;" and he rushed forth.

Maurice had watched Lorin with an emotion easily to be understood; but as soon as he had disappeared, he said to Geneviève, with an exultation approaching to joy, "He is saved, he is saved! The card is torn; he cannot re-enter; besides, when he does return, the court will be closed, and by that time we shall be dead."

Geneviève sighed, and then shuddered.

"Oh! Maurice," said she, "support me in your arms, and do not let us be separated any more. Oh! my God, is it not possible for one blow to destroy us at the same moment, so that we might breathe out our last sigh together."

Maurice threw his arms around her, and the force of love extinguishing all surrounding impressions, they, as it were, dreamed away happily the fleeting moments that were still theirs. Half-an-hour thus passed.

Suddenly a tremendous uproar was heard; the gendarmes entered by the great door, and behind them came Sanson and his assistants, bearing cords.

"Oh! Maurice, Maurice, my love," said Geneviève, "now the fatal moment has arrived, I feel my strength fast ebbing away."

"There you are wrong," exclaimed the startling voice of Lorin.

"Indeed you're wrong, for on my faith,
The only liberty is death."

"What! Lorin!" exclaimed Maurice in despair.

"That rhyme was bad, was it not, Maurice? Well, ever since yesterday, I have made most abominable ones."

"What! is that all you think about, my unfortunate friend? Why did you return? why did you return?"

"I believe that such was our agreement. Hear me, for what I am about to say interests you as much as Geneviève."

"My God! my God! what is it?"

"Let me proceed, otherwise I shall not have time to relate my story. I wished to go out merely to purchase a knife in the street La Barillerie."

"What did you intend to do with the knife?"

"Merely to kill that excellent Dixmer." Geneviève shuddered.

"Ah!" said Maurice, "I understand."

"I purchased it, and communed with myself thus, in the most logical manner. In fact, I begin to think that I ought to have been a mathematician instead of a poet; but unfortunately it is now too late to begin; well, I said to myself, Dixmer compromised his wife's safety; Dixmer came to hear her trial; Dixmer will, no doubt, also enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the tumbril pass, and will watch for our turn; I shall then discover him in the front rank of the spectators; I will glide close up to him, and say, 'Good day, Dixmer,' at the same time that I plant the knife in his heart."

"Lorin!" exclaimed Geneviève.

"Compose yourself, my dear friend. Providence had already arranged everything. The crowd, instead of facing the Palace, had turned upon the quay, and were gazing over the parapet. 'Hold,' said I, 'it is some dog drowning,' and I also drew near the parapet and observed a crowd of people on the bank of the river who were examining something on the ground. I drew near and what was it, think you?"

"Dixmer," groaned Maurice.

"Yes; but how did you guess that? Yes; it was Dixmer, my dear friend Dixmer, who had committed suicide."

"Ah!" said Maurice with a sad smile, "that is what you imagine."

Geneviève let her head fall between her hands, being too weak to support so many trying scenes and such successive emotions.

"Yes; because his sabre was found beside him."

Maurice, without making any remark, but profiting by Geneviève's prostration, opened his coat and exhibited to Lorin his waistcoat and shirt covered with blood.

"Ah!" said Lorin, "that is another affair;" and he gave Maurice his hand.

"Now," continued he, bending down to Maurice; "since

they have not searched me, seeing that I followed behind Sanson, I have still the knife, and if the guillotine is repugnant to you—"

Maurice snatched the knife from his hand with joy.

"No," said he, "she would endure too much:" and he returned it to Lorin.

"You are right. Long reign the guillotine. What is it after all, as Danton remarked, but a mere fillip on the neck?"

And he threw away the knife, which fell in the middle of a group of the condemned. One of them seized it, struck himself to the heart and fell dead on the floor.

At the same time Geneviève started and screamed, for Sanson, the executioner, at that moment put his hand on her shoulder.

CHAPTER LII.

THE GUILLOTINE.

MAURICE understood by Geneviève's suppressed cry that the grand crisis had arrived.

Love, however, can exalt the soul even to heroism; love can, in despite of natural instinct, impel a human being to long for death; but concerning that no fear of physical suffering is entertained.

Geneviève, since she was aware that Maurice would die with her, looked upon death with greater patience and resignation; but even resignation to fate does not always exclude mental agony. To leave this world, is not only passing from the known to the unknown, but there is agony in the very transition itself.

Maurice embraced the passing scene at a glance, at the same time that he saw in imagination the succeeding and final one.

In the middle of the hall lay a corpse from whose breast,

when the gendarmes detected it, they hastily withdrew a knife, lest others might avail themselves of its use. Around and about him were groups of men absorbed in despair, shaking each other wildly by the hand, or scratching on tablets unintelligible sentences. The former repeated incessantly and with maniacal gestures some dearly beloved name, covered some cherished portrait with their tears, or gazed upon some favourite ring with sorrowful recollections, or kissed some love-tress of hair with ardour and with agony. The latter hurled forth furious imprecations against tyranny, that proscribed word which is cursed in turn by all nations of the earth, and sometimes even by tyrants themselves. In the midst of these condemned men stood Sanson, the executioner, weighed down less by the burden of half a century than by the onerous duties of his melancholy and revolting office. Sanson was as mild and consolatory in his way as his terrible mission could possibly permit. To one he gave advice, to another encouragement, whilst he replied to the despairing as well as the bold in language borrowed from the Son of God.

"Come," said he, addressing Geneviève, "it will be necessary to remove the handkerchief from your neck, and either to put up or cut off your hair. Which you please?"

Geneviève trembled.

"Come, come, my dear friend," said Lorin softly, "take courage."

"May I be allowed," asked Maurice, "to tie up her hair?"

"Do so," said the old man, turning away his head.

Maurice undid his own handkerchief, whilst Geneviève, kneeling before the young man, presented her head to him, looking far more charming in grief than she had ever done in joy. Maurice having performed the sad duty of binding up Geneviève's hair, looked so sorrowful, and his hands shook so much, that she exclaimed—

"Oh! Maurice, see how courageous I am."

Sanson turned round again.

"Am I not sir?" said she.

"Most certainly," replied the executioner, with emotion. "You possess true courage, indeed."

During this time Sanson's chief assistant had scanned over the roll of the condemned prepared and forwarded by Fouquier Tinville.

"There are fourteen persons condemned," cried he.

Sanson counted heads.

"There are fifteen," said he, "including the dead body. How is that?"

Lorin and Geneviève counted the number also, as if actuated by the same idea.

"You say," said Geneviève, "that there are only fourteen persons condemned, and yet we have fifteen prisoners."

"Yes. The citizen Fouquier Tinville must have been deceived," said Maurice.

"Oh! Maurice," said she, "that is false, you were never condemned."

"But what is the use of waiting until to-morrow, when you are to die to-day?"

"My love," said she, "you re-assure me. I now see how easy it is to die."

"Lorin," said Maurice, "Lorin, for the last time, I implore you to save yourself. No one knows you here. Say that you came to bid me adieu. Tell them that you have been shut up by mistake. Appeal to the gendarme who saw you go out. I am the real criminal, I alone ought to die, but you, my friend, are innocent. Do us the favour then to escape, and live to preserve our memory hereafter. We both implore and beseech you to do so. You have still time. Lorin, Lorin, do let us prevail upon you."

Geneviève folded her hands in an attitude of supplication. Lorin seized and kissed them.

"I have already said no, and I abide by it," said he, in a firm and decisive voice. "Say no more about it, or, in fact, I shall begin to think I am a burden to you."

"There are fourteen persons condemned," repeated Sanson, "and we have fifteen here." Then raising his voice, he added, "Is there any one here who demands his discharge? Is there any one here by mistake?"

Several lips half-opened at these questions, but closed again without uttering a word. Those who wished to lie were ashamed to do so, and those who scorned to do so remained silent.

A dead silence thus reigned for several minutes, during which Sanson's assistants busied themselves with their mournful preparations.

"Citizens," at length said Sanson, in a hollow lugubrious voice, "all is now ready."

Sobs and groans replied to this announcement on the part of some.

"Very good," said Lorin, "very good, Sanson, be it so.

What fairer fate than thus to die
Thus perish for one's country.

Yes it is so when one dies for one's country, but I decidedly begin to think that we do not die for her at all, but simply for the amusement of the spectators. On my faith, Maurice, I am of your opinion now; I begin to be disgusted with this republic."

"The roll-call," shouted a commissary at the door.

Several gendarmes entered the Hall of Death, and, closing up every issue, formed a barrier between life and death.

The roll was called.

Maurice answered instead of the person who had slain himself with Lorin's knife. It was then discovered that the dead body composed the superfluous number. It was borne out of the Hall; but had it been identified, dead as the person was, his body would have been guillotined like the rest. The fourteen survivors were driven towards the door. As each passed out, their arms were bound behind their backs. During the space of ten minutes not a word was exchanged amongst these unfortunate persons. The executioner and his assistants were the only speakers and actors in the tragic scene. Maurice, Geneviève and Lorin pressed close to each other so as not to be separated. The condemned persons were then driven from the Conciergerie into the court yard. There the scene was frightful in the extreme, for many fainted at the sight of the tumbrils and had to be assisted into them by the executioner's men. Beyond the gate was heard a confused murmur of voices as if proceeding from some mighty multitude. Geneviève ascended the tumbril firmly. Maurice sprang in after her. Lorin was in no hurry; but choosing his own place, he sat down beside Maurice.

The gates were then thrown open. In the front of the crowd stood Simon. The two friends and the cobbler recognised each other at the same time.

"Ah! good day, my fine grenadiers, you are now going to try the edge of my knife, I guess."

"Yes," replied Lorin, "and I will endeavour not to turn its edge, so that it may be in better condition for cutting the cobbler's hide."

Two other tumbrils rumbled after the first and interrupted the conversation, whilst a perfect tempest of shouts, bravos, groans, and curses stormed on every side of the condemned.

"Courage, Geneviève, courage," muttered Maurice.

"Oh! my love," said she, "I do not regret life, since we are to die together. I only regret that my arms are bound, because I cannot give you the last embrace."

"Lorin, Lorin," said Maurice, "search in my waistcoat, you will find a penknife."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lorin, "the knife will suit me admirably, for I feel humiliated in being carted to the scaffold like a calf borne to the slaughter-house."

Maurice lowered his pocket to a level with Lorin's hands, who seized the knife. They opened it between them, then Maurice taking it between his teeth cut asunder the cords which bound Lorin's hands.

Lorin did a similar service to Maurice.

"Make haste," said Maurice, as it was being done; "Geneviève has fainted."

In fact, to accomplish his purpose, Maurice was compelled to turn away from the young woman for a moment, and as she was entirely supported by him she closed her eyes and allowed her head to fall upon his shoulder.

"Geneviève," said Maurice, "Geneviève, open your eyes, my love. We have not more than a few minutes to live and look upon each other."

"These cords hurt me," muttered she.

Maurice undid them.

She then opened her eyes and raised her face, dazzling with beauty under the excitement which she then experienced. She threw one arm round Maurice's neck, and seizing Lorin's hand the three stood up in the tumbril, whilst at their feet lay the two other victims buried in a stupor resembling death. Standing up thus and supporting each other they looked gratefully heavenward.

Those who insulted them when seated were silent when they beheld them standing up.

The scaffold soon came in sight. Maurice and Lorin saw it; but Geneviève did not remark it, her eyes being turned upon her lover.

The cart stopped.

"I love you," said Maurice to Geneviève, "I love you."

"The woman first, the woman first," shouted a thousand voices.

"Thanks, thanks," said Maurice, "who can accuse you, now, of cruelty?"

He took Geneviève in his arms, and, pressing his lips ardently to hers, placed her in the executioner's grasp.

"Courage," exclaimed Lorin, "courage."

"I am courageous," answered Geneviève, "I am so."

"I love you," muttered Maurice, "I love you."

These were not victims whom they guillotined; they were friends holding the feast of death.

"Adieu!" said Geneviève to Lorin.

"We will meet hereafter," replied he, as she disappeared under the fatal beam.

"You next," said Lorin.

"No; you," replied Maurice.

"Hark! she is calling you."

It was Genèvieve's last cry, her last invitation to Maurice to *come*.

A loud and confused noise arose in the crowd when the fair and lovely head fell beneath the terrible knife.

Maurice sprang forward.

"It is quite right," said Lorin, "let us be logical. Do you hear, Maurice?"

"Yes."

"She loved you, they killed her first; you are not condemned, therefore you shall die the second. Finally, I have done nothing, and, consequently being the greatest criminal, I shall come last.

Where logic turns her searching mind,
We reason 'stead of nonsense find.

On my faith, Sanson, I promised you a distich and you have got it."

"I loved her," muttered Maurice, when he was bound to the fatal plank, smiling at the head of his beloved. "I love——"

The keen knife intersected the word.

"'Tis my turn, now," exclaimed Lorin, bounding on the scaffold; "make haste, or I shall lose my head and senses too. Sanson, I have robbed you of two lines, for I intended the distich to be longer; however, take my joke instead."

Sanson bound him in turn.

"Stop," said Lorin, "is it not customary to cry 'long live something or other,' when one dies? Formerly it was 'long live the king;' but we have no king now. Since then it has been 'long live liberty;' but that, also, is no more. On my faith, I will say 'long live Sanson, who re-unites three friends.'"

And, as he ceased to speak, the head of the generous and noble-hearted Lorin rolled beside those of Maurice and Geneviève!

* * * * *

After the deaths of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, the young Dauphin and his sister Mariè Thérèse remained in the Temple prison. The former was destined to die a wretched death in seclusion, the latter to be exiled. The Dauphin, who was confided to Simon's tuition, soon lost every moral faculty as well as all physical energy. He only exhibited one feeling, that of gratitude for a mitigation of his suffering, when Simon was removed and his place, as guardian, assumed by two members of the Commune.

The young Dauphin often alluded to his superior treatment, and expressed himself in strong terms against the cobbler Simon, who maltreated him shamefully, who clothed him in rags, and whose wife compelled him to utter obscene words and sing vulgar songs.

"What would you do," he was asked, "with Simon, if you ever became a king?"

"I would punish him as an example to others."

But he had had no intercourse with the cobbler during a space of two years, nor was he made acquainted with the fact that his ancient enemy had PERISHED ON THE SCAFFOLD.

The young Dauphin pined miserably away in his father's prison. After his death three persons pretended to be Louis XVII., viz., Herogaut, Mathurin Bruneau, and the Duke of Normandy. The first died a prisoner in the Bicêtre, in 1812, the second was sentenced to seven year's imprisonment in 1818, and the third recently died in Holland.

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